

FORTY CENTS

APRIL 1, 1966

TIME

THE

MAGAZINE

THE ACTIVATED VICE PRESIDENT



Boris Chaliapin

HUBERT
HUMPHREY

VOL. 87 NO. 13
(REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.)



Shown style 1498, Copperleaf, Grained Calf Blucher. Also in Blackcherry, 1496 and in Black, 1497. For nearest store, write Dept. 1.

If you can't wait to get your shoes off, try on a pair of these

If you can't wait to get your shoes off when you get home from the office, Freeman CONTOUR CUSHION shoes were made for you.

CONTOUR CUSHION is a fancy name for an exclusive Freeman process that makes it possible for a dressy shoe to feel good on your feet.



● Molded heel cradles your heel
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This process molds the heel of the shoe so that it cups your heel. It cushions the instep to soak up shock even when you're walking on concrete pavement or a hardwood floor.

CONTOUR CUSHION is a Freeman exclusive. Ask for it by name. From \$19.95 to \$26.95 a pair.

FREEMAN

FREEMAN-TOOR CORPORATION
BELOIT, WISCONSIN



Driving over bumps get you down... and up and down and up and down? Our four-wheel independent suspension straightens that out.

The new adjustable bucket seats are hand-tooled, deep-cushioned. They shape themselves to you, rather than vice-versa. (We'd also like to point out that they sit in a plush, fully-carpeted interior.)



The Triumph Spitfire Mk2 is longer, lower, wider, faster than anything in her price league. And that's a pretty fast league!



Optional: racy wire wheels. Standard: accurate rack-and-pinion steering to steer them clear of trouble.



Like to hear something really racy? At the 1965 Le Mans, Spitfire GT's finished 1-2 in their class.

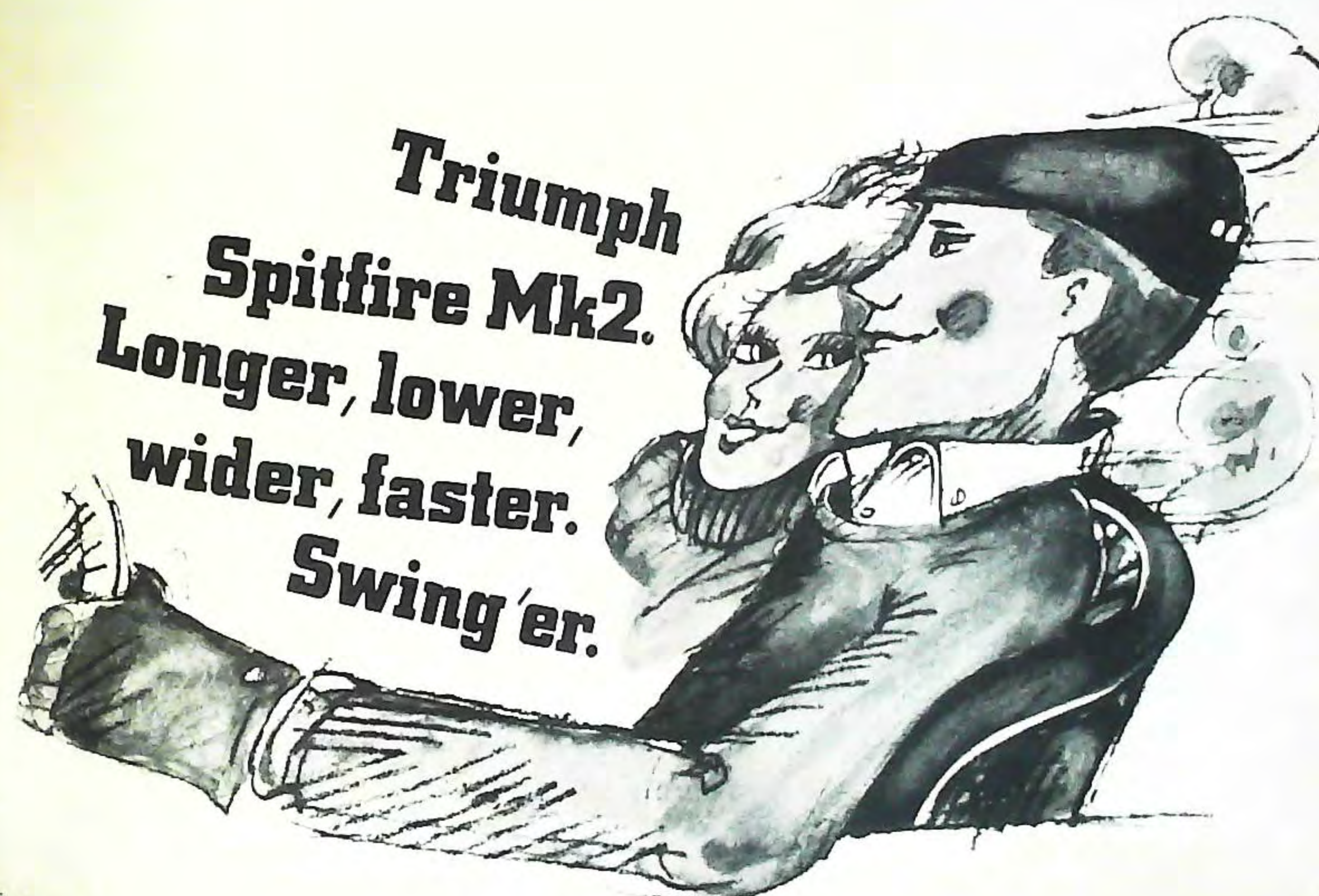
TRIUMPH

This is the sure sign of a real sports car. Accept no substitutes!



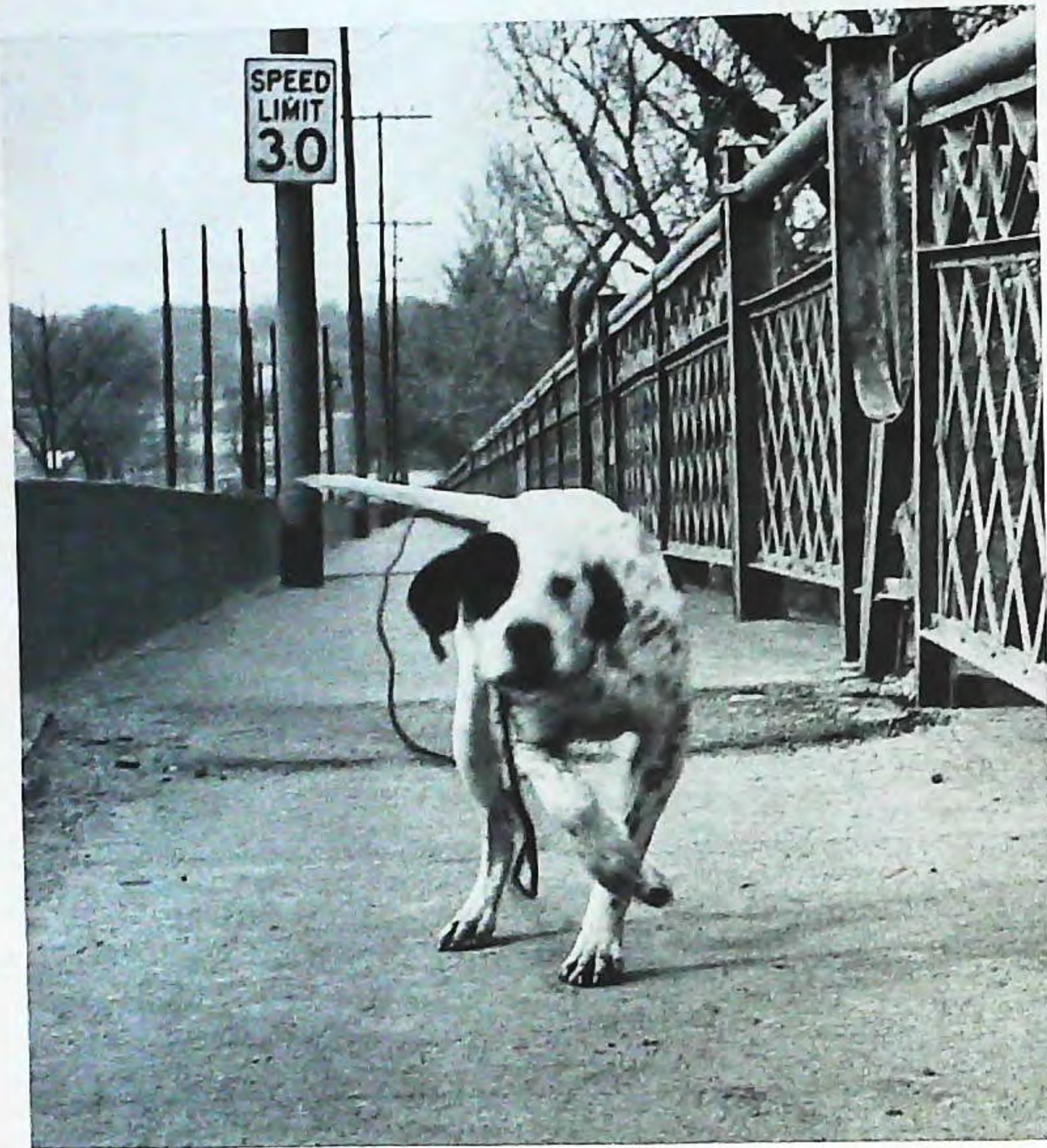
She also features four-speed shift, dependable disc brakes, tight 24-ft. turning circle, roll-up windows, electric windshield wipers, etc., etc., etc. For \$2140* that's a lot of etc.'s! *Suggested retail price PDE plus state and/or local taxes. Slightly higher in the West. SCCA approved competition equipment available. Look for dealer in Yellow Pages. Available in Canada. Overseas delivery also available. Standard Triumph Motor Company Inc., 575 Madison Avenue, New York, New York 10022

**Triumph
Spitfire Mk2.
Longer, lower,
wider, faster.
Swing'er.**

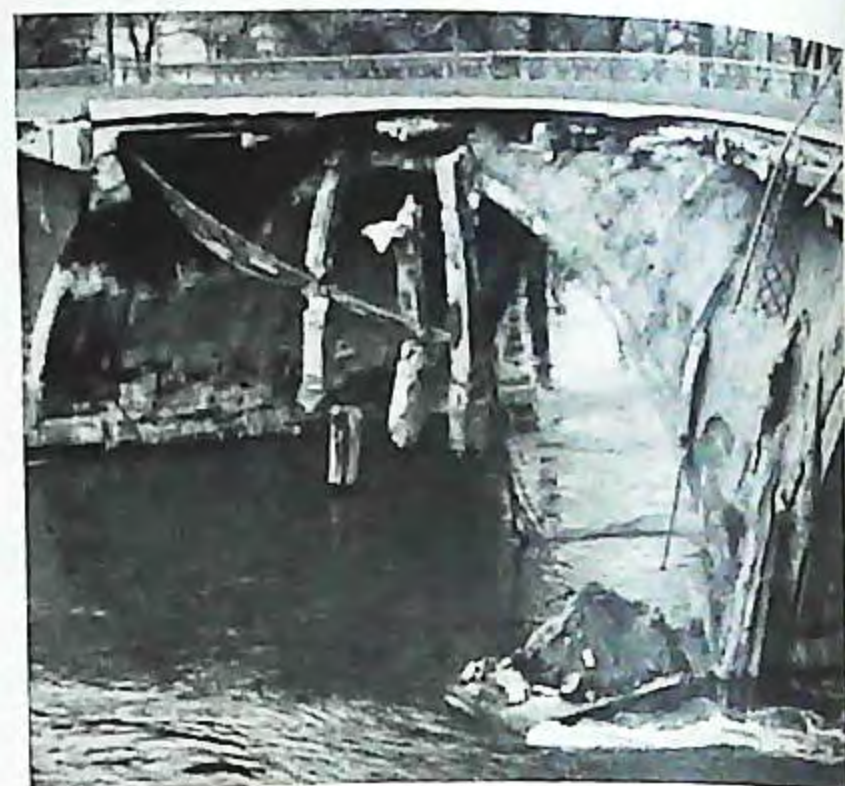


TIME, APRIL 1, 1966

How the "Duke of Des Moines" helped restore service to 10,000 telephone customers



Duke trots lightly across the dangerous span with a line tied to his collar.



This twisted, broken bridge kept hundreds of telephone men and women from enjoying Easter with their families.



A line crew in the cable pit painstakingly splicing thousands of wires in one cable to their mates in another.

On the Saturday before Easter, 1965, a section of the Sixth Avenue bridge in Des Moines, Iowa, collapsed with a roar into the flooded river below. Seven telephone cables beneath the bridge were broken. 10,000 telephones were silenced.

The bridge break was sudden and unexpected. But within minutes, telephone workers were rushing to restore service—hundreds of men and a dog.

The dog was Duke. And his first job was to help get an emergency cable across the treacherous, weakened section of the bridge still standing—which might go down under human weight.

Duke's owner, a telephone man, tied a light line to the dog's collar. Then he drove to the other side by another route and whistled for Duke. The dog came trotting eagerly across the span, bringing the line with him. This, in turn, was used to pull the first temporary cable across.

Fire stations, fire call boxes, state police headquarters and other essential phones were soon operating again.

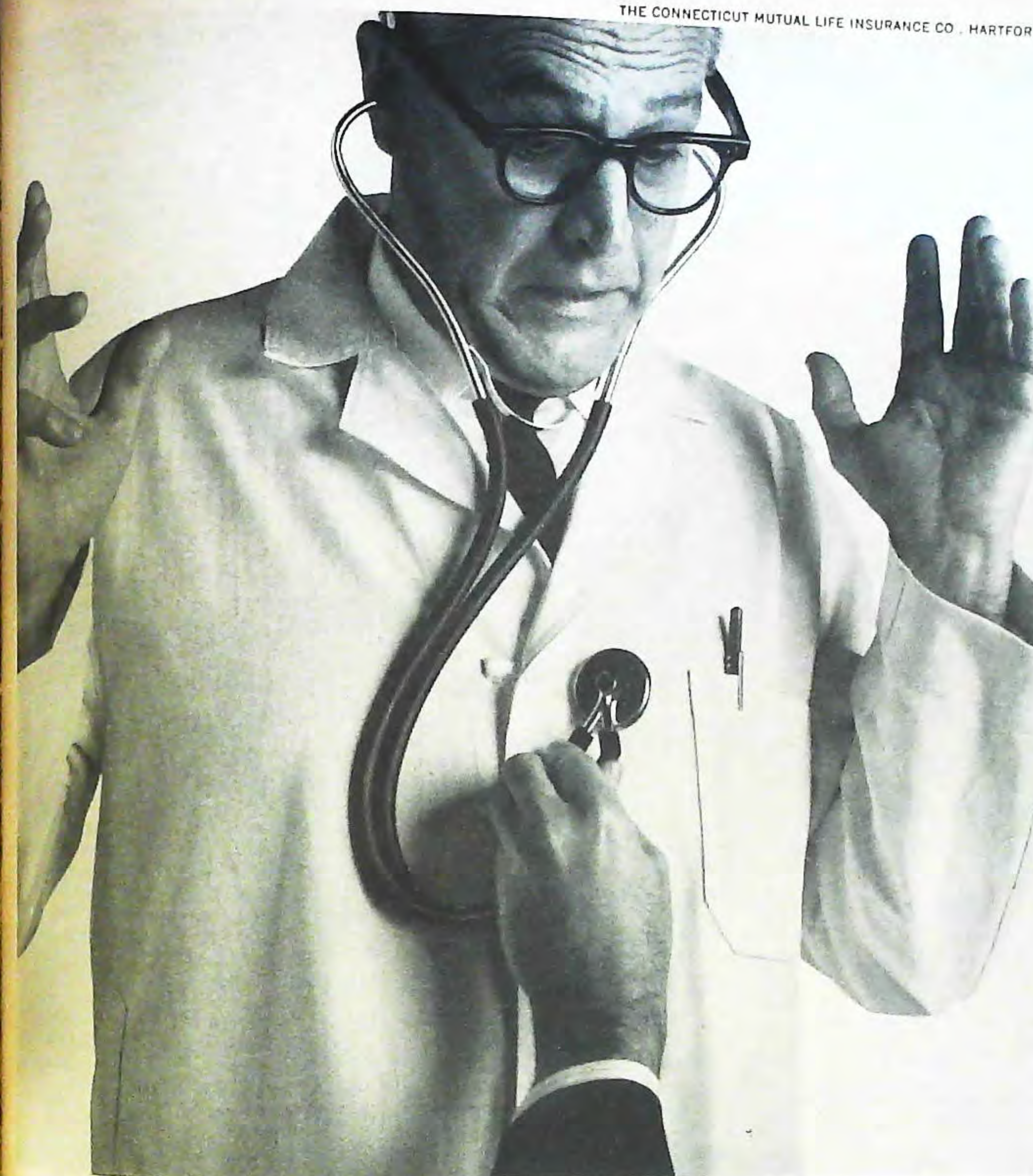
Meantime, work went on around the clock. Special operators intercepted calls to the affected areas. Girls in service centers checked records, helped cable splicers identify customers' lines. On the spot, telephone crews spliced thousands of lines, wire by wire.

By Easter morning, men, trucks and materials were arriving from all over Iowa. And just 80 hours and 20 minutes after the bridge collapsed, 13,400 splices had been made and every phone was back in service.

The Bell System meets many emergencies—fires, floods, hurricanes, earthquakes, blackouts, transit strikes. During 1965 alone, thousands of Bell System people pitched in to repair damage costing millions of dollars. And each emergency is handled as quickly and humanly as possible—as on that Easter in Des Moines.



Bell System
American Telephone & Telegraph
and Associated Companies



Examine the insurance company before it examines you

You'll find healthy differences in the 'Blue Chip' company!

Before you let any insurance company's doctor (including ours) zero in with his stethoscope, it will pay you to take a thoughtful look at that company.

Of the 1,600-odd life companies in the U.S., Connecticut Mutual—the 'Blue Chip' company—ranks in the very top bracket. In high dividends (continuous dividends for 120 years). In liberal benefits and options. In reserves for contingencies. In quality of investments. In low net cost. Connecticut Mutual's net cost to policy holders is remarkably low. This is substantiated by Best's Life Insurance Reports, industry authority.

Our financial health is a big plus for you. It means more dollars—for your retirement or to leave your loved ones.

Connecticut Mutual Life

The 'Blue Chip' company that's low in net cost, too.

TIME, APRIL 1, 1966

TIME LISTINGS

TELEVISION

Wednesday, March 30

ALICE IN WONDERLAND, OR WHAT'S A NICE KID LIKE YOU DOING IN A PLACE LIKE THIS? (ABC, 8-9 p.m.) A Hanna-Barbera animated-cartoon special. Sammy Davis Jr. provides the voice of the Cheshire cat, Zsa Zsa Gabor that of the Queen of Hearts, Bill Dana the White Knight, and the late Hedda Hopper Mad-amie Hatter.

COLOR ME BARBRA (CBS, 9-10 p.m.) The second Streisand special, which deliberately duplicates the successful format of the first. This time Streisand dances through a fantasy in the Philadelphia Museum of Art, swapping places with the paintings; she also clowns around a circus, doing a dance with some penguins, and winds up with a concert.

Thursday, March 31

THE SOUTH (ABC, 9-10 p.m.) Music Man Robert Preston tours South Carolina, Georgia, Tennessee and Florida, and Richard Kiley and Joan Fontaine read excerpts from the love letters of Andrew Jackson and his wife Rachel.

THE BRITISH ELECTIONS (NBC, 9:30-10 p.m.) A program originating entirely in London, transmitted by Early Bird satellite and taped in the U.S. for slightly delayed replay. NBC News London Bureau Chief Elie Abel reports, and the Rt. Hon. David Brinkley translates.

Friday, April 1

THE MAN FROM U.N.C.L.E. (NBC, 10-11 p.m.) It hadda happen: "The Bat Cave Affair."

TRIALS OF O'BRIEN (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) Tammy Grimes plays a nun who gets involved in a murder. This series, now on reruns and canceled for next season, got into ratings difficulty early in the season when it was opposite *Get Smart!* CBS, to give it the "benefit" of a more favorable time slot, moved it opposite *U.N.C.L.E.* Would you believe *Bonanza*?

Sunday, April 3

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY (CBS, 6-6:30 p.m.) "Integration in the Military," the history of integration in the U.S. armed forces, which began in the mid-1940's under the late James Forrestal, the U.S.'s first Secretary of Defense. The program also features filmed interviews with Negro and white soldiers in Viet Nam.

MARY MARTIN AT EASTERTIME WITH THE RADIO CITY MUSIC HALL (NBC, 7:30-8:30 p.m.) Gower (Hello, Dolly!) Champion directs Mary (Hello, Dolly!) Martin as the spirit of spring, a nun, a Rockette and a magician. Goodbye, Radio City!

Tuesday, April 5

CBS NEWS SPECIAL (CBS, 10-11 p.m.) Another of those tests, this time on income taxes.

THEATER

On Broadway

WAIT A MINIM! is a South African musical revue that is light of heart, flip of wit, and full of such wondrously exotic instruments as the mbira, umbila and kalimba. The five-man, three-woman, all-white cast

* All times E.S.T.

is so remarkably gifted that it may never see Johannesburg again.

3 BAGS FULL, by Jerome Chodorov. Written in mock-Edwardian, directed like a six-day bike race, this adapted French farce is irresistibly droll, thanks chiefly to that dour master of ludicrous mayhem, Paul Ford.

PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! Brian Friel applies the saving sponge of humor to the Irish sentiment that pours from his play, and Dubliners Donal Donnelly and Patrick Bedford, as twin images of the hero, stir up a fine farrago of laughter and tears.

SWEET CHARITY. Gwen Verdon, *danseuse distinguée* of the U.S. musical stage, is fetchingly exuberant as a taxi dancer searching for a wagon for her unhitched star. Bob Fosse's choreography pumps vitality into Neil Simon's flabby book.

INADMISSIBLE EVIDENCE. Middle age, joyless loves and his own irredeemable mediocrity have given John Osborne's anti-hero a screaming case of psychic jitters. Yet the play is armed with irascible wit, and Nicol Williamson's whiplash acting raises laughs as well as welts.

THE PERSECUTION AND ASSASSINATION OF MARAT AS PERFORMED BY THE INMATES OF THE ASYLUM OF CHARENTON UNDER THE DIRECTION OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. With the cool ferocity of a mad scientist, Director Peter Brook conducts a controlled experiment in audience anxiety. Result: exciting theater that may scare the living daylight out of playgoers.

CACTUS FLOWER. France is fertile soil for sex farces, and Director Abe Burrows has deftly pruned this recent sprout to make it thrive in the Broadway landscape. Lauren Bacall and Barry Nelson reap a rich harvest of giggles and guffaws.

RECORDS

Instrumentalists

BACH: THE WELL-TEMPERED CLAVIER, BOOK 1 (3 LPs, Columbia). Glenn Gould is now halfway through Bach's magnificent "exercises," performing the first 24 preludes and fugues on the piano. There are times when Gould hams it up, and there are certainly too many of his infamous hums, but he makes the pieces spring to life with bold overall conceptions, marvelous technique and vaulting lines.

SAINT-SAËNS: CONCERTOS NOS. 2 AND 4 FOR PIANO AND ORCHESTRA (Columbia). The 31-year-old French pianist Philippe Entremont tosses off both virtuoso works with steel-fingered bravura. Saint-Saëns' flashy climaxes are mostly rhetoric, but as Entremont plays them they are satisfying to the ear, in the lyrical passages, he is able to draw a fine melodic line between melancholy and pathos. The brilliant splashes of orchestral color are furnished by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Eugene Ormandy conducting.

DVORAK: CONCERTO FOR VIOLIN AND ORCHESTRA (Deutsche Grammophon). Filled with Slav melodies and sharp folk rhythms, Dvorak's only violin concerto is nevertheless grandly designed, and is given a spirited, full-bodied performance by Edith Peinemann, a 29-year-old German violinist with a singing tone and a dancing bow. With the Czech Philharmonic.

SCARLATTI: 51 SONATAS (3 LPs, Cambridge). Harpsichordist Albert Fuller has made a representative but unhackneyed

selection of 16 early, 17 middle and 18 late sonatas (though all were published after Scarlatti was 54). The pieces, pure like Bach's preludes and fugues, are miniature marvels—many with a flamenco flavor—and Fuller dashes them off with robust energy and vivid coloration. His interpretations, however, lack the poetry and variety that Fernando Valenti brings to Scarlatti. Valenti has recorded 29 (346 sonatas), most of which are available on Westminster.

MOZART: PIANO CONCERTOS VOL. 1 (3 LPs, Epic). The Hungarian-born Mozart specialist Lili Kraus plans to record all the piano concertos. Mozart's crowning achievements in instrumental music has begun with Nos. 12, 18, 20, 23, 24 and 26, all written after Mozart moved to Vienna. His playing was famed for its singing touch and exquisite taste. Eschewing broad contrasts and romantic rubato, Kraus emulates the 18th century master.

BRAHMS: SONATAS FOR CELLO AND PIANO NOS. 1 AND 2 (Mercury). Cellist Jan Starker and Pianist Gyorgy Sebok play the duets with the broad range of feeling demanded, especially in the great F major sonata (No. 2). But they never rhapsodize. Among his fellow romantics, Brahms was a classicist; so, one gathers from these banked fires, is Starker.

CINEMA

DEAR JOHN. Love is considerably more than sin-deep in this tour de force of poetic realism by Swedish Director Lars Magnus Lindgren. Jarl Kulle plays a sea captain, Christina Schollin the café waitress with whom he has a one-night affair that oddly, ennoble them both.

THE GROUP. Under the expert tutelage of Director Sidney Lumet, eight captivating young actresses rediscover the Roosevelt era in an irresistible drama based on Mary McCarthy's bitchy, college-bred bestseller about what happened to Vassar's class of '33 after commencement day. Joan Hackett, Jessica Walter, Sherry Knight and Joanna Pettet are the most active alumnae.

SHAKESPEARE WALLAH. The sunset of colonialism in modern India colors a wistful and poetic film by U.S. Director James Ivory, who delicately explores a love triangle among a young man (Shashi Kapoor), a native film star (Madhur Jaffee) and an ingénue (Fehmiya Kendal) among the provinces with an English Shakespearean troupe.

THE LAST CHAPTER. Quietly narrated by Theodore Bikel, this collection of horror film clips avoids the almost unbearable approach in recalling the almost unbearably poignant history of Poland's Jews.

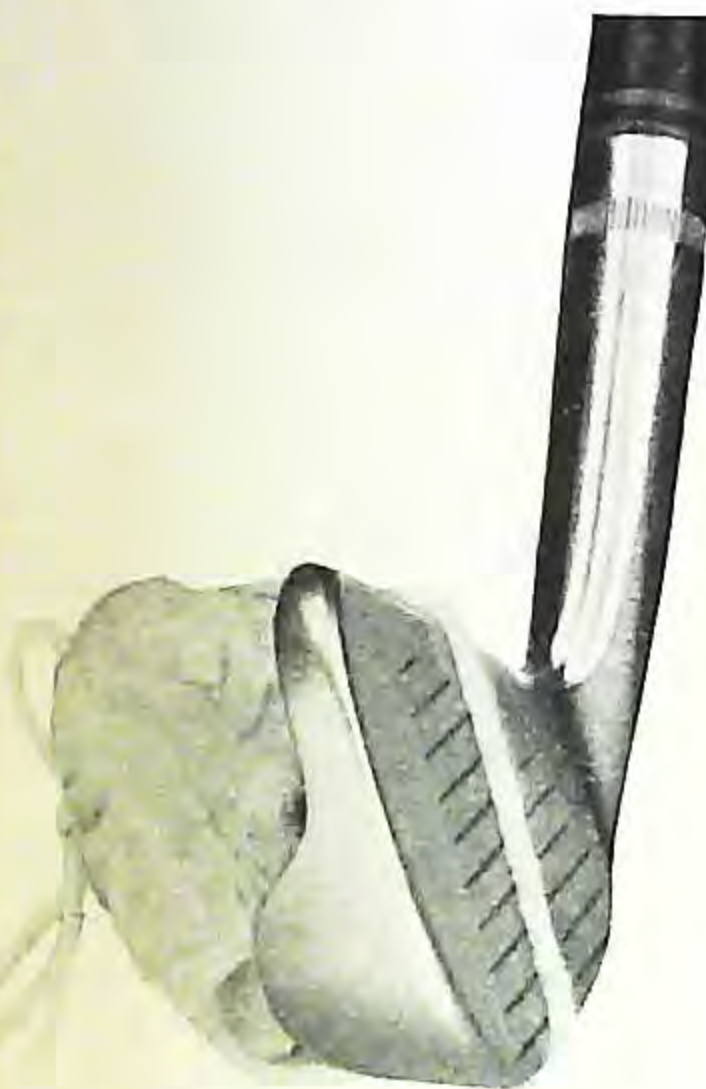
THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET. This Czech drama hurls the question of universal guilt into a tranquil, Nazi-occupied Slovakian village in 1942. The case concerns a little Aryan nobody (Josef Kroner) who is put in charge of the business, and the fate of a shinningly innocent old Jewish shopkeeper (Ida Kaminsky).

THE GOSPEL ACCORDING TO ST. MATTHEW. A contradiction in terms, a truly radical Biblical film made by a communist Italian Director Pier Paolo Pasolini, who employs only nonprofessional actors and uses a script based entirely on Holy Writ.

THE FLIGHT OF THE PHOENIX. How to make a little plane out of a big one that has crashed in the Sahara. Surprisingly well-paced and acted by an international

The Dynapower distance secret

(Or: How Wilson Staff irons help cut the fairways down to size)



If you think you can get more power out of your irons by adding some weight to the back of the blade, you're probably right.

The trouble is, when you add extra weight to a club head you're likely to change the "feel" of the club, upset the rhythm of your swing, and add strokes to your score.

So far, the only people who have been able to add weight to the back of an iron successfully are the men who make Wilson Staff® irons.

Their secret of success is that they put extra weight in the hitting area behind the ball without changing the total weight of the club head.

They do it by drilling dead weight out of the heel and putting it directly behind the hitting area, where it gives you more power.

That little lightweight rubber plug replaces the dead weight Wilson has removed.

Dynapower® is an exclusive Wilson clubmaking technique that is ten years old this year. It is still the best reason for joining the swing to Wilson Staff irons.



Next time you're in your golf professional shop, look for the irons with the little round rubber plug in the heel.

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Men buy a new pair of Florsheim Shoes every four seconds of the business day. One big reason—traditional brogues. Beefy, masculine, authentic; enhanced even more by Florsheim superb quality craftsmanship. Outstanding value!

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Illustrated: The VARSITY in black calf; also available in weathered moss, vintage burgundy or hand-stained brown calf. \$25.95



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A DIVISION OF INTERCO INCORPORATED

troupe of pros, including James Stewart, Hardy Kruger and Richard Attenborough, who struggle for survival against the sand and themselves.

THE SPY WHO CAME IN FROM THE COLD A grainy, gritty double exposure of the spy racket on both sides of the Berlin Wall. Richard Burton is brilliant as a Western burned-out case; Oskar Werner is his pre-eminent prey from the East. Martin Ritt (*Hud*) is responsible for the superb direction.

BOOKS

Best Reading

TOO FAR TO WALK, by John Hersey. Author Hersey's finely tuned reportorial eye is near-perfect, though his fictional sense is slightly askew, in this Faustian spoof about a morose sophomore who temporarily strikes a bargain with the Devil.

THE DOUBLE IMAGE, by Helen MacInnes. This is Master Spywriter MacInnes' 12th book, and it continues her tradition of bestsellers. As usual, she throws a hard armed only with good manners and innocence up against a diabolical and murderous gang of international spies. A first-rate suspense tale.

BRET HARTE, by Richard O'Connor. Although his collected works fill 20 volumes, Harte (1836-1902) is best remembered today for a couple of short stories and one humorous poem. Biographer O'Connor gives Harte his due both as a literary figure and as a silken-mustachioed rascal who was once variously described by Mark Twain as a coward, a liar, a swindler, a born loafer and an SOB.

THE SADDEST SUMMER OF SAMUEL S. by J. P. Donleavy. Once again Black Humorist Donleavy (*Ginger Man*) proves that he can make something of nothing—in this case, a non-hero who has worn out his Viennese psychiatrist and baffled a predatory countess and a girl tourist in his Kafkaesque progress to nothingness.

AUSTERLITZ, by Claude Manceau. A rousing re-enactment of the 1805 campaign in which Napoleon's battlefield genius, at the summit of his powers, shattered the combined forces of Russia and Austria.

GARIBALDI AND HIS ENEMIES, by Christopher Hibbert. Author Hibbert has drawn a clear and coherent portrait of the shirted romantic who led Italy from confusion to nationhood a century ago.

Best Sellers

FICTION

1. The Source, Michener (1 last week)
2. The Double Image, MacInnes (3)
3. Valley of the Dolls, Susann (5)
4. Those Who Love, Stone (4)
5. The Embezzler, Auchincloss (2)
6. The Comedians, Greene (6)
7. Tell No Man, St. John (10)
8. The Billion Dollar Brain, Deighton (8)
9. Up the Down Staircase, Kaufman (5)
10. The Lockwood Concern, O'Hara (4)

NONFICTION

1. In Cold Blood, Capote (1)
2. Games People Play, Berne (5)
3. The Last 100 Days, Toland (3)
4. The Proud Tower, Tuchman (4)
5. The Last Battle, Ryan
6. A Thousand Days, Schlesinger (2)
7. A Gift of Prophecy, Montgomery
8. Kennedy, Sorensen (7)
9. The Penkovskiy Papers, Penkovskiy (9)
10. Yes I Can, Davis and Boyar (8)

TIME, APRIL 11

The Thunderbird Touch: An overhead Safety Convenience Panel



1966 Thunderbird Town Landau with new formal roofline

Look! Thunderbird for 1966 has a unique Safety-Convenience Panel, mounted overhead on Town Hardtop and Landau models. Tap a switch and the Emergency Flasher System sets four exterior lights blinking. Other lights remind you to fasten seat belts, tell you when fuel is low,

or doors ajar. Other personal Thunderbird touches for 1966 include the optional AM Radio/Stereo-sonic Tape system to give you over 70 minutes of music on an easy-to-load tape cartridge. Completely automatic! Four speakers! New, too, are: an automatic Highway Pilot speed con-

trol option; more powerful standard V-8—plus a 428 cubic inch optional V-8. And all the craftsmanship that has made this car a classic in its own time.

Thunderbird



UNIQUE IN ALL THE WORLD



Paris is for gourmets.

Air France is for gourmets who can't wait to get there. Air France is famous for its food because it's really French. We don't mean just French names on the menu...we mean authentic French cuisine prepared by authentic French chefs. Gourmets whose appetites won't wait invariably fly Air France. They know that waiting on board are the fruits of 2000 years of French culinary triumphs...and that should be authentic enough for anybody. So, food lovers of the world, arise! Come home with us to Paris on Air France. We fly more miles...to more destinations...than any other airline... See your Travel Agent or call us.

AIR FRANCE FLIES FROM NEW YORK, WASHINGTON, CHICAGO, MEXICO CITY, MONTREAL, LOS ANGELES, AND BEGINNING APRIL 1st, BOSTON.

AIR FRANCE
THE WORLD'S LARGEST AIRLINE



Four things you can't do with a new Bell & Howell Super 8

You can't underexpose (or even overexpose). Our new solid state Optronic® eye won't let you. Unlike the conventional electric eye, this system is located *behind the lens*, where the light hits the film. So you can get shots you never could get before, perfectly exposed, even when you go from bright sunlight to dark shade.

You can't run out of film unexpectedly. A built-in film counter signals you when you're near the end of a roll of film, so you can plan your shots accordingly.

You can't miss that big scene. No more flipping and fumbling in midreel. With the new Super 8 cartridge, your movies come out perfectly from end to end. You load in seconds and your hand never touches the film.

You can't forget the filter. You may not know when you need one, but your Bell & Howell camera will. The filter slips into place automatically—and out again when it's no longer needed.

And four things you can only do with a Bell & Howell

You can get instant slow motion. No dials, no switches. Just press a little harder on the action button and you're in slow motion *instantly*—right in the middle of a golf swing or a swan dive.

You can power-zoom all the way from a freckle-counting close-up to a shot that's nine times as big and includes the whole family. And because it's power-zoom, it's as smooth as a professional could make it.

You can compose electrically without running film, thanks to a second motor that does everything *but* run film. You can shoot telephoto close-ups of your youngsters at play without their even knowing you're taking their pictures.

You can get perfect exposure, without guesswork, without fail, where other cameras would fool you. Because no other camera has as sophisticated and foolproof an electric eye system as the Optronic Eye. There's one in every Bell & Howell camera, regardless of price.

Eight good reasons why you get the best Super 8 movies from Bell & Howell

It's a whole new system of movie-making, so big, so bright, so sharp, you'll need a new Super 8 projector to show your films. But for the kind of movies people ask to see...not only foolproof but exciting and memorable...look into a new Bell & Howell Super 8. Surprisingly enough, the cameras start as low as \$124.95.

Bell & Howell Super 8

Photographic instruments built a little better than they really have to be



LETTERS

Prodigious Producer

Sir: On the current cover of TIME magazine [March 25] my name appears, along with the titles of many of the shows I have produced. There is, however, a very strange drawing of some person or other also on the cover, which is very puzzling to me. Could you possibly have substituted, in error, next week's cover picture in place of mine? I consider this figure you have attached to my name monstrous in appearance, bearing no resemblance to my likeness, which appears on the inside in the body of my story—the one in which I am attired in my Ascot suit, the one I wore when I played the lead in *My Fair Lady*. Therefore, this is to notify you that I am suing you for \$1,000,000 for defamation of caricature.

DAVID MERRICK

New York City

Sir: The spontaneous and sensitive painting of David Merrick is a delight.

SERENE FELDMAN
SUSAN TAMMANY

Syracuse

Sir: Amid a riot of witty wordage and abundant alliteration, TIME portrayed Merrick not as a promethean, prolific, prodigious producer, or as a brilliant Broadway Brahman, but as (horrors!) the Abominable Showman! Couldn't you have kindly conceded that this charming champion of the theater has brought delight to thousands of theatergoers, given work to throngs of thespians, and made a place in the sun for worthy playwrights?

JANE RENTON SMITH

Plymouth Meeting, Pa.

Sir: All that attention to Merrick, entrepreneur, and not a mention of Harvey Sabinson and Lee Solters, his trusty publicists. Eighty per cent of what comes out of Merrick's public mouth began in their heads. Even Merrick has been heard to say, "They are the greatest publicists in New York." Well he might. Without them he might be just another successful theatrical producer. (F.Y.I.: I do not work for the gentlemen in question.)

CORINE RIEVES

New York City

Brutal Tediousness

Sir: In your good Essay on American patience [March 25] you did not mention one of our (or anybody's!) most extraordinary examples of patient scientific research. After the discoveries of Uranus

and Neptune in 1781 and 1846 it was suspected, because of small irregularities in the motions of these distant wanderers, that there was still another, even fainter, planet. Astronomers calculated a probable orbit, and in March 1929 young Clyde Tombaugh took up the search. He examined scores of telescopic photographs, each showing tens of thousands of star images, in pairs under the blink comparator, or dual microscope. It often took three days to scan a single pair. It was exhausting, eye-cracking work—in his own words, "brutal tediousness." And it went on for months. Star by star, he examined 20 million images. Then on Feb. 18, 1930, as he was blinking a pair of photographs in the constellation Gemini, "I suddenly came upon the image of Pluto!" It was the most dramatic astronomical discovery in nearly 100 years, and it was made possible by the patience of an American.

JOHN WHITE

Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory
Cambridge, Mass.

Honest John

Sir: I certainly enjoyed your thoughtful and penetrating Essay on the U.S. Senate [March 18], even if my name is only John.

JOHN G. TOWER

U.S. Senate
Washington, D.C.

Sir: You should not have described Wayne Morse as "irresponsible" and Bill Fulbright as "the patient misunderstander" in an Essay that purported to value "creative tension." These two men, whatever you think of the opinions they express, provide the best recent examples of what you correctly define as the Senate's chief contribution.

CLARE PEPLOE

New York City

Sir: When I read the nonsensical gibberings of the "Peace Senators" each week, I become more and more disgusted. Won't they ever learn to see Communism for what it is—repression, tyranny and sadism?

CHARLES D. MENCHIONS

Bonne Bay, Nfld.

One More Example

Sir: When a white man of John McCone's stature attributes the discontent of black folk to "an unwillingness by Negroes to accept responsibilities as law-abiding citizens," [March 25] is it any wonder that

lesser white men refuse to give us the thing we never have been offered, respect as human beings and individuals? Black as I am, I have never seen a riot, nor had I ever felt "irresponsible" enough to participate in one. But when a man like McCone says by implication that the Negroes are "one more example" of my depravity and inferiority, I feel like giving him just one more example, at least one more.

CHARLES LYLES

New York City

À Sa Disposition

Sir: You imply that the French church in granting Napoleon an annulment from Josephine [March 18], acted according to Roman Catholic teaching. Napoleon repudiated Catholic doctrine and worship to support imperial rule; certain members of the clergy were "à sa disposition" to state the Emperor's wishes, bypassing doctrinal matters if necessary. His annulment from Josephine was never ratified by the church. Pope Pius VII never gave his assent, knowing that Napoleon's marriage had been validly contracted and that the reasons invoked for annulment were unsound. Many prelates, faithful to Catholic teaching, refused to attend Napoleon's second wedding.

ANAÏK N. VAN DYKE

Barry College
Miami

Ruminations about Rumania

Sir: The epigram about Rumania [March 18] as neither state nor nation is contrary to fact. Situated at the crossroads of three expansionist empires, Rumania fought for a thousand years against invasions from east and south to save its national being and realize its unity and independence. It did not, as you seem to believe, wait for the coming of Soviet domination and Communist tyranny to become a state and a nation.

CONSTANTIN VISOTEN

Former Foreign Minister of Rumania
Washington, D.C.

Sir: About Rumania's Communist regime's grip is lighter with citizens of Rumanian stock, but its nationalistic character makes it as cruelly barbarous as Stalinism for non-Rumanians, notably 3,000,000 Hungarians in Transylvania. You say Cluj is "Hungarian in mood." With the Autonomous Hungarian Republic it can hardly remain so in mind or mood. Hungarian-speaking schools have been closed; non-Orthodox churches are persecuted. A Hungarian name is the trademark of a second-class citizen.

JOAN BOTAN

Buenos Aires, Argentina

LSD & After

Sir: The article on the prison scene and fine imposed on Timothy Leary [March 18] presents a one-sided and complex debate. Research on consciousness-expansion drugs, which are safe, alcohol and less addictive than narcotics, must be allowed to continue. We must be allowed to exist as we are, not afford to legislate our existence by powerful educational tools as the chedelic drugs promise to be.

WILLIAM MILLER

Timothy Leary Defense Fund
New York City

Ozymandias, King of Kings

Sir: The picture of Nkrumah's influence [March 11] is a powerful commentary on the "eternal" influence of leaders.

TIME APRIL 1

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1817 poem "Ozymandias" describes a similar despot upon whose statue was engraved: "My name is Ozymandias, king of kings/Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!" And, as with the Ghazal, "Nothing beside remains Round the decay/Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare/The lone and level sands stretch far away."

CHRISTOPHER LOWELL

Hamilton, N.Y.

Wrong Game

Sir: About Bret Harte and Ah Sui "Poker" lesson [March 18] I believe you have been euhced.

DONN HAMMITT

Lincoln, Neb.

In Defense of Austin

Sir: I've stayed at the Driskill Hotel [March 18] many times and never been frightened by a mouse in my room as was Bill Moyers—it was a mouse, of course, not a rat. A little old Texas mouse is bigger than a Washington mouse, naturally, but a friendly critter, like the Driskill management and all the rest of Austin.

WALTER JUNIPER

Canyon, Texas

Sweet Vilification

Sir: We who strive to be true to the Scriptures have long resented Billy Graham's careless handling of certain points in Christian doctrine. How refreshing to find someone with conviction enough to speak out. Billy Graham's turned cheek [March 18] should be red with shame.

(MRS.) SHERRI W. FRAZIER

Milledgeville, Ga.

Sir: Many have praised Billy Graham but no praise is sweeter than the vilification heaped upon him by the bigots of Bob Jones.

DEAN W. GIBBONS

Seattle, Wash.

Sir: Don't equate all fundamentalists with the oddball types from Bob Jones!

(THE REV.) FRED D. ACCORD

LARRY ALLMON

Assistant to the Pastor

Montecito Park Union Church
Los Angeles

The Price of Hamburger

Sir: How come the President gets so upset at the increase of a few dollars a ton for steel, but when hamburger goes to \$200 a ton [March 18] we hear no word except that there are no signs of inflation?

R. R. JACKSON

Springfield, Mo.

Address Letters to the Editor
ing, Rockefeller Center, N.Y.

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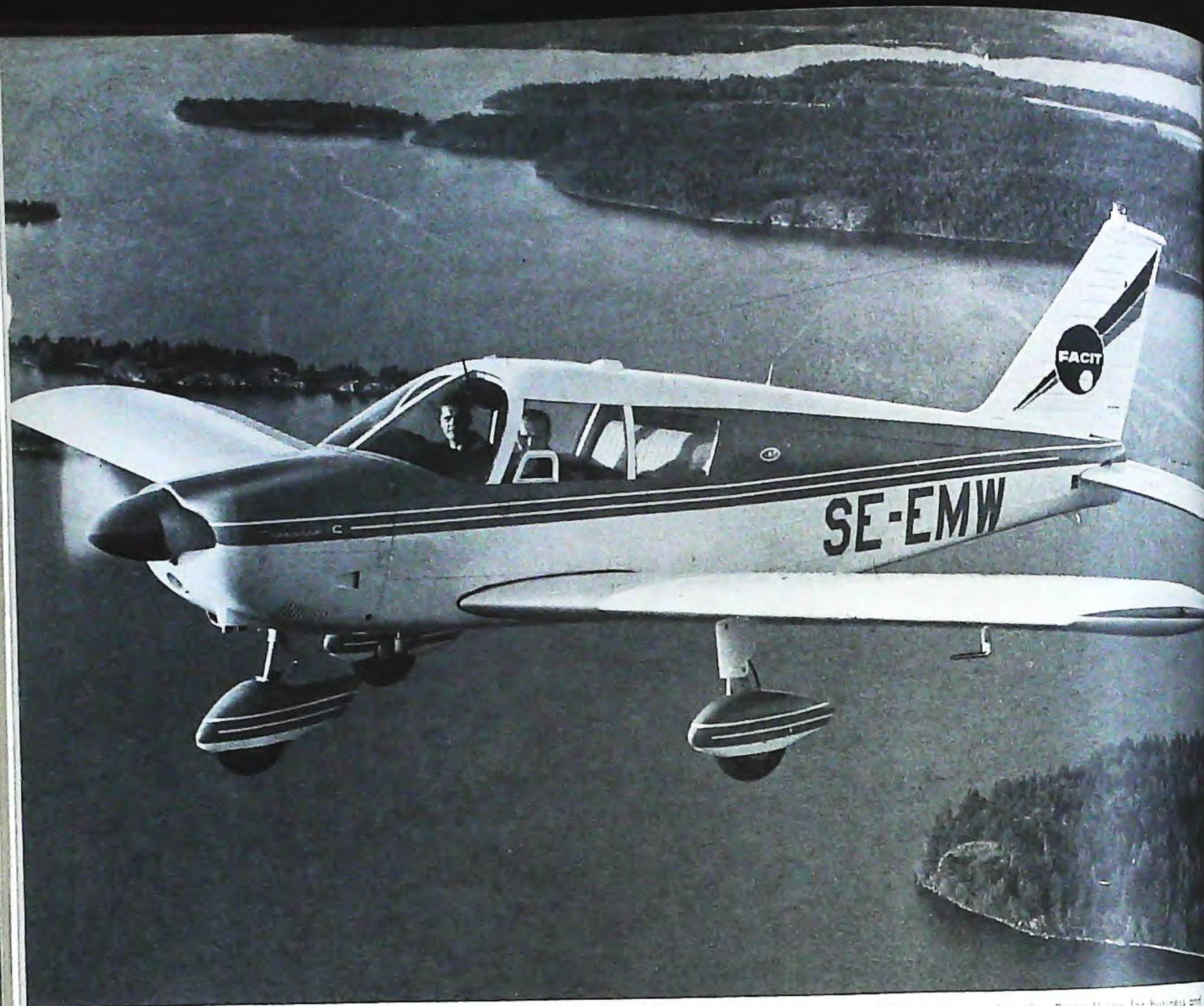
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TIME, APRIL 1, 1966

A letter from the PUBLISHER

Bernhard M. Auer

THIS week one of our most discussed sections—the TIME Essay—begins its second year. From the very first one, examining the United Nations and its prospects, Essay has elicited a remarkable amount of public interest. The U.S. Mission to the U.N. distributed 10,000 reprints of No. 1 to college campuses and civic groups, and Harlan Cleveland, then Assistant Secretary of State for International Organization Affairs, said of it: "Somehow your editors managed to squeeze into two fascinating pages the essence of the U.N.'s problems and prospects which have occupied our energies for the past several years."

Since then, one or more Essays have been broadcast, translated, reprinted or otherwise used by the Department of State, the U.S. Information Agency, the National War College, units of the Army and Air Force, the Foreign Service Institute, the U.S. Government's broadcasting system in West Berlin, and private organizations as diverse as the Anchorage, Alaska, League of Women Voters and the Columbia Broadcasting System. The American Automobile Association is distributing *Ode to the Road* (Sept. 10) to its nationwide membership. A student found a boon in *What (If Anything) to Expect from Today's Philosophers* (Jan. 7). "More than anything else," he wrote us, "those two pages helped to wrap up a semester's course in modern philosophy—and just in time for the final exam." Protestant Theologian Henry P. Van Dusen deemed *On Death As a Constant Companion* (Nov. 12) "the most masterly in a notable sequence."

Moved by *Communism Today: A Refresher Course* (Aug. 6), a reader suggested that Essay "should be required reading in every high school classroom." As a result, our Education Department sent reprints to social-studies department chairmen in 18,400 public high schools. Some 800 college radio stations and

campus editors have signed up to receive copies of Essays that have particular pertinence for the undergraduate. Another large area of interest is the world of business. An anthology* of 20 Essays that ran before Jan. 1 drew appreciative response from the business executives to whom it was sent. Characteristic was the appraisal of Radio Corporation of America's President Robert W. Sarnoff, who wrote us: "I have watched the development of this new journalistic form with interest and admiration and I am delighted to have a volume of selections for my library."

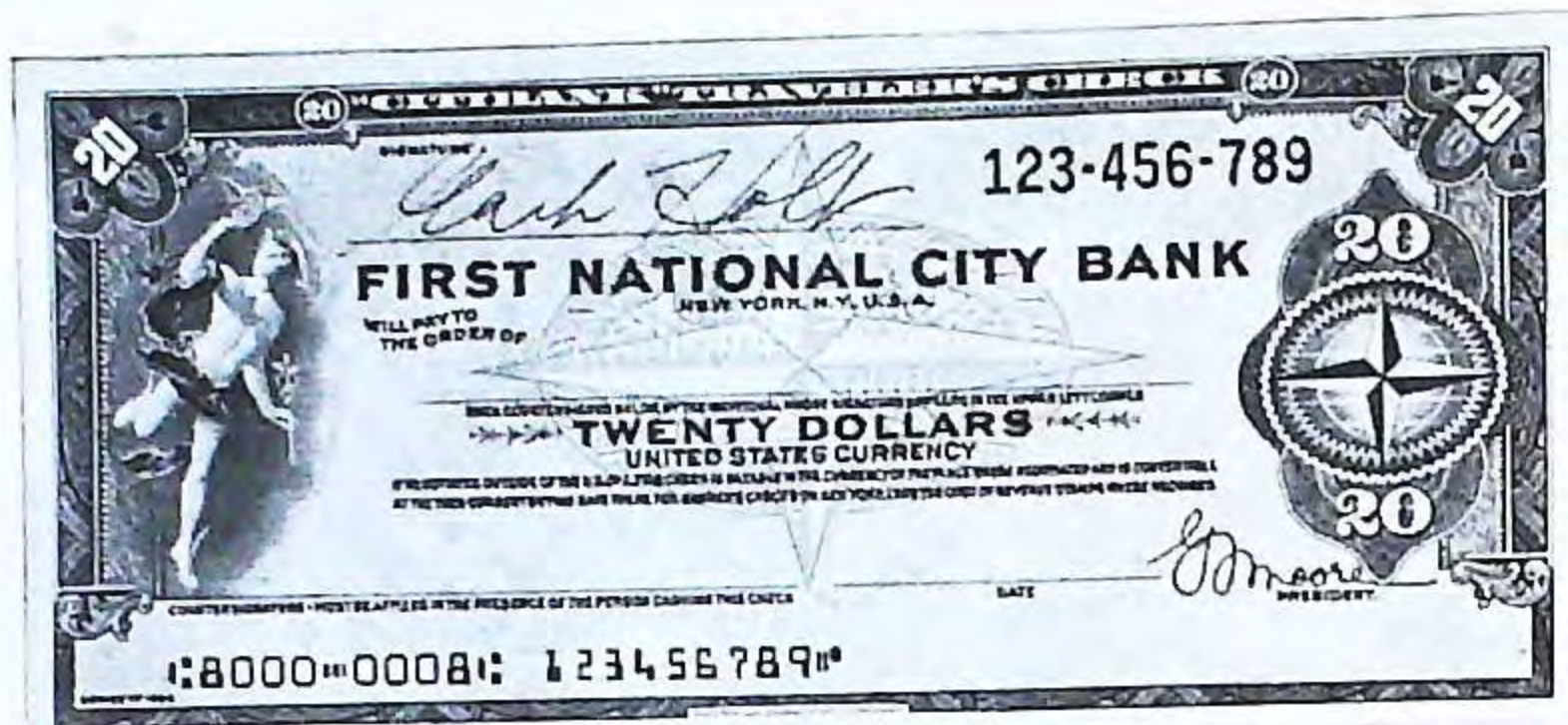
Essay was conceived by Managing Editor Otto Fuerbringer as a means of probing and laying bare, relatively free of fast-breaking news, the big questions, the overriding issues of our times. Like any other TIME story, Essay is the product of many minds: editors, writers, researchers, correspondents—and the experts they interview. But it takes one man to pull everything together, and from the start that editor has been Henry Grunwald. Three senior editors, A. T. Baker, Champ Clark and Marshall Loeb (this week's author), have taken turns at writing Essays. Among the other writers of one or more are Douglas Auchincloss, Joe David Brown, John T. Elson, Fred Gruin, Bruce Henderson, Robert Jones, William Johnson, Stefan Kanfer, Ed Magnuson, Jason McManus and Robert Shnayerson. The principal researchers for the section are Mary Vanaman, Marion Pikul and Nancy Faber.

When Essay was launched a year ago, one of our colleagues on another magazine said, in some surprise: "You're not going to try to do that almost every week, are you?" We are.

* Some of these are still available to readers at cost. Send \$1 to Room 23-29D, Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York, N.Y. 10020.

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April 1, 1966

Vol. 87, No. 13

THE NATION

THE WAR

The Greatest Drama

Beaming avuncularly at the reporters wedged three and four deep around his White House desk, the President observed: "I would say we all ought to be commended for our good spirits and jolly frame of mind. I appreciate the good humor you are all in. I don't know how to account for it."

Lyndon Johnson, looking trim and tanned, is in pretty good humor himself these days, and he is only too happy to account for it. He is optimistic that by continued persuasion and pressure—"the jawbone technique," in Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler's phrase—he can keep the booming U.S. economy from spiraling out of control. On the international scene, he can only be reassured by the strident argy-bargy between Moscow and Peking, despite some pundits' predictions that the U.S. stand in Viet Nam could only induce harmony between the two great Communist powers (see THE WORLD). As for the war itself, the President is firmly convinced that the patient and sustained application of U.S. power will eventually carry the day.

Making It Right. Last week's military actions in South Viet Nam more than justified that view. In eight separate operations ranging from the northern uplands to jungled War Zone "D" near Saigon, U.S. troops and their allies killed more than 1,900 of the enemy. At week's end a battalion of U.S. Marines splashed ashore near the mouth of the Long Tao River, the main shipping channel to Saigon, to yet another foray, this one dubbed "Jack Stay."

The heaviest fighting occurred in the I Corps sector abutting the 17th parallel in the northernmost provinces, where the Reds, having apparently abandoned hopes of slicing South Viet Nam in two at the Central Highlands, are now concentrating their efforts. In Operation Texas, six battalions of allied forces dashed to the aid of a beleaguered outpost at An Hao, then found themselves tangling with four battalions of hard-core Viet Cong and North Vietnamese troops. In five days they wiped out 485 of the attackers and crippled the unit as a fighting force.

Heartening as the military news has been, it is the progress of the other war in Viet Nam—the peaceful construc-

tion program—that appeals most deeply to the President. The Administration's efforts to help the Vietnamese people provide him, in addition, with an irrefutable answer to many of his critics. One leader of the anti-war movement, *Saturday Review* Editor Norman Cousins, wrote compassionately last week of the Vietnamese, "whose constant and unwanted companion has been violence and terror and whose

South Viet Nam's Premier Nguyen Cao Ky after February's Honolulu conference that he wanted to meet him again in June and expected some solid results by then—some "coonskins nailed to the wall," as he put it—the President has now decided to defer the conference until around the fall elections.

Plumper Pigs. Meanwhile, teams of top-echelon American experts have been streaming into Saigon to assess the



SEVENTH FLEET MARINES LANDING NEAR LONG TAO RIVER
Three fists offered an irrefutable answer.

only crime has been their geography." They have, he said, a kind of "moral claim on history." Yet, he asked, "How do we go about making it right with them?" Johnson is determined to meet that challenge. Said he, "We are trying to concentrate our energies and all of our expertise and knowledge to help these people help themselves and have a better way of life."

As the President sees it, this attempt to build a nation in the midst of war is not only one of the most ambitious and complex undertakings his Administration has attempted; it is also perhaps the most exciting drama of our times. He is impatient for results, though well aware that the program is barely gathering momentum. Accordingly, though Johnson originally told

situation. Agriculture Secretary Orville Freeman came back citing "evidence of progress in the face of the most difficult conditions imaginable," offered no fewer than 49 recommendations for helping the peasants. Among them: putting farm-bred U.S. soldiers to work in rural areas. "He's got a man who can grow twice as many sweet potatoes on a plant," said the President. "He's got another one who can make pigs weigh twice as much."

Health, Education and Welfare Secretary John Gardner, who returned last week from an eight-day survey trip, said he was "impressed" by "the extraordinary scope and intensity of the American effort." Though "optimistic that a great deal can be done," he warned of the obstacles ahead, notably

political instability, inflation, and shortages—particularly the dearth of trained personnel. Officials estimate that the embattled nation needs at least 60,000 administrators, teachers, agricultural experts and other technicians, but has scarcely 20,000—thanks not only to colonial France's failure to train Vietnamese administrators but also to Viet Cong assassinations. As Vice President Hubert Humphrey told a labor conference in Washington last week, since 1958 there have been "61,000 mayors, leaders of villages and councilmen assassinated in cold blood."

Saigon Shuttle. A cautious, thorough man, Gardner does not plan to present his detailed recommendations to the President before April 10. Nonetheless, he is expected to urge expansion of Viet Nam's secondary school system, particularly technical schools to assure a steady supply of trained cadres. Another possibility, favored by HEW Assistant Secretary (Education) Francis Keppel, who toured Viet Nam with Gardner, is to expand a television network recently set up by U.S. aid officials and use it to teach millions of illiterate Vietnamese to read and write. Whatever programs Gardner does recommend, he will be able to count on more U.S. technicians to help implement them. Under a \$13.1 billion emergency Viet Nam appropriations bill that passed the Senate last week by an 87-to-2 vote after a 389-to-3 House vote, the U.S. will reinforce its 700-member aid mission with 300 more experts, mostly in the key fields of agriculture, health and education.

This week yet another group will join the Saigon shuttle to see what further steps the U.S. can take. Among its members: top Presidential Assistant Bill Moyers, who has never been there; Deputy Defense Secretary Cyrus Vance, who announced last week that the U.S. now has 220,000 fighting men in Viet Nam, and hopes to find out if more are needed; and White House

HENRI DAUMAN



EDITOR COUSINS

From a critic, a question.

Aide Robert Komer, McGeorge Bundy's ex-deputy, who has been given the title of Special Assistant to the President for peaceful construction in Viet Nam.

Worrisome Sacrifices. Where once the President described his Viet Nam policy as "two-fisted," now he calls it "a three-fisted affair." The first set of knuckles, of course, is the war. The second is the political and economic front, particularly the peaceful construction campaign. The third fist is continued American support for his Viet Nam policies. For though the din of protest has subsided somewhat, the President knows that it has by no means expired. In the Senate alone, he estimates, roughly 35 members disapprove of one feature of his policy or another, though without notable rancor.

Nonetheless, the President and his legmen in recent weeks have talked with 270 Democratic and Republican Congressmen—something the White House does regularly to keep in touch with Capitol Hill's thinking—and what the House members had to say about Viet Nam delighted Johnson. "They are all worried about the sacrifices our men are making there," said the President. "But there are not many of them who have any doubt about the justice of our cause or the wisdom of our course."

THE PRESIDENCY

Looking Toward November

In the course of his jocular press conference, President Johnson warned newsmen not to waste their money betting on a Republican sweep at the polls this fall. "The elections," he crowed, "are going to be fine."

Pooh-poohing pundits' predictions that the Democrats would lose dozens of House seats in November, the President allowed: "There are these people who pick these figures out of the air." He confided that "someone the other night" even talked of a G.O.P. gain of 74 to 80 House seats. "It was amusing. I wondered how much he knew about any House seat."

Johnson had kinder words for the so far unremarkable legislative record of the 89th Congress this year. "Congressmen on both sides have done a good job," he said. "We will probably have 15 or 20 measures signed before Easter, and that is something unusual." Asked if he would campaign himself for individual Congressmen, Johnson replied archly: "I would not forgo a chance to give my advice if it was solicited in the right way, under the proper auspices, with appropriate sponsorship." Which almost certainly can be translated to mean that—Viet Nam willing—Johnson will be hustling around the hustings all he can.

Down, Down. Though he spoke off the cuff throughout most of the 40-minute conference, Johnson did just happen to have a statistics-studded memo on his desk when a reporter asked him whether he planned to ask

Congress to raise taxes. With obvious satisfaction, he quickly ticked off a series of fresh figures indicating that inflationary pressures may be easing off a bit. Retail sales were down, housing starts were down, new orders for durable goods were down, and the money supply has declined. Johnson also pointed out that medicare deductions would take \$6 billion out of the economy, that the new increase in upper-income tax withholding would take some \$4 billion this year, that costs of the war in Viet Nam were running under estimates so far in 1966.

Thus, it seemed that a tax rise was scarcely imminent. "We don't want to act prematurely," said Johnson. "We don't want to put on the brakes too fast, but it is something that requires study every day and we are doing that." Nevertheless, the President left the door open for a hike by reminding reporters that "Congress is adding expenditures that we did not ask for."

Reply to De Gaulle. Next day Treasury Secretary Henry Fowler told a National Press Club audience that no tax hike decision was likely until late April when first-quarter economic statistics are firm and "we will have a far clearer picture of what the revenue side of the budget—as well as the net budget—figure itself—finally looks like."

The President declined to answer press conference questions about Charles de Gaulle's plan to pull France out of NATO. But the next day in a speech before the Foreign Affairs Society, Johnson offered a lofty but unfriendly reply to De Gaulle, saying that the U.S. is "determined to preserve with 13 of her other allies the strength of NATO," but that a "policy of respect and responsibility will win any ally who decides to return

HUMPHREY ADDRESSING PRESIDENT & CONGRESSIONAL LEADERS AFTER ASIA TRIP
From the shadows, artesian eloquence and visceral conviction.

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY

The Bright Spirit

(See Cover)

Vice President Hubert Horatio Humphrey had never before been known to lapse for long into total silence. Yet throughout 1965 he was unwontedly and unhappily subdued in the shadow of a center-stage President. Not until January did Humphrey finally find an effectual and demanding outlet for his energies. It was then, at Lyndon Johnson's behest, that the Vice President publicly helped shoulder the increasing burdens of the war in Viet Nam.

Since then, Humphrey has become the Administration's most articulate and indefatigable exponent of U.S. Asian policy. From New Delhi to New Zealand to New York, before sexagenarian Senators and teen-age Thais, the pink-cheeked, peripatetic Vice President has rehearsed America's aims and achievements in Viet Nam with all the evangelical fervor he once brought to such causes as civil rights and disarmament.

Seldom have man and mission been better mated. Humphrey may not, as the President once boasted, be the world's "greatest coordinator of mind and tongue." He is nonetheless a man of artesian eloquence and visceral conviction, of bright spirit—which his first name literally means. For the President's purposes, moreover, Humphrey's fame as a liberal crusader has assured him a respectful hearing from foreign governments and segments of American society that had discredited the Administration's motives in Viet Nam. As for Humphrey, he has risen to the challenge with all the old gusto and with new-found gravity and grace.

Asian Sputnik. "Communism in Asia," he told a union convention in Washington last week, "is not a subject

of academic discussion. It is a matter of survival. Viet Nam today is as close to the U.S. as London was in 1940." At Georgetown University next day, he said: "Our problem today in Asia is that we are abysmally ignorant of that part of the world. Out of the tragedy of war comes an impetus and incentive for knowledge." On a flying trip to Manhattan, he alighted in the penthouse of the Carlyle Hotel and, pounding the arms of John F. Kennedy's old rocking chair, mused aloud: "The war is doing for us what the Sputnik did in the space field. It's forcing us to come to grips with Asia."

For an audience of high school and college editors in New York, the Vice President answered the rote objection that the Saigon government is unstable, undemocratic and unpopular. "For many centuries," explained Old Teacher Humphrey, "the Vietnamese people lived under mandarin rule. Then came generations of colonial domination followed by 25 years of almost constant warfare. This is stony soil for democracy to grow in." He noted by contrast that there had been little protest from liberals over U.S. support for Greece during its struggle against Communist insurgency in the late 1940s. Yet, he pointed out, Athens' governmental gyrations in that time exceeded even Saigon's changes of regime.

Whites Only? When Senator Robert Kennedy suggested in February that the Viet Cong's political arm, the National Liberation Front, should be included in a postwar government of South Viet Nam, it was Humphrey who retorted that any such concession would only dignify "banditry and murder." On the same issue, Humphrey argued last week: "The National Liberation Front is not national, and it liberates no one. The only honest word is that it's a front. It is a front for the

Communist Party out of Hanoi, backed by the Peking Communist Party."

On a two-day trip home to Minneapolis, Humphrey told a Jefferson-Jackson Day audience of 3,000: "There are people who talk about Asians as if they lived on some other planet. We even hear that only Asians should concern themselves with Asia. If we heeded such counsel 25 years ago, where would we—and the Asians—be now?" He continued: "Are we to be put in the position of saying that we are able to keep our commitments to white people, not to brown people and yellow people?" Next day, Minnesota's Democratic-Farmer-Labor Party's state central committee unanimously passed a resolution supporting the Administration's war policies.

"New Society." Nonetheless, it is the "other war," as he calls it—the struggle for social and economic progress in South Viet Nam—that has most deeply stirred the Vice President's imagination and energies. Kneading the air with freckled hands, arching his circumflex eyebrows and managing to speak about twice as fast as any Teletype can relay his words, he declares: "There is a new spirit there, because we have not only said that we wish to defeat aggression, but we wish to defeat social misery, and here is where we all come in. We are seeking to help build with the South Vietnamese a whole new society."

For South Viet Nam's long-term future, in Humphrey's view, recent inspection tours by HEW's John Gardner and Agriculture's Orville Freeman—with 14 of the outstanding agriculturalists of America—promise even more potential benefit than any victory of arms. He chafes because congressional committees have a "thousand questions" for military commanders but have yet to call in Freeman or Gardner. In all fairness, reasons Humphrey, Con-



KOSYGIN, RADHAKRISHNAN & HUMPHREY AT SHASTRI FUNERAL
A turning point, but still a mystique gap.

gress should accord equal time to the field marshals of the other war. "Let's learn something," he says.

Leader. One of Humphrey's greatest satisfactions is the increase in the number of nations that are giving South Viet Nam nonmilitary aid—and his own role in that increase as a roving envoy in Asia. Since his last trip, the number of cooperating countries has risen from 32 to 39, with contributions ranging from a West German hospital ship to Israeli agricultural and medical teams.

On the wing and in full, rasping voice, Humphrey maintains that he is crusading for the same causes that he has always championed. In early youth, he revered Woodrow Wilson's concept of collective security ("the right of nations great and small and the privilege of men everywhere to choose their way of life"). He fought isolationism in his native Midwest in the '30s. From the first, he supported the Truman Doctrine, the Marshall Plan and NATO. To him, history is of one piece. "You can't be a world leader," he reasons, "and want to lead only in Western Europe and Latin America." That distinction is particularly relevant to the U.N., which for the sake of its own credibility must eventually demonstrate that it is as much concerned about Asia as it is about Africa or Europe.

It was not until World War II that a President actively enlisted the No. 2 man's talents. Yet, though Henry Wallace performed many chores for Franklin Roosevelt, Harry Truman during his 82 days as Vice President rarely saw F.D.R. and was not even informed of the atomic bomb's development.

Dwight Eisenhower's distaste for political maneuver brought Richard Nixon to the front as the top party campaigner. Eisenhower included Nixon in Cabinet meetings, and when the President was absent, Nixon presided over both Cabinet and National Security Council. John Kennedy brought Lyndon Johnson

closer to security affairs, sent him on a series of good-will missions abroad. But there was no closeness between the two men. "What ever became of Lyndon?" was by summer 1963 a real, rather than a funny, question. Nonetheless, by Humphrey's time the vice-presidency, as Historian James MacGregor Burns has written, had been largely "integrated into the structure of presidential power and decision-making."

Prairie Populists. The biggest factor in Humphrey's re-emergence is his unusually close personal rapport with L.B.J. Humphrey, 54, and Johnson, 57, are a pair of old prairie Populists with a common rural background, the instincts of teachers and a shared, lifelong devotion to the New Deal. When they arrived in the Senate on the same day in 1949, Humphrey was generally regarded as a brash young radical, a "black knight," as he puts it, intent on tilting against the senatorial establishment ruled by Democrat Richard Russell and Republican Robert Taft.

He owed his national reputation to his fire-and-brimstone speech on behalf of a plank at the 1948 convention, which separated the Democrats from the Dixiecrats in short order. Senator Humphrey established himself as one of Washington's most voluble men—Johnson was later to say that "the time it takes Humphrey to prepare a speech is the time it takes to draw a deep breath"—and he offended many of his seniors, including those who controlled committee assignments and the fate of the bills he introduced in profusion (the first was for a medicare program).

Cooler, shrewder and no great civil rights advocate at the time, Johnson was soon admitted to the Senate establishment. Despite early differences, the two men became close. "Johnson was the first Southern Senator I could talk to," Humphrey said later. With Johnson as mentor—a facet of their relationship that has held constant—Humphrey

learned to make his peace with his elders, to accept compromise with his as the price of worthwhile legislation. Humphrey's contribution to the partnership was to be Johnson's link to the liberal wing in his drive for a commanding position in the Senate.

Even Humphrey's initial opposition to Johnson's successful bid for the Democratic Senate leadership in 1953 failed to disrupt their association. Johnson helped Humphrey onto the Foreign Relations Committee that same year. By 1964, Johnson was confident that his protégé was the man "best qualified to assume the office of President should that day come." Nor was there any doubt in Humphrey's mind that he wanted the vice-presidential nomination.

In on Everything. After a rip-roaring campaign, Humphrey soon learned that filling the vice-presidency could be less exhilarating than running for it. He was depressed by the President's morbid musings over his mortality. "You be good to your Vice President," Johnson said to one reporter. "He could be your President tomorrow morning." After he had been in office a few days, Humphrey received a 2 a.m. call from the Secret Service informing him that Johnson had been taken to Bethesda Naval Hospital. Only an hour or so later did he learn that Johnson's trouble was merely a bad cold.

A more chronic concern for Humphrey was just what his role in the Administration would be. Johnson gave his Vice President more responsibilities than he himself was given by Kennedy: chairmanship of the Cabinet task force on youth, honorary chairmanship of the advisory council to the Office of Economic Opportunity, responsibility for coordinating civil rights affairs. In addition, Humphrey inherited the chairmanship of the Space and Peace Councils and membership on the National Security Council. "It Hubert had to take over the Government one night," says a White House hand, "he would not be one ship because of lack of information on Humphrey's part. He is in on literally everything."

Uriah Heep. Despite the ego-building assignments, there were many frustrations and uncertainties. For the first session of the 89th Congress, the better part of 1965—Johnson was ed Humphrey to spend much of his time at the Capitol doing convoluted on the passage of Great Society legislation. He had vast knowledge of the Senate and the issues, and excellent relations with many members of Congress. Yet Humphrey found, as Johnson had as Vice President, that his influence had largely evaporated. "I am in the club," as he put it, "but no longer a member." He had little to offer in exchange for votes. He could serve Johnson well as an intelligence officer in Congress but not as a field commander.

His Capitol Hill assignment, followed by Johnson's gall-bladder operation and protracted convalescence, prevented Humphrey from doing much

distance traveling during his first year. The press made a great show of counting how many trips he was not taking, starting with Winston Churchill's funeral. Many Washingtonians had the impression that Johnson simply wanted Humphrey held on a short leash. One newspaper reported that some of Humphrey's friends considered Johnson "the great emasculator," and Humphrey himself added to his image of a White House Uriah Heep with occasional spasms of turgid praise for the boss.

Johnson, never exactly celebrated as an easy employer, periodically vented his spleen on the Vice President. As a function of his office, Humphrey maintained a busy speaking schedule, but Johnson was nettled by the newspaper space that Humphrey garnered as a result. "When I was Vice President," Johnson said ominously, "I never held a press conference, and I don't think the Vice President should." Johnson grumbled that Humphrey's staff was too large (it numbers 45) and too publicity-conscious. For his part, Humphrey pulled a few notable gaffes, such as his assurance before a labor group last year that the Administration was going to ask for an increase in the minimum wage. "I see by the papers," rapped Johnson, who had no such intention at the time, "that I have a minimum-wage program."

"Constituency of One." Despite such minor strains, the Johnson-Humphrey relationship on the whole has been intimate, harmonious and creative. The Vice President has had to swallow his pride and deprecate his contributions to their partnership. "I am Vice President because he made me Vice President," Humphrey has remarked. "There are no Humphrey policies, there are no Humphrey programs." Humphrey usually imparts his ideas during his frequent private talks with Johnson over dinner or drinks rather than at formal meetings of the Cabinet or NSC. Johnson, comprising what Humphrey calls his "constituency of one," listens earnestly to Humphrey's expositions on Viet Nam, Latin America, farm programs, space exploration or any of a dozen other subjects. "He knows more about more things than any man up at the Capitol," Johnson has said proudly. Though the Admirable Crichton role

is certainly what the contract calls for—plus an average 14-hour workday—Humphrey was unprepared for the public reaction to his first year's performance. A Gallup poll in December reported that 58% of those interviewed said they did not want him as President. In a February survey matching him in a presidential race against Richard Nixon, Humphrey came out only two points ahead, 47% to 45%, with 8% undecided, whereas in March, Robert Kennedy led Nixon 54% to 41%. A slightly more encouraging Louis Harris poll last week concluded that most Americans (54% to 46%) have a "positive" opinion of Humphrey.

Hard Talk, Hard Looking. When the first Gallup poll was published, Johnson was completing his convalescence and the congressional session was already over, leaving Humphrey free for a foray abroad. His first swing around the Philippines, Formosa, South Korea and Japan was a rapid, if not vapid, display of "good will." The real turning point for Humphrey came last January, when Johnson sent him to India for Lal Bahadur Shastri's funeral. There he conferred privately with Soviet Premier Aleksei Kosygin, and on his return gave the President a shrewd analysis of the Russian leader, whom he regards as strictly a team man. The two Asian jaunts stimulated speculation that the Administration was simply trying to boost Humphrey's box-office ratings. "Operation Help Hubert," sniffed Barry Goldwater, "the most valiant rescue effort since the evacuation of Dunkirk."

Humphrey himself silenced the critics in February, when he took on his most challenging assignment to date. Dispatched by the President to confer with officials of nine Far Eastern countries as a follow-up on the Honolulu conference, he managed to combine a minimum of Hubertian high jinks with a maximum of hard talk and hard looking. On his return, Johnson saw a singular opportunity to deploy Humphrey's talents in the increasingly confused domestic debate over Viet Nam.

"Jelly Bellies." Inevitably, some liberals trumpeted forthwith that Humphrey had "sold out" his principles. The *Progressive*, a Wisconsin monthly founded by Robert La Follette in 1909, mourned the transformation of its old

friend Humphrey into a "hatchet man," arguing that he had "become more royalist than the crown" on the subject of Viet Nam. (Brandeis Professor John Roche, who, like Humphrey, is a charter member and sometime national chairman of Americans for Democratic Action and a supporter of the U.S. commitment to Viet Nam, compares such critics to John Birchers.) By contrast, Foreign Relations Committee Chairman William Fulbright, a perennial civil rights opponent, is now a darling of the liberals because of his unyielding criticism of Viet Nam policy.

Humphrey accepts abuse from old friends as part of the game, though not without private barbs at "nitpickers and jelly bellies." Says he: "I'm not quite manageable on the Viet Nam issue, and a lot of my liberal friends resent it. But I don't think a liberal proves he's a liberal by sitting around and blinking his eyes at acts of terror. It just proves you're a little blind." (On the same point, Secretary of State Dean Rusk says: "Don't ask me to call a man a liberal who wants to turn over to a totalitarian regime more than 14 million South Vietnamese.") Humphrey knows, too, that if the war in Viet Nam drags on indefinitely, it could stir a reaction against the Administration and doom his own ambitions. "That," says he, "is the price of responsibility." While losing some liberal friends, Humphrey inevitably picks up supporters elsewhere in the political spectrum. There was more truth than comedy in a *New Yorker* cartoon last week that depicted two crusty country-club types at golf. Said one with obvious approval: "As Hubert Humphrey so aptly put it . . ."

Far from reflecting political expediency, Humphrey's views on Viet Nam are a distillation of his oldest and most deeply held convictions. He learned to be an internationalist and social reformer from his father, a small-town South Dakota pharmacist who was bankrupted by the Depression. Young Hubert's education in political science at the University of Minnesota was interrupted by financial troubles for six years. Before he finally received his degree *magna cum laude*, he had worked as a druggist, soda jerk, janitor and hog inoculator. After marrying a home-town girl, Muriel Buck, and



JOB CORPS VISITOR



TEXAS TALKER



FROZEN MINNESOTAN



VIET NAM OBSERVER



KOREAN TRAVELER



HOME TOWN ROOTER

All the old gusto, but new-found gravity and grace.



HUMPHREY HOUSE IN CHEVY CHASE
Just one of the folks?

fathering the first of their four children. Humphrey went to graduate school and wrote his master's thesis on the New Deal. Settling in Minneapolis, where his first teaching job was for the WPA, he inevitably became involved in local politics.

Man on Springs. After running second in a mayoral election, Humphrey brought about a lasting merger of the rival Democratic and Minnesota Farmer-Labor parties. He won the mayoralty in his second try at age 34. A Minneapolis newspaper reported at the time: "He seems to be a wonderful and meteoric young man, bouncy and gay, built on springs, with a fierce face and pleasant young grin. He puts fire-crackers under everything." After two explosively successful terms as a reform mayor, Humphrey became the first Democrat ever popularly elected to the U.S. Senate from Minnesota.

On Capitol Hill, he promoted bills on every subject from water pollution to soybean research. "I like all subjects," he said. "I can't help it. It's glands." Though few got anywhere at first, many of Humphrey's proposals later became law, usually under other men's names. Besides urging a medicare program he fought for federal aid to education, proposed the Peace Corps four years before the Kennedy Administration embraced the idea, and recommended a youth conservation corps along the lines of the poverty program's Job Corps. Humphrey's successful appeals to send U.S. farm surpluses to India and Pakistan were the precursors of the Food-for-Peace program, which now represents 45% of all U.S. nonmilitary foreign aid.

Humphrey's involvement in world affairs led to his appointment by Eisenhower as a delegate to the U.N., the World Health Organization and UNESCO. He traveled extensively, attended the Geneva disarmament talks, had his celebrated 83-hour Kremlin exchange with Nikita Khrushchev in 1958 and became chairman of the Senate disarmament subcommittee, whose recommendations helped pave the way for the 1963 nuclear test ban treaty. Appointed majority whip in 1961,

Humphrey finally had the power to influence landmark legislation, notably in civil rights, for which he had been working throughout most of his career.

No Letup. He became preoccupied with Viet Nam in early 1964. He conducted a private correspondence with Henry Cabot Lodge, an old friend from U.N. days, who was then in his first tour as Ambassador to Saigon. Humphrey picked the brains of Pentagon and State Department experts—he has little time for reading—and became an apostle of Edward Lansdale, a retired Air Force major general and counterinsurgency expert whose controversial theories on pacification are now being tested in Viet Nam.

Though it is his role as foreign-policy exponent that propels Humphrey into the headlines and TV screens these days, he has not let up on the myriad other duties of his office. On a typical day last week, he attended a White House meeting on agricultural policy, met individually with four Congressmen, presided over the Senate during the crucial vote on Viet Nam appropriations, conferred with Ceylon's Prime Minister Senanayake, taped a television program, flew to New York for a two-hour private session with some magazine editors, then attended a dinner given by Eugene Anderson, a fellow Minnesotan who is a member



PROPOSED VICE-PRESIDENTIAL MANSION
A bolt on the door?

of the U.N. delegation. He was not in bed until 1:30 a.m., slept his normal six hours and by 9:15 a.m. had boarded his Air Force jet for the trip back to Washington. After shedding 15 lbs. in two months of dieting, he appears to be in excellent trim (170 lbs.).

Veepee Teepee. Humphrey divides his time in the capital between Lyndon Johnson's old office off the Senate floor and an eight-room suite in the Executive Office Building downtown, a short walk from the White House. What remains of his private life he divides between two homes. He still lives in the suburban Washington house he bought for \$28,000 in 1949. It is too small for official entertaining, and the Secret Service has taken over the basement.

Though successive administrations have discussed giving the Vice President an official residence, Humphrey's quandary prompted Congress last week to authorize \$750,000 for a mansion on the Naval Observatory grounds. Despite Republican gibes at the prospect of a "teepee for the veepee," the bill passed the House, 197 votes to 184, and won unanimous approval in the Senate.

Unforgettable Experience. The other Humphrey house is on Minnesota's Lake Waverly, where he horses around with his pet jackass Pietro, pots at clay pigeons with proficiency or, depending on the season, fishes for bluegill, picnics in the woods, sails, water-skis or plays classical recordings. He also has a reconditioned model A Ford like the one in which he and Muriel set off from Huron, S. Dak., 30 years ago on their honeymoon—and promptly ran down a cow. It is in Waverly that Humphrey is at his earthiest. Though he maintains earnestly that a "politician must never forget he's just one of the folks," his gregariousness reflects a human need rather than a political ploy. "He craves people around him," says an acquaintance, "the way an alcoholic needs the bottle."

His compulsive capers—the irrepressible ebullience, the inexhaustible stream of verbiage, have created for Humphrey what might be called a mystique. The Kennedys, by contrast, can seem downright frivolous on occasion.

Curiously enough, the Kennedy brothers have always managed to project a reserved and serious private persona. This may prove a sizable asset to Robert Kennedy if and when the time ever comes to challenge Humphrey directly for the presidential nomination.

As of now, the Senator from New York is treading warily, embellishing his national identity and reportedly building strength in local Democratic organizations across the U.S. He received unsolicited help last week from Senator Wayne Morse, who said that he would support Bobby for the presidency in 1968 provided he continued his criticism of the Administration on Viet Nam. The endorsement will not be fatal.

No one who was mowed down by the Irish mafia as Humphrey was in 1960 could forget the experience. Last week, after hearing rumors that Kennedy had contributed handsomely to several key gubernatorial campaigns, a Humphrey aide groaned: "Bolt the door, boys! Here they come again!"

In fact, the issues, circumstances and personalities could all change beyond recognition by 1972. It is even conceivable that by then both factions may decide that a Humphrey-Kennedy ticket is preferable to another Humphrey-Kennedy duel. And if Humphrey should succeed to the White House between elections, as eight Vice Presidents have done before him, the presidential-succession amendment (already ratified by 28 states) would empower him to appoint his own Vice President. His choice might well be a Kennedy.

Total Immersion. No introvert, Humphrey wastes little time brooding on this or any other problem that is patently beyond his control. He sees the road ahead as two parallel lines. First, in full awareness that his prospects for the foreseeable future rest almost entirely in Lyndon Johnson's hands, he intends to discharge his vice-presidential duties precisely as the President prescribes. Second, Humphrey aims to maintain his own political links around the country, has already stamped enthusiastically on behalf of Democratic candidates and the party coffers, and will doubtless intensify his campaign efforts as the November elections—and future Novembers—near.

After the uncertainties and disappointments of last year, Humphrey is now surer than ever of himself and of Lyndon Johnson's confidence. He is totally and contentedly immersed in his job. He is unalterably committed to plain that this course can only damage his standing in public-opinion surveys, he has an answer: "Harry Truman was a great President, but I never noted his mystique. I did observe he had a lot of character. What is important are your convictions, character and commitments." Already, in the hyperactive Hubert Humphrey has clearly shown his own credentials.

DEMOCRATS

Labor's Love Lost

Ailing AFL-CIO President George Meany limped painfully to the lectern. There, jowls quivering with indignation, he roared at a union convention in Washington: "We can't buy either party. If we are looking around for a party to adopt or control, we don't want the Democratic Party, because they can't deliver!" President Johnson was unmoved. "As far as I have been aware," he said laconically, "labor has always been independent, and should be."

Sitting on Situs. Nonetheless, Meany's blast brought the smoldering feud between labor and the Democratic Party close to open warfare. Already irked by the Administration's tepid efforts to win repeal of the Taft-Hartley Act's Section 14(b), labor's No. 1 legislative goal for the 89th Congress, union tempers were



MEANY & EX-FRIEND
"We can't buy either party."

raised to boiling point last week by the House's failure to act on another measure eagerly sought by the unions. Stalled in committee was a bill that would overturn a 1951 U.S. Supreme Court decision prohibiting a union from picketing one employer at all entrances to a construction site where several employers are at work, on grounds that this amounts to a secondary boycott.

One reason for the so-called "situs" bill's failure to clear Adam Clayton Powell's Education and Labor Committee is that it would chiefly benefit the construction trades unions, which have been notoriously reluctant to admit Negroes. In addition, though the bill has more than enough votes for passage, House Democrats have decided to leave it in committee until the Senate acts. Reason, Democrats from conservative districts feel that they lost votes unnecessarily by supporting the 14 (b) re-

* In Manhattan at week's end Meany underwent an arthroplasty operation to ease the pain in his arthritic right hip joint, a disability that has forced him to use a cane for several years.

peal bill only to have the Senate filibuster it to death.

Love Call. Labor's inability so far to win passage of a single major bill that it sought from the 89th Congress attests to its diminishing influence on Capitol Hill and at the polls. Moreover, for all their outcries, the unions are in the curious position of demanding cooperation from the Administration while giving none in return. Union leaders have coldly and consistently ignored the President's request that wage-price hikes be held to a noninflationary 3.2% a year. In current negotiations alone, the International Association of Machinists is asking the nation's major airlines for a 15% increase, Denver ironworkers want 15.7%, Kansas City carpenters are asking 10%, Albuquerque bricklayers want 19%, and Baton Rouge operating engineers 17.5%.

More from habit than necessity, the Democrats made a token effort to woo labor last week. Showing up for the final session of the construction trades union convention, Vice President Humphrey shouted buoyantly to the 4,000 delegates: "We Democrats need the labor movement. The President of the United States is your friend, and we are not going to let you down!" But even that ardent love call brought no more than a few tepid claps from the disgruntled labor leaders.

THE ADMINISTRATION

Folk Singer in Striped Pants

Special clothes hangers had to be found to accommodate the Indian Prime Minister's flowing silk saris. Red roses—her late father's favored flower—were arrayed around Blair House. As to whether Indira Gandhi should address the all-male National Press Club or the ladies' press corps or both, it was diplomatically decided that a joint session was called for. Executing such arrangements would be delicate even for old protocol hands. Yet this week's state visit—the first ever by a woman Premier—marked a last-minute premiere for a novice. Unruffled, James Wadsworth Symington recalls his stint as a Marine private. Said he: "You learn that you always 'land running.'"

Symington, 38, who since last May served as the President's adviser on juvenile delinquency, started running the moment he was sworn in last week as the State Department's Chief of Protocol, succeeding Lloyd Hand, who resigned to enter California politics. He had been in office less than an hour when he presented Sudan's new ambassador, Amin Ahmed Hussein, to the President. Apart from preparing for Mrs. Gandhi's visit, Symington was also busily readying himself to handle the myriad problems of the 113 foreign mission chiefs in Washington—his new "constituency," as Johnson called it.

"Ouvrez la Bouche." By background and experience, blueblooded, boyishly handsome Jim Symington has unusual qualifications for the job. His father is

Missouri's Democratic Senator Stuart Symington, his mother the daughter of the late Senator James Wadsworth and granddaughter of Secretary of State John Hay. After Eastern schooling (Deerfield Academy, Yale and Columbia Law), he was deputy director of the Food for Peace program, later was a top assistant to Bobby Kennedy when he was Attorney General.

Hitherto, young Symington has been best known in Washington society as a baritone folk singer and guitar player who performed for Queen Elizabeth II while he was special assistant (from 1958 to 1960) to his cousin, John Hay Whitney, then Ambassador to Britain. When the Symingtons went to Washington, he began entertaining foreign visitors at informal songfests, usually in duet with his petite, chestnut-haired wife. An accomplished pianist and harpsichordist, Sylvia Symington has worked as a volunteer music teacher to Washington slum children, in 1960 organized a group of women to help wives of African diplomats overcome their awe of bustling Washington. Proficient in French, she even accompanied her wards to the dentist's office to relay such instructions as "Ouvrez la bouche, s'il vous plaît."

"Time to Learn." Symington shares his wife's belief in personal diplomacy, still talks about the time he invited an Asian student for dinner. "He couldn't believe it," the new protocol chief related. "He said he'd been in this country three years and had never been invited to an American home." From such experiences came a lesson later conveyed in a song the Symingtons composed by the swimming pool of their comfortable white house in Georgetown. "It takes time to know your neighbor on the other side," runs one verse. "Time to learn to labor in the vineyard of his pride."

DON CARL STEFFEN



THE SYMINGTONS
Belief in diplomacy.

THE CAPITOL

Robber in the House

The Capitol Police Department, charged with protecting the House and Senate buildings, boasts some of the world's best-educated cops—and some of the least efficient. More than half of the 248-man force consists of meagerly trained, patronage-appointed college students whose ambitions seldom embrace advancement in the gendarmerie (the annual turnover is 82%). At any rate, there was not a cop in sight last week when a Capitol janitor stabbed and robbed Republican James C. Cleveland of New Hampshire late at night in his office. Inevitably, the incident revived memories of the day in 1954 when four Puerto Rican nationalists gunned down five House members, and brought calls from Congressmen for a professional force. Protested Representative Paul Findley (R., Ill.): "No self-respecting village in America would put up with this so-called security system."

NEW YORK

Eye to Eye

When his commander ordered his decimated squadron to withdraw from the Battle of Copenhagen, Admiral Nelson clapped a telescope to his blind eye, exclaiming: "I really do not see the signal!" He ended, of course, by winning the battle. His namesake, New York's Governor Nelson Rockefeller, can also affect a blind eye when he chooses, and so far it has served him well.

Six months ago, for example, after he had pushed through New York's first state sales tax, every opinion poll had Rockefeller on the rocks. Party leaders even threatened mutiny if he should be so overbearing as to seek reelection in 1966. Today, blind as ever to the signals, Rocky gives every indication of being well on his way toward a third four-year term.

His success comes partly from default. A strong Democrat, perhaps, could topple him in November. Yet a strong candidate appears the least likely choice of the bitterly divided Democratic Party. Though there are many aspirants for the nomination, nearly all have serious political liabilities:

► Frank O'Connor, 56, New York's city council president, seemed the odds-on favorite after an impressive victory in the city election last November, but has since lost ground by petty partisan bickering with Republican Mayor John Lindsay, and, in any event, carries little weight outside New York City.

► Eugene Nickerson, 47, chief executive of Long Island's populous Nassau County, promises—with phrases and gestures borrowed from John Kennedy—to make New York "first" again, but to date has made little impact beyond his own bailiwick.

► Franklin D. Roosevelt Jr., 51, now chairman of the federal Equal Employment Opportunity Commission, longs for the job his father once had, but



NELSON & TELESCOPE
Value in blindness.

has not yet convinced party leaders that he is remotely equal to that opportunity.

Of several Democratic dark horses, the brightest is Representative Samuel Stratton, 49, an aggressive campaigner who has repeatedly beaten the GOP in a traditionally Republican district and would likely give Rockefeller the toughest race. But since Stratton lost a bitter fight for the Democratic senatorial nomination in 1964 to Robert Kennedy, whose subsequent election made him the party's top panjandrum in the state, Stratton's hopes of organizational endorsement are slim. According to some readings, in fact, Kennedy would rather see Rockefeller win again in 1966 than have a strong Democratic Governor to challenge his control of New York's delegations to the 1968 and 1972 Democratic conventions.

The Governor, meanwhile, is circling around the state as if the elections were tomorrow, and looks harder by day. Though unloved for imposing the highest state taxes in the nation, he can point to an impressive record. During the eight years of Rockefeller rule, New York has made bold pioneering advances in housing, education and conservation. Putting the telescope to his other eye, Nelson Rockefeller will undoubtedly describe the Great Seal within the Empire State.

POLITICAL NOTES

New Faces?

In other political developments this week:

► Arkansas Governor Orval Faubus, 56, announced that he would not run for a seventh two-year term, promising that the Democrats held a strong candidate to oppose Republican Congressman Winthrop Rockefeller. Faubus is inclined to believe that Rockefeller even mean it this time. Though he has to portray himself as a poor back-

man, Faubus has been embarrassed by adverse comment on his new \$280,000 home and, in any case, he has good reason to fear Rockefeller, who pressed him strongly in 1964.

► Lloyd Hand, 37, who resigned abruptly as Washington's Chief of Protocol (see The Administration), became Contender No. 3 for the Democratic nomination for California's Lieutenant Governor. His candidacy further embarrassed Governor Pat Brown, who perfunctorily supported Incumbent Glenn Anderson before Newspaper Publisher Thomas W. Braden, his close friend and appointee to the State Board of Education, decided to enter the race.

NEW JERSEY

Who Needs Progress?

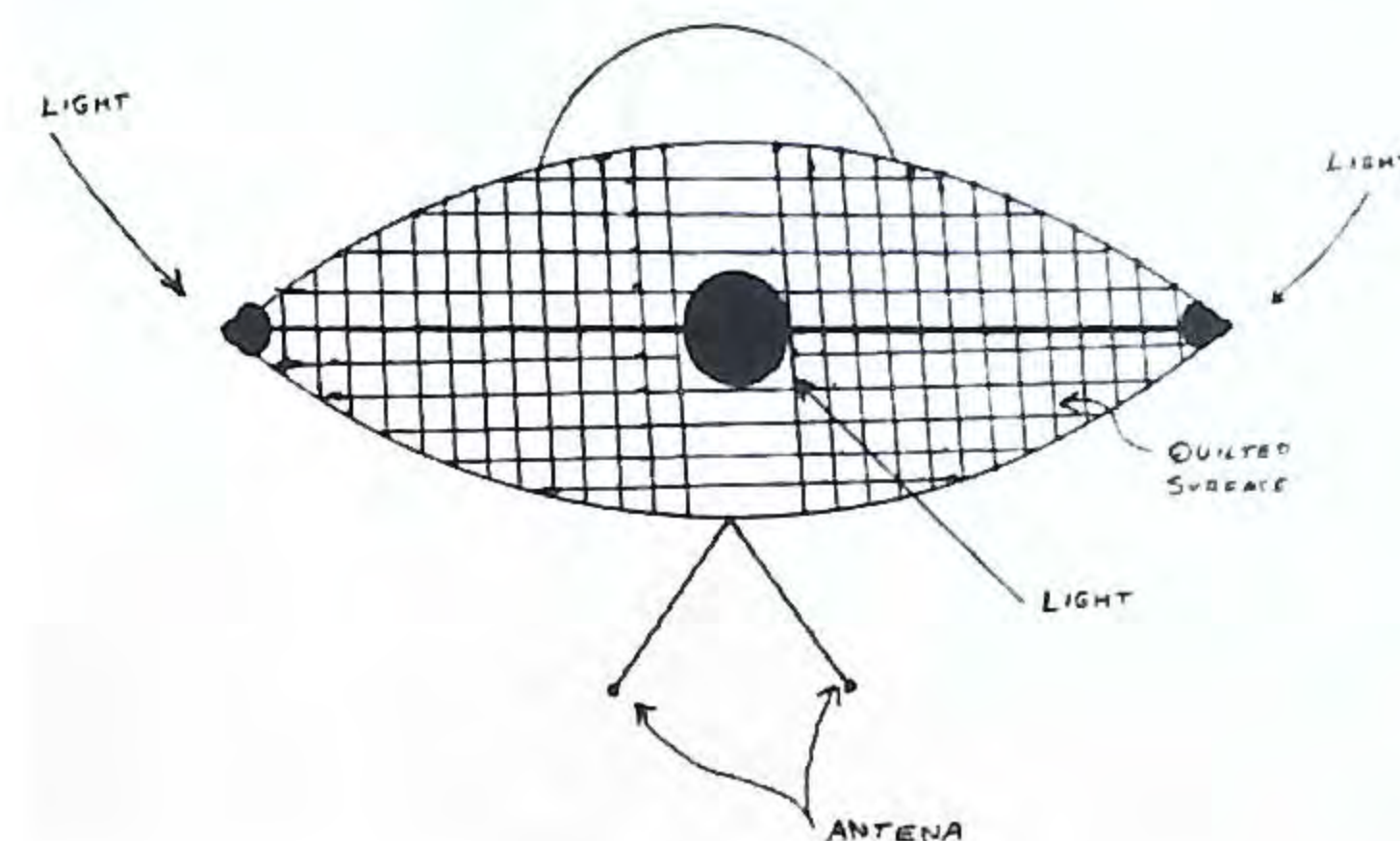
"I've been getting up earlier," allowed Governor Richard Hughes, "to get my worrying done." He could have stayed in bed. Re-elected last year on a "progress" platform that pledged a state income tax to improve sadly inadequate schools, hospitals, highways and welfare programs, Democrat Hughes was confident that the state's first Democratic legislature in half a century would adopt the tax he needed. The \$180 million it would raise—two-thirds to be allotted to education—would redeem his campaign promises to bring New Jersey up to date. Last week, in the most bruising defeat of his career, the Governor learned that his lawmakers would sooner change the name of the state to Old Jersey than approve new taxes.

Hughes gamely announced that he would try instead to introduce a sales tax, the remedy advocated by Wayne Dumont, his Republican rival for the governorship. "That," Hughes admitted, "would have to be a bipartisan effort." If that also fails, the nation's most



NEW JERSEY'S HUGHES
Ax to the tax.

TIME, APRIL 1, 1966



SKETCH OF U.F.O.
Pi to the sky.

heavily industrialized state will be unable to provide college space for several thousand new high school graduates or treat more than 1,000 retarded children now awaiting state care. It will have to defer badly needed highway construction, and deny the financial aid that its two major railroads need to maintain commuter service.

CIVIL RIGHTS

R.I.P.

Acting on a plea from five Virginia Negroes, the Supreme Court last week outlawed the poll tax, one of America's first and last barriers to full Negro suffrage. Though only four states—Virginia, Mississippi, Alabama and Texas—still retained the tax for state elections (the 24th Amendment barred it in federal elections), it was nonetheless an effective deterrent to voting for many Southern Negroes.

The ruling comes in time for the spring primaries, and initially will have its most significant impact in Alabama, where thousands of Negroes registered under the Voting Rights Act of 1965 have not paid the poll tax in anticipation of the court's ruling. Basing its decision on the "equal protection" clause of the 14th Amendment, the court declared that wealth "has no relation to voting qualifications. The right to vote is too precious, too fundamental to be so burdened or conditioned."

MICHIGAN

Fatus Season

In the lonely hills northwest of Ann Arbor, Frank Mannor stepped from his farmhouse one night last week to quiet his yelping dogs. Off beyond the cornfield, he spied a glowing, "quilted" object—which he later sketched in detail—bobbing over a swamp. After a futile attempt to stalk it, Mannor called po-

lice, who also saw the apparition. Gaspard Washtenaw County Sheriff Douglas J. Harvey: "If there is such a thing as a flying saucer, this must be it."

By next night, Mannor's farm looked like a fairground. Saucer-seekers bearing telephoto lenses trooped to the swamp through driving rain. From the University of Michigan came a scientist who welcomed extraterrestrial visitors by flashing the universal equation of π with his car headlights—three blinks, one blink, then four blinks. He got no response, to the loud chagrin of Renee Scott, 3, who came with her parents, expecting to see a spaceman with "green, yellow and orange-juice hair."

A sure sign of primaveril delirium, the sighting touched off pandemic reports of preternatural phenomena across the U.S. Mannor's drop-in was followed by a shimmering object that settled obligingly on a marshy Michigan hollow in full view of 87 Hillsdale College coeds and a county civil-defense director. Ann Arbor's Democratic Congressman Weston E. Vivian called for a Defense Department investigation of the unearthly goings-on. Michigan's Gerald Ford, House Republican leader, suggested a congressional inquiry. Air Force investigators donned hip boots to slog through Michigan marshland.

Through its Project Blue Book, the Air Force had looked into 10,147 other Unidentified Flying Objects since flying saucers entered American mythology in 1947. Because of inadequate sighting data, 646 elude technical explanation. The rest proved to be anything from lenticular clouds to runaway balloons, kites to jet-engine exhaust. At week's end the Air Force attributed the Ann Arbor and Hillsdale apparitions to marsh gas (methane) created by organic decomposition and ignited by combustion. The phenomenon that results is known to scientists as *ignis fatuus*—"the wicked and devilish wills-o'-the-wisp," as Thackeray noted 126 years ago, that "gambol among the marshes and lead good men astray."

* Vermont dropped a tax for local elections earlier this year.

WHY CARS MUST-AND CAN-BE MADE SAFER

THAT most typical product of American civilization—the auto—brings joy, jobs, mobility, freedom. It also brings economic waste and human pain. Death and destruction on the highway are now the subject of muckraking books, rock-'n'-roll ballads, congressional inquiry, and serious self-examination in Detroit. The auto represents power, speed and progress—and each of these elements involves risk. As long as men move, there will be accidents. But need there be so much human cost? Clearly the answer is no.

Asked not long ago why his industry did not design more safety into its products, Ford Group Vice President Lee Iacocca replied: "Styling sells cars and safety does not." But the mood of carmakers and their customers is shifting drastically. The industry is rushing to build safety devices into cars, partly because the public is becoming aroused, and partly because the manufacturers are afraid that the federal and state governments will devise strict safety standards and force them on the industry. Washington already has safety and performance standards for every major form of transportation—except the automobile. U.S. Senators Abraham Ribicoff, Robert Kennedy, Gaylord Nelson and others, who continued some well-publicized hearings last week (see U.S. BUSINESS), are pressing Congress to establish minimum safety requirements for cars, and prohibit from interstate commerce any vehicles or parts that fail to meet them, beginning with the 1967 models. President Johnson wants that too, but is willing to give the automakers until Model-Year 1970 voluntarily to comply with federal standards—and he will doubtless get his way. Meanwhile the courts have begun, under the doctrine of "strict liability," to hold the automakers liable for crash damages resulting from defective or dangerous car design.

The Sinister Superlatives

The statistics of malignant motoring are hard to face. One American is killed in traffic every eleven minutes. More than one-quarter of all U.S. autos are at some time involved in an injury-producing smashup. Since the auto was invented, it has killed 1,500,000 Americans, more than the toll in all the nation's wars. The number of fatalities has jumped 29% since 1961. Though the death rate has been cut by two-thirds since the 1930s, to 5.6 per 100 million vehicle miles last year, car travel is still substantially more dangerous than commercial plane travel.* The U.S. Air Force in 1965 lost nearly as many men in car crashes as in air crashes, including Viet Nam combat. In the U.S. last year, 20 million cars were involved in 14 million accidents. They killed 49,000 people, injured 1,800,000 others, and permanently disabled 200,000. The economic cost, \$8.1 billion in lost wages, property damage, medical and insurance payments—a sum equal to 1¢ for every mile driven, or 1.2% of the gross national product. Auto accidents are the biggest cause of death and injury among American children, teen-agers and adults under 35. Unless the rate is reduced, one out of every two living Americans will some day be injured by a car, and one out of 72 will be killed.

Alleviating these sinister superlatives is an exciting idea: it is possible not only to prevent a large number of accidents, but also to immunize passengers against trauma and grave injury when accidents do occur. With effort and purpose, the nation could cut the traffic toll almost as sharply and effectively as it did smallpox and polio. In dozens of laboratories in Detroit, and on campuses from Harvard to U.C.L.A., engineers, statisticians, highway designers, and psychologists are working toward the goal of "delethalization."

The issue of auto safety is as complex as it is emotional,

and the inevitable temptation is to lean on clichés and pick a scapegoat. The auto companies for years have blamed the driver, pointing to the National Safety Council's estimate that 85% of all accidents result from careless driving. Psychologists agree that driving is a direct extension of the human personality, reflecting tendencies to care, compassion, aggression or even suicide. Lately, however, some polemicists have been trying to place all the blame on the machines, not on the man. Most conspicuous among these is Lawyer Ralph Nader, who gained attention at last week's congressional hearings because G.M. had set private eyes on him after he wrote a book, *Unsafe at Any Speed*. It is an arresting, though one-sided, lawyer's brief that accuses Detroit of just about everything except starting the Vietnamese war. The manufacturers deserve some knocks for arrogance and a laissez-faire attitude toward safety, but Nader and other recent anti-auto authors weaken their case by overstating it. The traffic tragedy is a compound of many factors: bad roads, loose licensing, lax police, lenient judges, drinking and—not least—auto construction. Says National Safety Council President Howard Pyle: "There is no single offender. They are all interlocked."

Misrule of the Road

The first step toward safety would be for the Government to iron out the confusing, conflicting jumble of state traffic laws. No fewer than 12% of all fatal accidents involve out-of-state drivers. Experts estimate that if Washington were to make the laws and signs uniform on all roads—as they are throughout Europe—this alone would save 2,000 lives a year.

Some states and localities are inexcusably lax in granting driver's licenses to obvious incompetents. In New York, Massachusetts, Maine and Wyoming, drug addicts and mental defectives can get licenses. In Kansas, one state official discovered not long ago that 10% of the people receiving aid-to-the-blind payments were licensed to take the wheel. Children of 14 can be licensed in many states; in Montana, some 13-year-olds are permitted to drive—although one study by New York State showed that drivers under 18 have an accident rate 70% higher than older ones. Most drivers are tested only once in a lifetime, under ideal conditions and at low speeds. On the highway—where they have to make split-second decisions per mile—they would flunk most elementary tests. Thirty states do not require periodic auto inspection, and those states tend to have the steepest death rates (the highest fatality rate is in California, the lowest in Connecticut).

Undoubtedly, the law should be tougher on drinking drivers. Half of all the fatally injured drivers are listed by police as "H.B.D."—Had Been Drinking. Tranquilizers also play a role: doctors calculate that one pill equals one drink. The U.S. might be wise to emulate Sweden, where police routinely stop drivers and take suspected drinkers to the station house for blood tests; anyone with more than .05% alcohol in his blood stream (about one cocktail) is sentenced to as much as six months in jail. That is more than most drunken drivers in the U.S. gets for killing a child with his car.

The Two Collisions

Because laws, highways and the human personality are difficult to alter, Detroit is beginning to realize that it must have to try harder to improve the car itself. To what extent could new designs reduce fatalities? Safety engineers at Harvard, Cornell, some of the insurance companies and the Government believe that it is possible to build a safe, economical yet fairly fail-safe car that would cut highway casualties by half. Achieving that would require more reliable brakes and sturdier tires, better mirrors, better window visibility, and other devices to prevent the "first collision"—the crash between a car and

another object. Much more important, the safety scientists have lately begun to emphasize the "second collision" that occurs eight-tenths of a second later—the crash between the passengers and the car's insides, or against outside objects if passengers are thrown from the car. While drivers are responsible for most accidents, safety engineers contend that Detroit's designs are largely responsible for injuries in the second collision. Now the goal is to alleviate that human damage by building stronger car bodies, smoother and better padded interiors, and superior harnesses for passengers.

In a collision, everything in the car flies forward at its original velocity, particularly the passengers. Like hammers striking nails, they ram into lethal little things: gear-shift levers, air-conditioning ducts, ignition switches, chrome decorations on seats, glove compartments. One-fifth of the passenger fatalities result from being impaled by the steering wheel. The most dangerous place in the car is right next to the driver, the so-called death seat. Three-fifths of all passenger deaths are caused by striking the instrument panel, the roof, the windshield or its pillars, or being thrown from the car.

The most common driver's fault in auto mishaps is speed. High horsepower is not necessarily dangerous; it can be a lifesaver in passing another car. But there is little reason for anybody to top 80 m.p.h. Asks George Romney, who has become particularly safety conscious since leaving the American Motors presidency to become Governor of Michigan: "Has the auto industry not neglected safety for style and overemphasized speed and power? It makes drivers feel that they are at Daytona Beach and not on highways." G.M. markets a limited-production Chevelle Z-16 that revs up to 160 m.p.h.; Ford last month also brought out a Galaxie that races up to 160 m.p.h., and Detroit sold the first one to Astronaut Gordon Cooper.

The Automobile Manufacturers Association has told its members since 1957 not to participate in races, but Ford and Chrysler have openly broken the ban, and General Motors does not prevent its dealers from slipping cars onto local drag strips. Racing spurs the sales of the winning car, especially in the Southern states where there's year-round weather for racing—and the auto fatality rate is the nation's highest. Says Chrysler Safety Director Roy Haeusler: "I find very little defense for our advertising the racing aspects of our cars." To back the contention that speed sells and safety does not, automakers cite the 1956 Ford, a heavily promoted "safety car" that was a dud. Of course, times change: back in 1956, people laughed at filter cigarettes too.

A Step Ahead of Washington

There is no denying that most of the public has been apathetic about using the surest, simplest protection against violent death: the seat belt. Robert Wolf, director of Cornell University's auto-crash injury research, says that if seat belts were used universally they would reduce traffic deaths by at least 35%—more than 17,000 lives a year. Only 30% of the nation's 90 million cars have seat belts, and only 36% of the drivers with belts use them all the time. Hundreds of irate motorists have complained to auto companies that the seat belts are uncomfortable to sit on, and frustrated drivers have used fists, hammers and screw drivers to bollux the red-flashing "Fasten Seat Belts" sign in the Ford Thunderbird. Psychologists reckon that people reject the seat belt because it is a fear-inducing reminder that accidents can happen, and it insults their ability to avoid them, many would rather indulge their foolhardy feelings of derring-do and invulnerability or their fatalistic instincts that "when it's my turn to go, I'll go." But Detroit is beginning to realize that safety can be salable. Meanwhile American Motors President Roy Abernethy thinks that the industry should do more "force-feeding" of safety features to consumers.

Washington's General Services Administration, which buys 60,000 Government cars annually, is doing some force-feeding of its own. Last year it issued a long list of safety demands for those cars, and while the Automobile Manufacturers Association managed to get the list softened, the

Government still insisted on better standards for steering columns, padding and door latches. After the GSA ordered 17 safety features built into its 1966 cars, the industry adopted half a dozen of them as standard equipment on all models—and tacked an average of \$60 onto the price.

Racing to keep a step ahead of the federal regulators, General Motors in February announced that all its 1967 models would carry a dual-braking system and a collapsible steering column that would telescope on crash impact. American Motors will buy the steering column from G.M., and Chrysler hints that it is building its own, but Ford for now plans to stick with its rigid steering shaft, which meets GSA standards because it is recessed 3½ inches below the rim of the steering wheel. Last month GSA said that it intends to make even more stringent demands for 1968 cars, among them rear-window defoggers, front-seat headrests to prevent whiplash injuries, lights and reflectors to mark the car's sides, stronger padding on the dash and on the back of front seats. Boston's Liberty Mutual Life Insurance Co. has built a "safety car"—a Chevy Bel Air with automatic fire extinguisher, seats with high, rounded backs to prevent whiplash, and a stay-awake alarm that a drowsy driver can set to ring if he loosens his grip on the wheel.

The New Package

Still unsatisfied, critics argue that the contemplated safety features are merely primitive tack-on devices, that the industry is morally obligated to build an entirely new package with a collapsible, shock-absorbing front end and tail, completely rounded or recessed interior fittings, and a rigid passenger compartment that would protect people like eggs in a crate. Would such cars be too expensive? The companies might well absorb the cost by cutting back on shiny chrome and spearlike ornaments that are now often hazards to both drivers and pedestrians. What of looks? As Chrysler Safety Chief Haeusler has put it: "To a great degree our cars are 'women's hats.' They have to have special attractiveness, and sometimes they even compromise with function." The car is indeed a product of compromise, but the view is gaining ground that the safety engineers must prevail over the stylists. Besides, Detroit's ingenuity is such that a safer car could look every bit as smart as the contemporary models.

Detroit argues that it is working at top speed to upgrade safety, but some problems now defy solution and demand more research. Says Ford President Arjay Miller: "Experience has taught us that intuition and common sense are poor guides. The obvious answer often turns out to be no answer at all." Not long ago, many experts thought that seat belts were dangerous, and that the best way to survive a crash was to be hurled out of the car—notions that experiments have proved to be dead wrong. The automakers have found that soft, spongy padding gives a deceptive sense of safety, does almost nothing to prevent injuries; engineers now use fairly stiff plastic and are looking for a more suitable insulation. They are also trying to devise shoulder harnesses that will prevent fractured skulls without breaking necks or backs in the process—and that passengers can be persuaded to use.

Even these devices are just a prelude. The auto companies are experimenting with a "drivometer"—a device attached to the brake, accelerator and steering apparatus that would warn a driver when he is performing sloppily. Ford is well along with a "wrist steer"—two small wheels at the driver's side that would replace the dangerous steering shaft. Engineers at G.M. are tinkering with "unicontrol," a sort of auto pilot that would pick up directional signals from the road.

The cars of 1966 are safer than ever, and the '67s will be safer still, but there is no car planned or existing that could not be substantially improved. "The automakers have voluntarily adopted many safety features, but they have not gone far enough," says National Safety Council Chief Pyle. When Detroit rolls out a truly crashproof car, it will make all other models obsolete and serve as the greatest goad to sales since Henry Ford's model T. It is eminently possible that the makers of the world's most joyous and necessary appliance will be able to slash the casualty rate by three-quarters—and that is well worth setting as a national goal.

* Air safety, also a growing source of worry, will be examined in a future TIME Essay.

THE WORLD

COMMUNISTS

Fight of the Tigers

"Dear Comrades," said the note. "We have received your letter of Feb. 24, 1966, inviting us to attend your 23rd Congress as guests. In normal circumstances, it would be considered an indication of friendship. But . . ."

Thus began the most caustic kiss-off in the history of the Sino-Soviet squabble. By the time the Chinese Central Committee had finished its 1,270-word "Dear Ivan" letter, with a facetious reference to "fraternal greetings," it had accused Russia of every philandering

was a secret letter the Russians had sent to most of the pro-Moscow and "neutral" Communist parties of the world. The Soviet slur accused Peking, among other sins, of using "ultra-revolutionary phrasemongering and petty bourgeois revolutionary activities to implement a chauvinistic, hegemonic course." It damned as "adventures" the Red Chinese wars of liberation that have failed, or are failing, in Africa and Southeast Asia. Mao & Co., said the Russians, wish "to represent China as a 'besieged fortress' in hopes of originating a military conflict between Russia and the United States . . ."

name, assiduously courted by Traveling Man Aleksandr Shelepin in January, did show up. Hanoi's delegation, headed by Party Secretary Le Duan, was greeted at the airport by Brezhnev and Kosygin themselves, after a brief—probably embarrassing—stopover in Peking. Hanoi could ill afford to insult the Russians: by Moscow's own admission, Russia has pumped "in 1965 alone, weapons and war material worth 500 million rubles [\$550 million]" into North Viet Nam. Only Albania, long a Peking ally, plus the Communist parties of New Zealand and Japan, went along with Peking in the boycott of the Moscow Congress.

The Congress itself promised to be no great watershed in Sino-Soviet relations. Brezhnev and Kosygin do not share Nikita Khrushchev's enthusiasm for reading the Chinese out of the Communist movement. Actually, there is no need for a formal outlawing of China since the Chinese have taken care of that all by themselves, increasingly isolating their nation and their ideology from the rest of the world. Still, the Russians found it expedient to heed one of Red China's criticisms. In deference perhaps to the North Vietnamese and North Koreans, who still revere Stalin, the Kremlin quietly removed from the Moscow boards for the next two weeks all plays critical of Stalin. Also suspended: a play which makes allusions to Khrushchev titled *Always on Sale*.

PAKISTAN

Collectors of a Debt

Through the festive streets of Rawalpindi clanked five Chinese-built T-54 tanks, dipping their long, angular barrels as they passed President Mohammed Ayub Khan's reviewing stand. Then the walls of the capital reverberated to the roar of a Pakistani Air Force fly-by, led by four silvery F-104 Starfighters. Ayub's armor mostly B-57 bombers, 180 Sabres and a new look, and he was flaunting before his SEATO and NATO allies.

During last summer's Indo-Pakistan border war, Ayub lost some 500 armored vehicles and nearly one-third of his air force. Since then, he has—his principal suppliers of weapons—had refused to replenish his stores, he turned to Red China. When leaders were happy to turn a profit. No sooner had the tank-and-performance completed last year's "Pakistan Day" celebrations than the Chinese collected the first installment of Ayub's debt. Into Rawalpindi the Red Chinese President Liu Shao-chi and Foreign Minister Chen Yi for

so that they may, 'sit on the mountain and watch the fight of the tigers.'"

In their own letter, the Chinese found other secret Soviet slanders to complain about. "You wantonly vilified the Chinese Communist Party as being guilty of 'adventurism,' 'split-ism,' 'Trotskyism,' 'nationalism,' 'dogmatism' and so on and so forth. You have also been spreading rumors alleging that China 'is obstructing aid to Viet Nam.' You have gone so far as to state that 'China is not a Socialist country.'"

The Russian note was not above a little smarm. In a slam at Chinese militance, it had clucked at "such a disparaging approach to the life of millions of people, to the fate of entire nations." After such words, it was little wonder that the Chinese stayed away from Moscow this week when the Congress opened.

"Always on Sale." Such vehemence made it all the more interesting to see which Red nations sent delegations to Moscow's meeting. The North Viet-



DUTCH CARTOONIST'S VIEW OF RED CHINESE SETBACKS
A vehemence interesting to behold.

namer from "great power chauvinism" to "collusion" with the U.S. In the process, China opened the split in Communism farther than ever.

"Plot for Peace." Ranted the Chinese: "In attacking Stalin you were attacking Marxism-Leninism, the Soviet Union, Communist parties, China, the people and all the Marxist-Leninists of the world." Invidious comparisons of Soviet Party Boss Leonid Brezhnev and Premier Aleksei Kosygin quickly followed: "After Stalin's death, the leaders of Russia, headed by Khrushchev, embarked on the old path of the German Social Democrats Bernstein and Kautsky, who betrayed Marx and Engels."

"You have worked hand in glove with the United States," pouted Peking, "in a whole series of dirty deals." Russia and America were attempting to forge "a ring of encirclement" around China, "to establish a Holy Alliance" that would exclude Peking from the rest of the world.

What really angered Mao Tse-tung

INDIA

Visitor in a Sari

It had taken quite a while to get India's Prime Minister to the U.S. The invitation had been extended originally to Lal Bahadur Shastri in January 1965, was put off somewhat tactlessly by Lyndon Johnson three months later, and re-extended in October. When Shastri died before he could make the trip, the invitation went out anew to his successor, Indira Gandhi.

India's new leader has been plagued by a torrent of problems at home, and

last week, when she was finally able to get away, another snag developed. Air India's navigators went on strike for higher wages, grounding the Boeing 707 that she was to use for her trip. Undismayed, Mrs. Gandhi climbed into a slower, medium-range Caravelle of India's domestic airline for the 18-hour flight to Paris, which required four refueling stops.

After lunch and talks in Paris with Charles de Gaulle, Mrs. Gandhi boarded a more suitable transport for her transatlantic flight: a White House 707.

The President and the Prime Min-

The Nude on the Basketball Court, and Other Chinese Stories

Military directives rarely make snappy reading, dealing as they do with such weighty subjects as the terrors of trench foot, the best way to dig a latrine and the importance of keeping boots polished. But as in most matters, Red China is different. A 776-page collection of Red Chinese army documents just published by Stanford University's Hoover Institution on War, Revolution and Peace is a fascinating exception. The papers, some of which were captured from Chinese Communist junks off the South China coast, some probably filched by Chinese Nationalist spies, cover most of 1961—a year when Red China was nursing bruised shins from the disastrous "Great Leap Forward." They reflect nagging discontent in army and peasant ranks, as well as the age-old Chinese belief in the efficacy of numerals as a cure-all for despair. Excerpts:

Comrade Wang Tung-Hsing's Report on Ideological Conditions in the Central Garrison

Because of the far-reaching effects of the class struggle, especially the Two-Road Struggle in the villages on ideology, and also the natural disaster which happened last year and this year, there is some unrest in thought among a part of our comrades. The soldier Chang Li-chen said: "At present, what the peasants eat in the villages is even worse than what dogs ate in the past. At that time dogs ate chaff and grain." Commune members ask: "Is Chairman Mao going to allow us to starve to death?" The soldier Liu Ho-shan said: "Our country has no definite plans at all. Why are we unable to buy things?"

Report of the Political Department of the 7th Division of Railway Engineer Troops about the Conduct of the 8th Co. of the 29th Regiment Whose Sideline Production Group Strung up and Beat the People

On Nov. 14, a local woman commune member, Yeh Hsiang-shu (poor peasant), cut off and stole from this production group seven heads of white cabbage totaling 6 chin. Yeh, when forced to speak, had to admit that her husband Chou Hsing-jung had also stolen some vegetables. The production group seized Chou also, then took him and wife, with hands tied, and hung them by the wrists from the basketball goal for ten minutes. Then Platoon Commander Yang Ju-hsing announced two conditions: "First, they must give us back 3,000 catties (two tons) of cabbage; second, if they do not give us the cabbage, they must take off their trousers and thank us for our kindness." Yeh soon had all her clothes taken off. Chou refused to shed his clothes, whereupon Yang and his soldiers cut his belt in two with a scythe and laughed heartily. Yeh used a handkerchief to cover the lower part of her body. When the victims began to shiver with the cold, Yang cried out: "You can warm up by running

around the basketball court once!" [Yang was later arrested and tried for "foolish, ridiculous actions."]

From Three Suicides We See How to Carry Our Supervisory Education in the Company

In the 0055th Army Unit, there happened from September to December 1960 three incidents that led quickly to suicides. The first involved a soldier of the Artillery Company, Kung Ho-yu, an excellent League member and a "five-excellence" soldier. On Aug. 25 he stole three yuan (\$1.80), and on the 30th of the same month confessed his wrong. Someone, while charging him with previous thefts, cried: "If you freely confess, we shall be lenient with you, but if you deny these charges we shall be very severe." Kung showed that his feelings were deeply and bitterly stirred, and that night, when he was on sentry duty, shot and killed himself with his rifle.

The second was Wang Yu-ts'ai, who stole a pair of rubber shoes. While on a working assignment, he once ate an extra bun stuffed with meat, and the Deputy Commander fiercely shouted at him: "Who gave you permission to eat that extra bun?" Later, his old disease, epilepsy, broke out twice as a result of these emotional disturbances. Wang took his own life.

The third is Chen P'an-ting, deputy squad leader of the Machine Gun Company. In September, after returning from a visit to his family, he showed some dissatisfaction with the grain situation, and said: "Some people are saying in China there once appeared a Sun Yat-sen and the grain was piled sky-high." Twenty days later he was reported to the Deputy Political Director for "reactionary remarks." Fearing "some kind of punishment," Chen used a Thompson gun to kill himself.

To readers of the Hoover Institution's anthology, a simple moral emerges for the Red Chinese Commissar: those responsible for educational work in the army should have studied the reasons for these examples of backward thinking and tried to reform them. To that end, the Red Chinese army has developed a series of programs that sound like some sort of ideological drill manual. The "Three Skills Movement" emphasizes "four grasps and one investigation": there are "five togethernesses" to combat the "five excessives" (excessive reports, excessive documents, excessive meetings, excessive persons in office, excessive general appeal) and two remembrances, which can be applied in the search for "sweetness." Out of it all comes the most powerful of Chinese weapons: the "spiritual atomic bomb," against which no capitalist-imperialist can stand. After all, as Army Education Boss Hsiao Hua wrote in a 1961 treatise, the People's Liberation Army of Red China has a long way to go toward perfection. "Some of the troops have an incorrect attitude toward military service," wrote Hsiao. "They think that they are 'soldiers of peace.'"



DE GAULLE & MRS. GANDHI
The trip was via Air-L.B.J.

ister had much to talk about. President Johnson hoped to help strengthen India so that it can take its place along with Japan as a bulwark against Chinese Communist expansion in Asia. In the talks, he would gently insist that India must take steps to control its population growth, revamp its outmoded agricultural methods, and find some *modus vivendi* with Pakistan so that the two bitter foes do not expend their economic resources arming against each other.

Indira Gandhi was eager to thank the President for the 3,000,000 tons of emergency food that have already begun to arrive in India, would argue that India deserves full resumption of the U.S. economic aid that was cut off during last fall's border war with Pakistan. She welcomed, too, the opportunity of placing India's viewpoint on world problems before the President. "We have been talking at each other a great deal," she said before leaving Delhi. "It will be good to talk with each other."

INDONESIA

The President, the Generals,
And the Angry Young Men

"How about a smile?" asked a reporter. "I am smiling," snapped a puffy-faced President Sukarno at the Pakistan Ambassador's reception. "I'm smiling at the many foreign correspondents abroad. Abroad they say I have been ousted. They say I am a sick man. They say I nearly committed suicide. But I am not a sick man. I have not been ousted. I will never try to commit suicide because I love life. Here I am. I am still President of the Republic. I am still leader of the revolution."

Perhaps. But a better judge of the situation was Sukarno's Japanese third wife, the fetching Ratna Sari Dewi, who donned tight slacks to spend a Sunday

on the golf links with the nation's new apparent strongman, Lieut. General Suharto (he plays; she doesn't). Word had it that she was playing a mediator's role between her husband and the new regime, attempting to talk Sukarno into giving in gracefully to the generals. Though his phone line was now cut and his helicopters were grounded, Sukarno still held out against the new, smaller Cabinet, purged of Communists, proposed by Suharto and his men.

Patently, with elaborate deliberation, the generals argued on and on. They were backed by more than just their own determination. Bespectacled Liem Bian Khoen, 24, a leader in Djakarta's potent and demonstration-happy student organization, KAMI, warned that if no new Cabinet is named, "You shall see. We shall not just sit here," and Brigadier General Ibnu Subroto, army chief of information, agreed: "I hope that the President will give his consent. We have to deal with angry young men." On one point, at least, the students and the generals were in accord. Subroto announced that the new regime would be "leftist to the end of time, against colonialism, capitalism and all forms of neocolonialism and imperialism."

SOUTH VIET NAM

The Political Climate

It was antigovernment protest at its most verbose. In Danang, the English-language placards read: "Down With the American Conspiracy of Hindering the Summoning of a Constitutional Parliament. To Hinder the Summoning of Parliament Is to Intervent in the Viet Nam's Own Affairs." In Hué, the ancient Buddhist center 50 miles northwest of Danang, 400 students took over the radio station for two days, broadcasting speeches and communiqués denouncing the government of Premier Nguyen Cao Ky and punctuating the polemics with, of all things, John Philip Sousa's *The Stars and Stripes Forever*.

When ten irate students showed up at Danang's spanking-new 1,000-watt transmitter, an official readily turned over the microphones. "Why not?" he asked quietly. "It's a community station."

That seemed to be the Ky government's solution last week for the demonstrations triggered by the firing of I Corps General Nguyen Khanh Tan last month. A harsh crackdown on the demonstrators—mostly students—would only play into the hands of the waiting Buddhists, who first rose to power when the Saigon government invaded their pagodas three years ago. Moreover, the anti-Ky groups had only the vaguest of aims—and the mildest of manners.

The Viet Cong, of course, were quick to exploit the unrest in I Corps. Last week Red agents infiltrated some of the demonstrations in Hué and took solace from the two-day general strike that cut down traffic and slowed unloading at Danang's busy port. That sent Premier Ky to the nationwide radio at week's end with a warning that the government would "move strongly" to quell agitation. But Ky moderated the threat with a promise that South Viet Nam would be given a new constitution by November at the latest, and other officials hinted that national elections of a civilian government might be held late this year—nearly a year ahead of Ky's earlier schedule.

FORMOSA

Problems of Age

It was an official day of celebration throughout the island. Shops were decked with flags, soldiers and school children marched through the streets, and exploding strings of firecrackers forced bystanders to clap hands to their ears. Nevertheless, there were overtones of concern in Formosa last week when the National Assembly went through the motions of electing Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek to his fourth con-



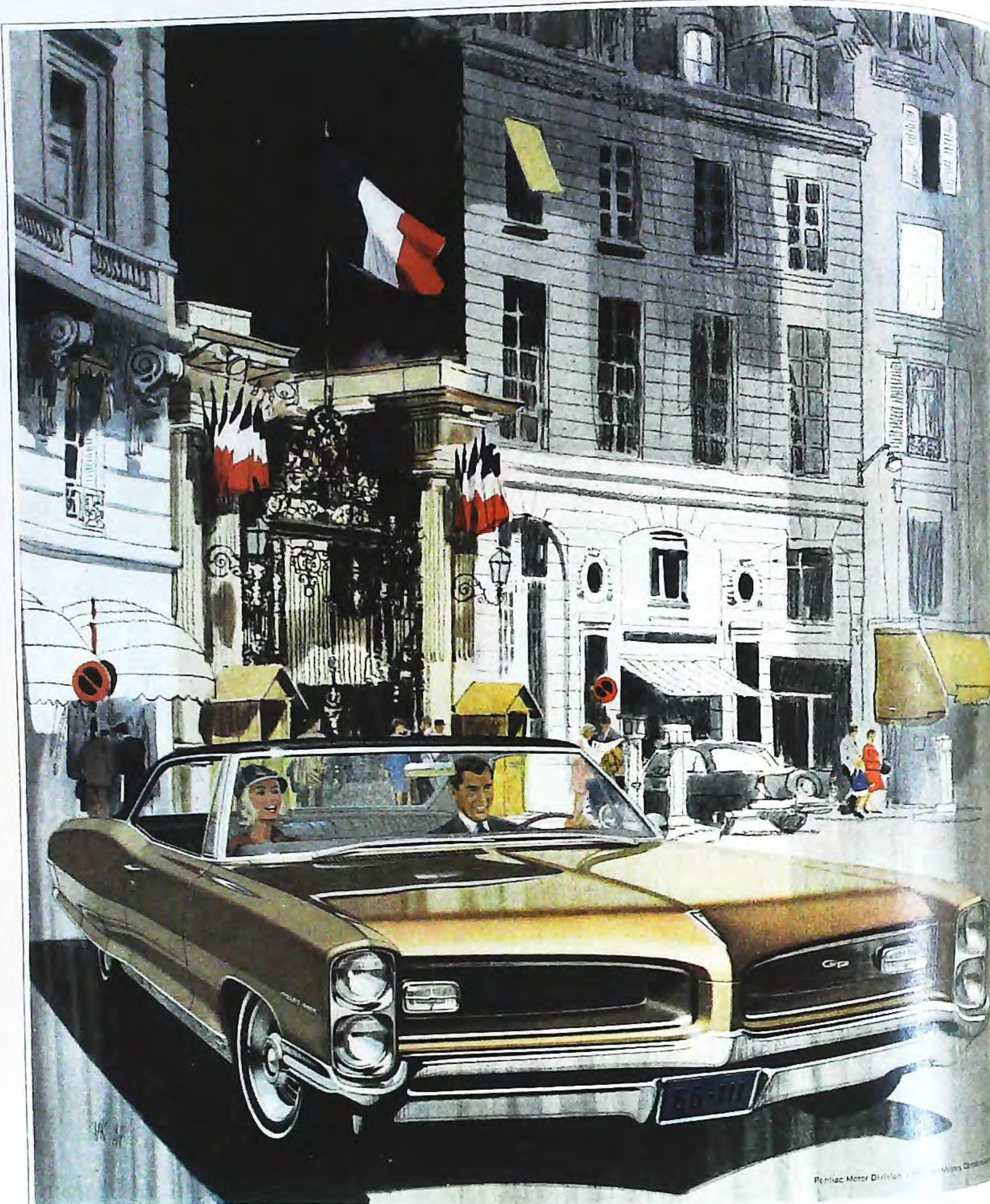
PREMIER KY GREETES VIETNAMESE CROWD
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executive six-year term as President of Nationalist China.

The Gimo is now 78. Even he complains that his memory is beginning to fail, and he finds it increasingly difficult to keep his temper in front of foreign diplomats. "A man of my age ought to retire," he told the National Assembly recently, "but our lost mainland has not yet been recovered, and our nation has to continue to prosper. I cannot but redouble my efforts to finish our unfinished tasks until I die."

As a necessary precaution, Chiang sought a Vice President who could take on more of his administrative and diplomatic burdens and take over interim control of the country if he died in office. His choice was balding, Western-educated Premier Yen Chia-kan, 61, a vigorous administrator and the author of many of Formosa's dramatic economic reforms—and yet, surprisingly, a controversial figure in the Kuomintang. Unlike most Nationalist leaders, Yen is neither a military man nor a faithful party professional; he is even accused of being ill informed about Kuomintang "party history." So wary of him is the party hierarchy, in fact, that nearly half of the members of the National Assembly invalidated their ballots rather than cast their votes for him as Vice President.

In any case, Yen will be no more than an interim leader. The real power of the Kuomintang is now held by Chiang's eldest son, General Chiang Ching-kuo, 56, who is destined to take over eventually from his father.

WEST GERMANY

New View of Russia

In office, Chancellor Konrad Adenauer considered it his solemn duty to constantly remind West Germans of the evil designs of Moscow. Out of office, he is proving more flexible. At the annual Christian Democratic Party convention in Bonn last week, he announced that "I have not given up hope that some day the Soviet Union will recognize that the division of Germany, and thus also the division of Europe, is not to its advantage. The other day something happened in world history that, I believe, should have been stressed much more by the papers—I mean the mediation of the Soviet Union between India and Pakistan. Ladies and gentlemen, this was one proof that the Soviet Union has joined the ranks of the nations who want peace."

His words only echoed opinion in many Western capitals. But they shocked most of the convention's 577 delegates, West Germans, who live in the shadow of the Berlin Wall, are more acutely conscious of Russia's armed presence beyond their borders than most Westerners. And their politicians are apt to blame the Soviet Union for the fact that, 20 years after V-E day, Germany remains divided.

Chancellor Ludwig Erhard, who took over as party chairman from Adenauer last week, took a more conventional approach. He won prolonged applause when he pounced on the Tashkent agreement as something Russia had undertaken only out of regional self-interest, adding acidly that "we would welcome it if the Soviet Union declared its readiness for similar peace actions in Central Europe."

Erhard, however, also senses a need to improve relations with Moscow. Foreign Minister Gerhard Schröder has been angling for an invitation to Russia for some time. In an obvious effort to soothe Soviet fears about West German fingers on nuclear triggers, the Erhard government sent a note to 100-odd

cover the unarmed 20-megaton weapon.

The main job went to the same submersible that originally found the bomb, *Alvin*, a 22-ft deep-sea research ship whose bulbous shape resembles a puffed-up blowfish. Using its mechanical claw, *Alvin* was supposed to slip a cable around the bomb so that it could be towed by surface ship up the incline to a plateau 2,000 ft. below the sea's surface. Once it was on level ground, the bomb would be clamped in steel jaws and brought up to the 400-ft. level, where Navy divers would inspect the bomb. If it was intact and constituted no radiation danger, it was to be winched aboard the U.S.S. *Hoist*. By special order of Defense Secretary Robert S. McNamara, the bomb was to be shown



ERHARD & ADENAUER

The words both echoed and shocked.

nations calling for a nuclear nonproliferation treaty. Among its proposals was an offer to sign bilateral agreements with Russia and the East European countries for the exchange of military observers.

SPAIN

Rough Sea for Charlie

Finding the H-bomb that fell into the water off Spain's south coast last Jan. 17 was hard enough. Bringing the stubby, 2,800-lb. weapon to the surface turned out to be an even more difficult problem.

The bomb rested, half shrouded by its own grey parachute, on a steep 70° slope on the ocean floor. The danger was that it might slip farther down the incline into the craggy depths of a 3,000-ft. undersea valley in which the midget submarines could not maneuver. With that consideration in mind, Rear Admiral William S. Guest, 52, commander of the 15-vessel Task Force 65, put into action Plan Charlie to re-

to members of the press and photographed—the first time in history that the U.S. was dropping the top-secret wraps that surround its current nuclear weaponry.

On the first try, *Alvin* accidentally nudged the bomb, and it rolled 20 ft. down the steep slope. On the second try, the bomb ominously rolled another 5 ft. down the slope. For a third try, the Navy attempted to snag the bomb's parachute with grappling hooks, but that failed too. All the while, the Navy's recovery operation was severely handicapped by high winds that roiled the Mediterranean.

Finally, at week's end the sea calmed, and little *Alvin* at last succeeded in slipping a line around the bomb without sending it tumbling down the underwater hill. Ever so gingerly, the U.S.S. *Hoist* began to drag the bomb up the slope. The bomb had just begun to budge when suddenly the steel cable snapped. Fortunately, the bomb settled near its old position. Admiral Guest ordered his men to try again.

GREAT BRITAIN

The Last Lap

"The tide has turned, and is now running strongly in our favor. One more shove and we can get Britain back on course." It was a brave boast, but as Britons prepared to go to the polls for this week's general election, Tory Leader Ted Heath clearly needed to pull out all the stops. Nor was his claim without a shred of support. Britain's major opinion polls did, in fact, register a slight shift to the Conservatives, though hardly enough to slice significantly into the Labor Party's huge lead.

It was, however, enough to convince hard-driving Heath that his fast-moving campaign was paying off. By air and auto, he continued to crisscross the nation, rapping Prime Minister Harold Wilson's Laborites for rising prices, for failure to settle the Rhodesian crisis, and for waste in government. "Vote Labor and pay later," Heath warned his listeners.

Confident of victory, Wilson brushed aside Heath's charges, turning the accusations into attacks on the 13 years of Tory rule that preceded Wilson's brief 17 months in office. He was still coolly confident of victory as he made his way by train around the hustings. At one Labor rally, he was hit in the face by a stink bomb thrown by a 14-year-old boy. The fluid splashed into Wilson's right eye, and he retreated from the platform for emergency medical treatment. After two days the inflammation subsided, but the incident pointed up the campaign's most unlovely aspect: a surge of violent heckling by teen-age hoodlums.

Heckling is an honored British tradition, and Wilson, for one, thrives on quick parries with dissenters. At a recent rally, when a heckler shouted "Rubbish!" Wilson shot back: "We'll take up your special interest in a mo-



HEATH REBUTTING HECKLER
Need for a shove.

ment, sir." But neither Wilson nor anyone else could always cope with the current ragging. Every major candidate had been shouted down repeatedly, and the Labor Party temporarily barred from its rallies a BBC television crew that was filming a documentary on hecklers on the grounds that being on-camera only inspires more extreme behavior.

As the campaign drew into its final week, there were predictions that Harold Wilson and his Laborites would win by 120 seats or more in the 630-seat House of Commons. Wilson's aides were talking less ambitiously of perhaps a 50-seat majority. They feared that Labor supporters might be so mesmerized by the poll predictions that they would stay away from the polls in large numbers out of sheer apathy. If that happened, the Tories might indeed turn the tide in marginal districts and, at least, avert a Labor landslide. By any pollster's calculations, however, victory seemed beyond the Tories' reach.

FINLAND

Forgetting the Past

Finland has kept its independence as a nation by carefully avoiding any internal or external policy that would rile the neighboring Russians. Since 1958, the Finns' readiness to please has even extended to excluding from the Cabinet all Social Democrats, against whom the Russians developed a grudge after World War II. But in last week's elections, Finnish voters were plainly unbothered by Moscow's traditional veto. In the biggest postwar gain in a Finnish election, the Social Democrats won 18 new seats, jumped ahead of the Center (formerly Agrarian) Party and the Communists to become the strongest party, with 56 seats in the 200-seat unicameral Diet.

In a sense, the vote was a rebuke to

President Urho K. Kekkonen, 65, two-time chief executive and five-time Premier, whose open courting of Soviet good will rankles many Finns, who remember two bitter wars against the Russians. But more important, the vote was an indication of the country's changing voting pattern: as more people leave farm and forest for jobs in Finland's burgeoning factories, they are switching to the urban-oriented Social Democrats, who rank as a middle-of-the-road party and promise to do something about inflation (up 4% last year) and better housing.

The Soviet Union's leaders showed signs of particular unhappiness about the outcome; many of the bitter anti-Communists the Russians objected to have stepped down from party leadership, and the new leader, Rafael Paasio, 63, emphasizes that his party wants good relations with Russia. President Kekkonen was clearly trying to keep everyone happy by calling on the Social Democrats to explore the possibility of forming a coalition government from Finland's seven parties, including the Communists.

CUBA

The Freedom Flood

When Fidel Castro started promising an airlift to evacuate Cubans to America last October, Washington figured as many as 75,000 refugees might end up on it. Fidel underestimated the Cubans' desire to flee the bleak little Communist state. Last week Deputy Assistant Secretary of State Robert M. Sauer told Congress that Cuban refugees—fully applied for the evacuation of more than 900,000 relatives—totaled the seventh of Cuba's population. Since the twice-a-day flights between Miami and Cuba's Varadero



WILSON AFTER STINK-BOMB ATTACK
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LLERAS RESTREPO ON THE HUSTINGS

Blood going v. blood flowing.



ROJAS PINILLA

last December, more than 14,000 refugees have left, running the total number of Cuban refugees in the U.S. to 270,000. In some cases, Castro tried to smuggle in agents; he even tried to export a few lepers on the sly. But immigration screening has been tight, and few ringers have slipped past interrogators. Some 30% of the refugees have remained in South Florida, and other concentrations are around New York, Chicago, Los Angeles and New Orleans. The rest are scattered over the 50 states.

"Everyone in Cuba is bitter," said one young mother from Camagüey, who arrived in Miami last week. "There isn't much food, rice is rationed, and you have to stand in line every day for coffee. Cuba is a jail." Added her husband, a former railroad shop foreman: "They don't give you work if you are not with the government, and if you are with the government, you have to cut sugar cane, join the militia and stand guard." Cubans who decide to leave lose everything. Those in nonessential jobs are summarily fired, and must sign over their cars, homes and savings. The only things they can take with them are a few personal belongings—and hope.

COLOMBIA

A Threat of Daggers

Around the Caribbean, Latin Americans have a saying when senselessness creeps into affairs. "*La banda está borracha*," they shrug—"The band is drunk." In mountain-ridged, coffee-growing Colombia, the band went on its binge from 1948 to 1958, when the nation's two ruling parties, the Liberals and the Conservatives, fell into an ugly civil war that killed 200,000 Colombians. The country has been suffering from the hangover ever since.

Last week's congressional elections show how painful the headache is. In

an effort to end *la violencia*, Liberals and Conservatives* agreed in 1958 to unite in a National Front, with the presidency alternating between parties every four years, and a two-thirds majority required for all laws. Things calmed down all right; but without any real opposition to the ruling coalition, apathy ensued. With only 40% of Colombia's 7,000,000 adults going to the polls, the front last week won 102 seats in the 190-man House of Representatives, and 60 in the 106-man Senate—short of the needed two-thirds in both cases.

Lost Contact. The real winner was former Strongman Gustavo Rojas Pinilla, 66, a general who came to power with the aid of the military in 1953 as their unsuccessful candidate to end the vendetta and was removed by the military in 1957, after having disgusted Colombia with censorship and pilfering of public funds. Last week, though ignored throughout the campaign by TV and press, and personally forbidden to run, Rojas had the satisfaction of seeing his ANAPO party win half a million votes, 18% of the total—making him the unofficial and highly embarrassing leader of the opposition.

Leaders of the front knew all too well what had happened. Said Carlos Lleras Restrepo, 57, the Liberals' candidate for President next May: "The traditional parties have lost contact with a certain sector of the population." He meant the thousands of *excampesinos* who squat in squalid shacks surrounding Bogotá and Cartagena and have been growing restive under the lackluster rule of Conservative President Guillermo León Valencia. During

* Labels that mean little. "I know Liberals who are the most reactionary people around," sighs a Conservative. "And several of the bright young Conservatives are far more radical than most Liberals."

the campaign, Rojas drew enthusiastic crowds with his vivid lectures on economics, in which he argued that the way to get the peso on a par with the dollar was to "lock up all Colombians with money outside the country and not let them go until they bring back the \$3 billion they have hidden abroad." His daughter María Eugenia Rojas de Moreno Díaz, 30, who ran for the Senate, turned up in the smaller towns to buy rice, yucca and corn at the marketplace. Then she set up a booth to resell them at a half or a third of the price, telling everyone, "This is how much it will cost after we win."

Last week in Bogotá, amid his large collection of china figurines, Rojas was busy interviewing possible figureheads to run against Lleras Restrepo in May. "We want no revenge," he announced. "Only a good man who thinks of the people." However, he went on to hint ominously that the "oligarchy" had stacked the ballot boxes against him, and "if the same thing happens again, not I, but the people will want to fight." For some time he has talked of "a dialect of daggers", and though a rightist during the campaign he adopted as his personal martyr Camilo Torres, a 37-year-old priest who took to the hills as a Castroite guerrilla and was gunned down by an army patrol last month.

Lleras Restrepo, however, a trained economist, is not without resources. He hopes to combat the right-left crunch with a "bloodless revolution" of boosted tax collections and increased welfare spending, winning a two-thirds majority by swinging maverick opposition Liberals and Conservatives behind him. In one sense at least he has blood going for him. His distant cousin, Alberto Lleras Camargo, gave Colombia its first and prosperous government when he was the National Front's first President between 1958 and 1962.

TIME APRIL 1, 1962

Thunderball

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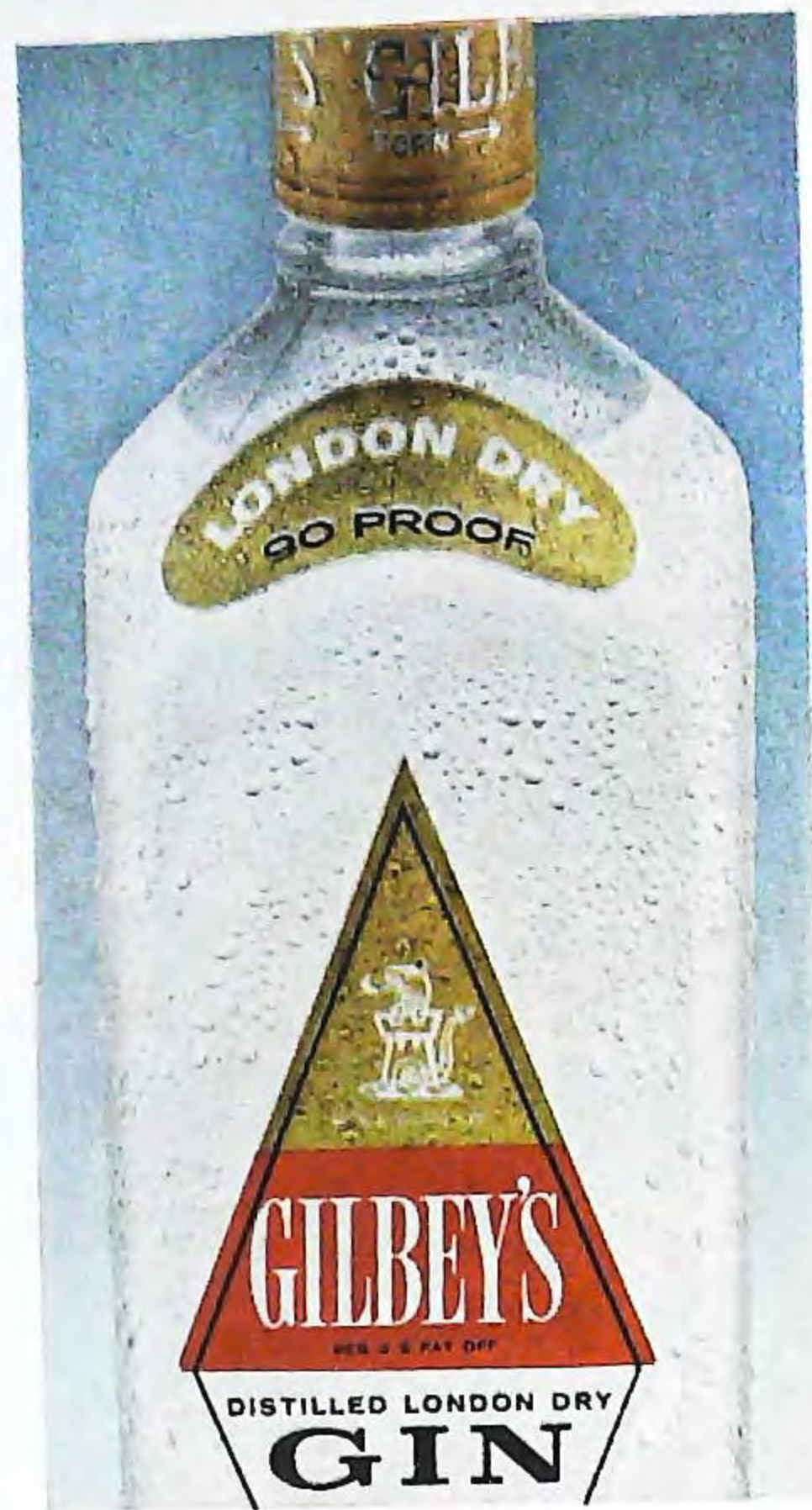
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THE CONGO

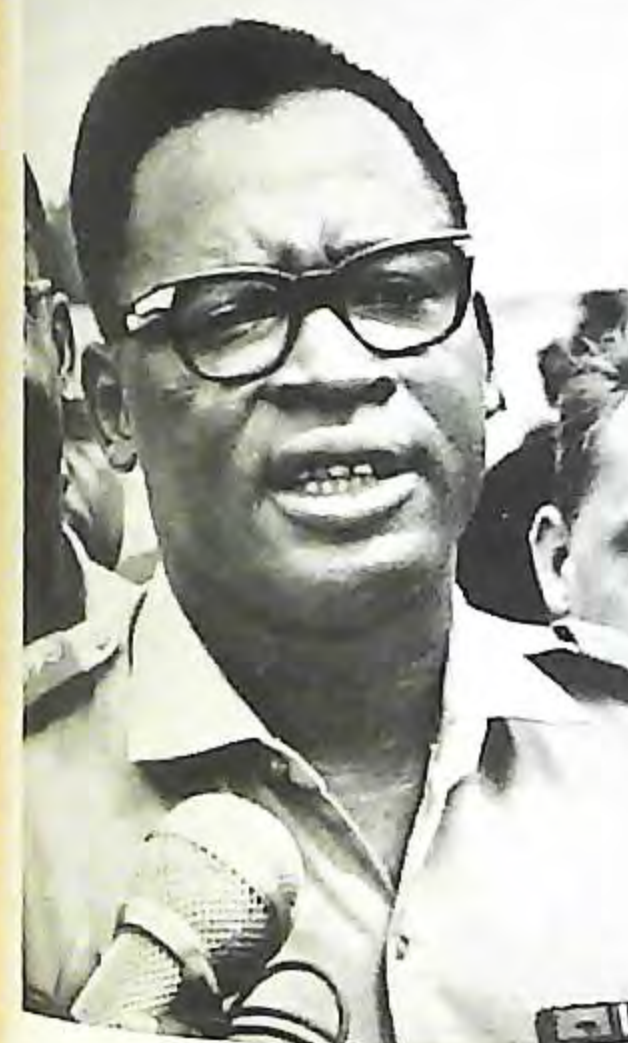
Last Chance for Parliament

Can a military regime coexist with an elected Parliament? Four months ago, when General Joseph Mobutu overthrew the Congo's perennially squabbling civilian government, he gave coexistence a try. Announcing that the nation would be under military rule for five years, Mobutu nevertheless allowed Parliament to stay open to approve his decrees and constitutional amendments. It was a worthy enough experiment, but it never got off the ground. Parliament immediately went into a long recess, and when it finally reconvened last month, an angry Mobutu all but put it out of business.

"My disillusion has been great," the general told the assembled legislators. "Profiting from the recess, certain of you have spread false reports in your home areas. You have done everything to sow disorder."

Mobutu had obvious cause for complaint. Many Assemblymen had spent their vacations whipping up local sentiment against his measures to cut down government spending and end their cherished kickbacks and bribes. Some had railed against his campaign to persuade Congolese farmers to return to

DON CARL STEFFEN



MOBUTU

Nothing left but their salaries.

the field—they had deserted during the Simba rebellion, and their opposition had been so effective that Mobutu had threatened to send troops to the empty farm lands.

What most annoyed Mobutu, though, was something much more direct. "It has been said that Parliament will annul the ordinances that I have decreed since November. Therefore I am forced to take the decision not to permit Parliament to discuss either the laws I have passed or the laws I shall pass in the future." Last week, as good as his word, Mobutu stripped the legislators of everything but their salaries—and the occasional right of rubber-stamping his constitutional amendments. And, as he

had warned, unless they stopped their political intrigues, he could close Parliament altogether. "This," said Mobutu, "is your last chance."

GUINEA

Parlor Games at the Villa Sily

As far as President Sékou Touré is concerned, French-speaking Guinea and English-speaking Ghana have been "one country" ever since he and Kwame Nkrumah swore their eternal togetherness in 1958. When Nkrumah was toppled from power, therefore, it seemed the honorable thing to call for 50,000 Guinea volunteers to march into Ghana and restore "the Redeemer" to his throne. Trouble was that to get there, Sékou's soldiers would have had to march 250 miles through an entirely different country, the Ivory Coast, whose President Félix Houphouët-Boigny called out his own 3,000-man army to repel the "Guinean hordes."

That was a fortnight ago, and not a shot has yet been fired. For all his threats, Sékou Touré apparently has neither the intention nor the manpower to march anywhere. A few scraggly lads from his Revolutionary Youth Movement answered the call to arms and were sent upcountry to drill with brooms and wooden guns, but Sékou has not dared to call up the 30,000 Guineans who once served in the French army—for fear that they would turn their weapons on him instead. What with West Africa's current epidemic of military coups (five since December), Sékou has not even seen fit to take his 3,000-man regular army away from its current assignment: building roads in the interior.

And what of Nkrumah, the man on whose behalf the "invasion" was supposedly planned? His ex-Messianic Majesty, still the guest of Sékou Touré, has been installed in a well-guarded seaside house called "Villa Sily." He whiles away the hours indoors playing parlor games with his private secretary.

CYPRUS

Toward a Boiling Point

"Not 50 men will follow you," sniffed Cyprus' bearded Archbishop Makarios to retired Greek Army Colonel George Grivas. The year was 1951, and the two were meeting in Cyprus to discuss Grivas' plan for an armed uprising against the British. Though Grivas went on to lead his revolt—and help win independence for Cyprus in 1960—the soldier and the Archbishop could never seem to make peace. Last week they were bickering as bitterly as ever. Only this time, their disagreement was threatening the six-month-old government of Greek Premier Stephanopoulos.

The hatreds run deep. Makarios, now President of Cyprus, considers Grivas a trigger-happy jackboot bent on grabbing full power on the island. Grivas in turn claims that Makarios is vacillating, dishonest, and a dupe of the Commu-



MAKARIOS & GRIVAS

Nothing to lose but their claims.

nists, who has no intention of honoring his pledge to bring about *enosis*, the unity of Cyprus with Greece. In 1964, the Greek government seemed to side with Grivas when it sent him to Nicosia to take charge of Cyprus' 11,000-man National Guard, the regular 950-man Greek army contingent, and some 8,500 mainland "volunteers" stationed in Cyprus to help ward off any possible invasion by Turkey. Ever since then, Makarios has been appealing to Athens to curtail Grivas' powers, and to put the local Cypriot National Guard back under Cypriot control.

When all else failed, Makarios claimed a few weeks ago that Grivas was plotting to assassinate him. His "evidence" was a Grivas letter to a government official in Athens, warning that if Makarios stood firm on the National Guard issue, "I am ready to take action." Grivas scoffed at the accusation. "If I wanted to assassinate you," he told Makarios, "would I be writing letters about it? You should know better. You've organized so many political assassinations yourself."

Last week Greece's staunchly anti-Makarios Progressive Party warned that any backdown by the Stephanopoulos government would cost the government the party's eight votes, which would knock Stephanopoulos right out of power. Through it all, Makarios refused to retreat. "Whether you like it or not," he told Stephanopoulos, "I plan to go ahead and pass legislation unilaterally to bring the National Guard under Cypriot government orders."

At week's end the dispute was rapidly boiling toward a crisis. Though Stephanopoulos backs Grivas, Makarios has the support of the Greek Foreign Minister, the right wing, the Communists, and possibly even King Constantine himself. Makarios also remains strong among the Cypriots. This week Grivas is scheduled to fly to Athens to plan his next move with Stephanopoulos.

PEOPLE

Coming from the old pornographer who has been monotonously celebrating himself for years in such tomes as *Sexus*, *Nexus* and *Plexus*, the report was an astonishing relief. "I've written everything I want to say," announced Henry Miller, 74—at long last. From now on, said Miller as he opened a show of his fanciful watercolor paintings in Los Angeles' Westwood Art Association gallery, he will chase down his muse primarily with brushes. "It seems to me that the battle for freedom on the sex problem has been won," he pro-

LOS ANGELES TIMES



HENRY MILLER
Astonishing relief.

claimed. Then, in a meditation that many wish he had made years ago, he added: "I would hope that younger writers would find something more important to rebel against."

The joint will feature an art gallery, a color-TV lounge, a little boutique selling hippies' clothes from London's Carnaby Street and three loud, plangent go-go bands. Cheetah, a "center of happenings" opening this month on Broadway, ought to be a great spot for mods to rock in. Yet the co-partner financing the fun house will probably never frug there. "I seldom go to discothèques," explains Entrepreneur Borden Stevenson, 33. "This is a business investment." Then he brightened a bit when he thought of his late father, Adlai Stevenson. "I'm sorry he's not around to see this place," said Borden. "I'm sure he would have had a lot of laughs."

"Not long ago in Paris," recalled the speaker at Washington's Bolling Air Force Base, "I went to buy a ticket

on the helicopter service. The girl at the counter asked me to spell my name. 'Oh,' she said, 'you spell it like our helicopter.' Exactly. Aviation Pioneer Igor Sikorsky, 76, reminisced about the romance and passion of flying at a banquet honoring the father of the helicopter. "My first one was more vibration, dust and noise," he laughed, "and it couldn't fly. But now as an old man and as a designer, I am pleased most that altogether the helicopter has saved more than 100,000 persons from death"—through rescue and supporting work in Viet Nam, Korea, World War II and many peacetime disasters.

Because Johann Sebastian Bach hymned religiously in dozens of soaring masses, magnificats, motets and fugues and developed the contrapuntal organ that still accompanies the Gregorian chant, three pious Venetian music lovers wrote the Vatican's weekly *Osservatore Della Domenica* that he should be considered for sainthood. Alas, replied Theologian Benvenuto Matteucci, a Protestant is a Protestant, however sublime his music. "There is an esthetic and artistic religious sentiment in his musical expressions," Monsignor Matteucci sympathized, "but it is only through the true and only church of Christ that salvation and sainthood come." So Lutheran Bach must remain unbeatified except to secular ears.

She can read a novel now, though slowly. She walks well, except for a slight limp. So well, in fact, that Actress Patricia Neal, 40, recovering remarkably from three massive strokes during pregnancy last year, left her healthy seven-month-old baby at home in Buckingham and rode down to London's Grosvenor House to attend the British Film Academy's annual awards ceremony. Smiling as Actor James Mason ticked off some of the winners in the lesser categories, she suddenly heard him intone: "Best Foreign Actress . . . Patricia Neal"—for her role as Admiral John Wayne's girl friend in the Pacific war epic *In Harm's Way*. Now weeping as well as smiling, Pat accepted the British "Oscar" and said: "It shouldn't have been me." The audience exuberantly disagreed.

An eleven-year-old girl named Grace Bedell had written, saucily suggesting that "if you will let your whiskers grow, you would look a great deal better, for your face is so thin." Bemused by the note, Republican Presidential Candidate Abraham Lincoln wrote back to Grace in October 1860. "As to the whiskers, having never worn any, do you not think people would call it a piece of silly affection [sic] if I were to begin now?" Affection or not, Lincoln grew the beard and won the election. His note to Grace survived through three genera-

tions in her family, until it was sold at auction last week in Manhattan for \$20,000 to TV Documentary Producer David Wolper.

Disney's Pollyanna is looking more like an aging Lolita now, but it's perfectly all right. Old Child Actress Hayley Mills, who will reach 20 this month, arrived in Manhattan under the chaperonage of her parents—though the photographer did manage to ascertain that the kid has lovely legs. In fact, it is such a family concern that for her latest picture, the upcoming *Gypsy* Mother Mary Bell Mills wrote the script, Father John Mills directed and



HAYLEY MILLS & PARENTS
Silly age

Daughter Hayley acted as a 17-year-old who falls in love with a gypsy. "It's a silly thing about age," mused Father John. "One day she looks twelve, the next day 24."

Bob Hope's Christmas TV special from Viet Nam was a heartwarming show, but it wasn't as great as Nielsen's. Nielsen's show, which scored its highest ratings since the tube's inception, may know why. Gathering material for his book, *How to Rig the Odds for Fun and Profit*, former Congressional Investigator Rex Sparger mailed out phony questionnaires to A. C. Nielsen Co.'s normally top-rated sample viewers, designed to ensure they would watch his performance. "I chose his show to rig because it is such a great material," joked Sparger. "Maybe I'll hire him to rig the Nielsen ratings." Nielsen repeated the prank three times, but Nielsen was not amused. The company filed a \$500,000 suit in Oklahoma City's Federal District Court.

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RELIGION

CHRISTIANITY

The Kiss of Peace

The visit to the Vatican last week by the Most Rev. Michael Ramsey, Anglican Primate of All England, was shadowed by enmities past and lighted by amity present. Apart from a 1960 "courtesy visit" to John XXIII by Ramsey's predecessor, Geoffrey Fisher, no Archbishop of Canterbury had called on a Pope since Archbishop Arundel went to see Boniface IX in 1397, long before Henry VIII broke with Rome. Distrust of the papacy still persists strongly in Britain. Hitchhiking aboard the airliner winging Ramsey to Rome were five unwelcome ministers of Baptist and Presbyterian sects, who on arrival doffed their black jackets to expose white tunics with identical slogans: "Archbishop Ramsey—a traitor to Protestant England."

"Growing in Unity," Pope Paul VI and the 100th Archbishop of Canterbury met in a site suitable to the historicity of the encounter: the Sistine Chapel, where Popes are chosen and, upon death, rest in state. Beneath the fading colors of Michelangelo's vision of the Last Judgment, Paul and Canterbury sat on identical red brocade and gilt chairs. Canterbury addressed the Pope as "Your Holiness, dear brother in Christ," and as his main point said: "It is only as the world sees us Christians growing visibly in unity that it will accept through us the divine message of peace." Paul, replying in Latin, described the meeting as a rebuilding of "a bridge that for centuries had lain fallen between the Church of Rome and Canterbury: a

bridge of respect, of esteem and charity." The two men sealed the symbolic reconciliation of the churches by a "kiss of peace"—actually an embrace.

The Anglican bishops and clergy of Canterbury's retinue bowed to kiss the Pope's ring. Somewhat more coolly, the Roman cardinals shook hands with Canterbury and the other Anglicans; only the ecumenical-minded Augustin Cardinal Bea bowed. Then Paul and Canterbury retired to the Pope's private study for a 65-minute private discussion. Next day they met for prayers together at the Basilica of St. Paul Outside the (Vatican) Walls.

Courage & Initiative. The concrete consequence of the meeting was the establishment of a joint permanent theological dialogue to study ways to resolve what Canterbury called "the formidable difficulties of doctrine" that separate the two churches: papal supremacy and infallibility, the bodily ascension of Mary into heaven, the refusal of the Roman church to recognize the validity of Anglican holy orders, the insistence by some Roman Catholic priests that converts from the Anglican Church must be rebaptized. Ramsey also said bluntly that his church found Paul's easing of Catholic rules on mixed marriages (TIME, March 25) unsatisfactory to Anglicans—presumably because the Roman church still insists on marriage before a priest and raising children as Catholics.

For Canterbury—whose term has been troubled by the decline of his church's relevance for most Englishmen—the act of calling on Rome demon-

strated courage and initiative. Paul summed up the encounter as "one of friendship and a move toward unity." Not yet a meeting of perfect unity, the prelates parted, Paul slipped off his diamond-and-emerald episcopal ring and gave it to Michael Ramsey.

THE BIBLE

Superior Samaritans

In 331 B.C. the Samaritans revolted against Alexander the Great and burned to death his prefect Andromachus. An avenging Macedonian army thereupon invaded Samaria, surrounded 300 Samaritan nobles hiding in a cave near Jericho and by lighting fires at the entrance of the cave managed to asphyxiate the Samaritans.

For 23 centuries the bodies lay in the innermost recesses of the cave, beneath a growing cover of bat droppings until some Arabs, poking around in the desert in the hope of finding some valuable antiquities, stumbled on the Samaritan skeletons in 1962. Digging through the dung, they unearthed jewelry, pottery and papyrus, property deeds and marriage contracts that the Samaritans had carried with them to their deaths. The Arabs brought some of these finds to Kando, the former Bethlehem dealer by selling the famed Dead Sea Scrolls. Kando in turn alerted American archaeologists working in London and Harvard's Frank M. Cross Jr. to Israel to acquire and study the Samaritan finds. Now Archaeologist Cross knows more about ancient Samaritan history than does the remnant of the tribe that still survives.

Contrary to *II Kings*, which claims that the Samaritans abandoned the Jewish faith about 700 B.C. under Assyrian influence, the documents in the Jericho cave show that they were practicing Jews at the time of Alexander. The "Samaritan schism" from the Jews has to be dated much later, probably during the 1st century before Christ, says Cross. The marriage contracts prove that the Samaritans frequented married Greeks and were Hellenized even before Alexander conquered them. A number of the nobles wore rings with seals with "lovely naked figures of goddesses" as well as traditional symbols of Jewish religion. The discovery thus challenges the biblical notion that the Samaritans were an inferior and degraded people. Seemingly, they were more like the good Samaritan that he praised than those he referred to as "enemies." He warned his disciples to "enter the town of the Samaritans" because they were defiled.

Today there are only 600 Samaritans left, living in villages in Israel and in a tiny town in the West Bank. Every year they gather for Passover at their temple at Mount Gerizim in Israel, still convinced that they are the true faith. They pray for the coming of their messiah, who will reveal them as righteous at long last.



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Douglas researchers are looking for a "falling star" that won't burn up in the earth's atmosphere

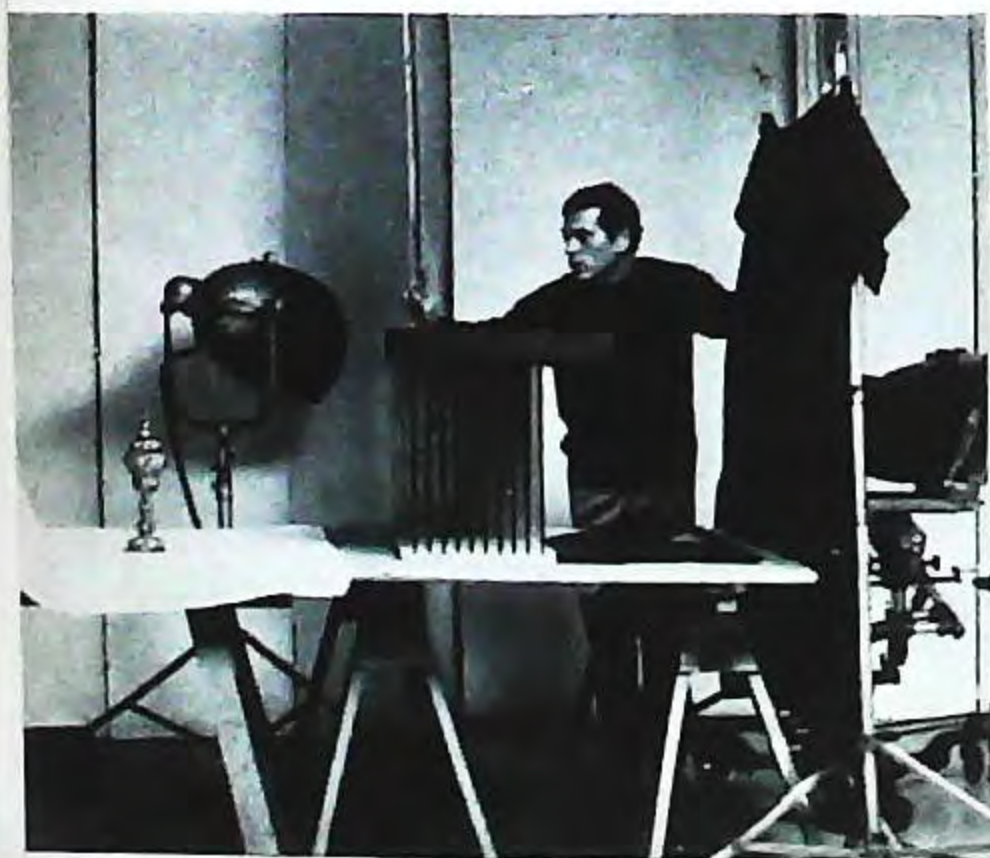
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Left: This is how the photograph of the covered cup by Fabergé was taken through 10 pieces of PPG Float Glass. Courtesy of A la Vieille Russie.

MODERN LIVING



HOLDAWAY'S DINING SET
Going full circle.

THE HOME

Paper Weight

It was the logical next step, but whoever thought it would happen this soon. After paper plates, cutlery and dresses, the ever-expanding paper industry has now moved into furniture.

► In London, Bernard Holdaway's dining table, chairs and desk were the hit of the Ideal Home Show. Made of compressed pulp paper, which is then sprayed with high-gloss enamel, the furniture is strong, washable and more fire-resistant than wood. It comes in 35 pieces, all based on the circle to facilitate production and prevent chipping: the table is clover-leaf-shaped, the desk a split circle. Prices: from \$11 for an easy chair to \$19 for the table.

► In the U.S., a gay nursery chair, designed by London Royal College of Art Graduate Peter Murdoch, is now on sale at Bloomingdale's, Neiman-Marcus and some 20 specialty shops. Made by the International Paper Co., the cylindrical-shaped chair consists of five layers of paper coated with a thin layer of plastic, is only one-sixteenth of an inch thick and weighs an incredibly light 3 lbs. The chair will support up to 500 lbs. Designer Murdoch claims that it is almost impossible to break. The throw-away price: \$6.

FASHION

The Luna Year

If there is anything in the world of high fashion more vulnerable to whim than clothes, it is the models who wear them. They seem to emerge from nowhere, sparkle brilliantly, then plunge into stygian darkness. Now the victims of too much *déjà vu*. Now rising into ascendancy is a new heavenly body who,

A few exceptions: Suzy Parker, Jean Shrimpton and Anita Colby
TIME APRIL 1, 1966

because of her striking singularity, promises to remain on high for many a season.

Donyale Luna, as she calls herself, is unquestionably the hottest model in Europe at the moment. She is only 20, a Negro, hails from Detroit, and is not to be missed if one reads *Harper's Bazaar*, *Paris Match*, Britain's *Queen*, the British, French or American editions of *Vogue*. "She happens to be a marvelous shape," says Beatrix Miller of British *Vogue*. "All sort of angular and immensely tall and strange. She has a kind of bite and personality."

Gauguinesque to Egyptian. Last month *Paris Match* published photographs showing the way eleven photographers saw her. From a pose out on the



DONYALE WORKING IN LONDON



STROLLING IN PARIS

"All sort of angular and immensely tall and strange."

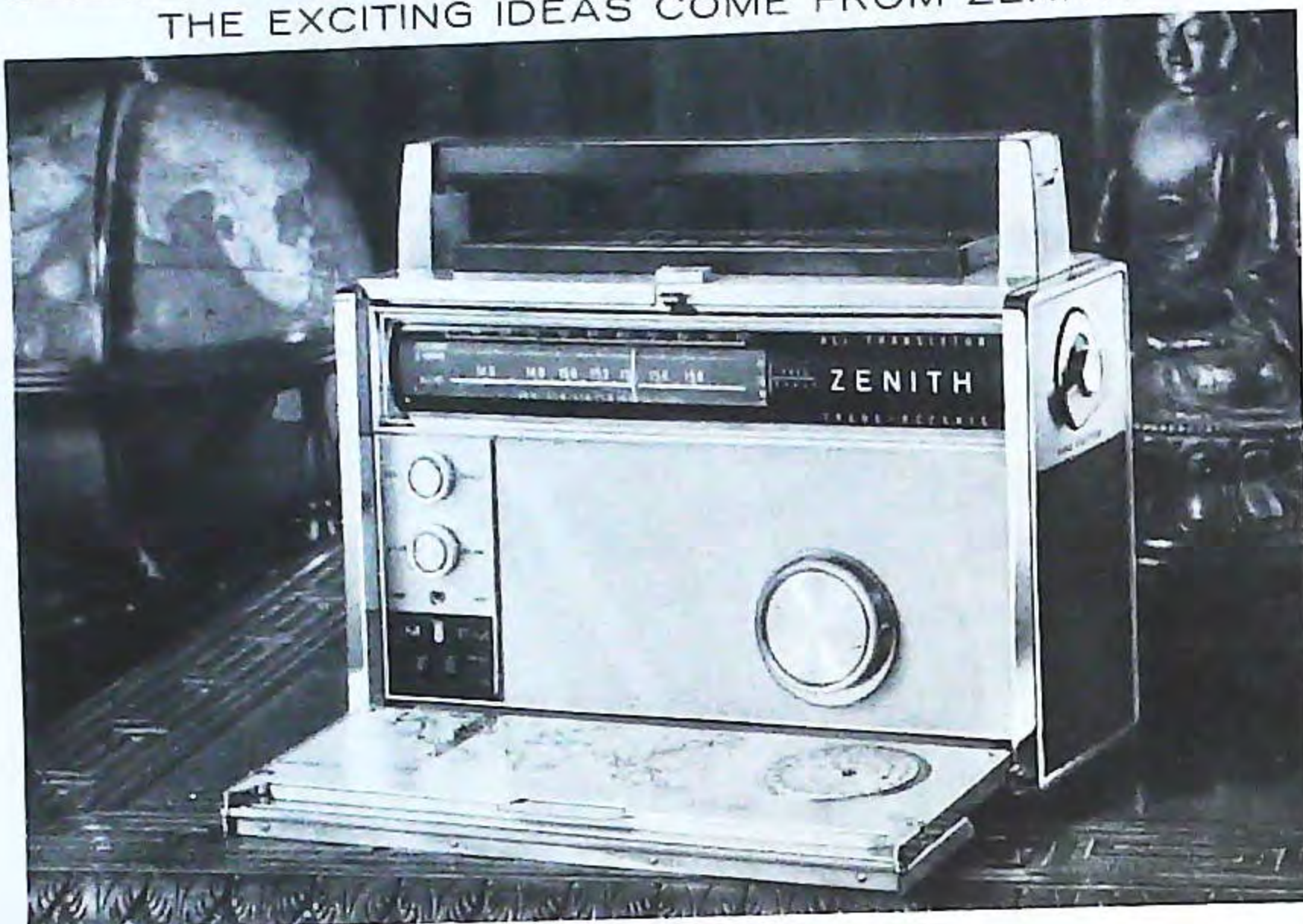
landing gear of an airborne helicopter to an underwater dive with her diaphanous robe streaming behind her. Donyale never seemed the same. The slight hardening of a soft smile and a lift of the chin transformed her from Gauguinesque to Egyptian. Far more than the sum of her long (5 ft. 10 in.), model-spindly parts (31-211-36), she is a creature of contrasts—one minute sophisticated, the next faunlike, now exotic and faraway, now a gamine from around the corner.

From the beginning, she has been under a lucky star. "I started at the top," she says. Having played small roles in a Detroit repertory theater, she was spotted leaving a TV rehearsal and invited to New York by Photographer David McCabe. Her mother was against it. "She told me, 'He's trying to get you to New York to make a bad girl of you.'" But she went anyway, got an appointment through him with *Harper's Bazaar*. The editors were so impressed when she walked into the office ("An extraordinary apparition," said one) that they put a sketch of her on the January 1965 cover, and she was soon signed to work with Photographer Richard Avedon.

People Who Hurt. Such instant success was hard on her personally. A month after hitting New York, she married a young actor, divorced him after ten months, and now will not even give his name. "I love New York," she says. "But there were bad things. People were on drugs or hung up on pot. There was homosexuality and lesbianism and people who liked to hurt." Unhappy with that world but unwilling to give it all up and head back to Detroit, she fled to London and Paris last December.

There she is happier, fills her days with work and eating ("I eat more than

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most men"), her nights with theques. Though young, she is a thorough professional, arrives on time and up and ready to go. She is also a perfectionist down to her fingertips, which she enhances with nails imported from the U.S. because she thinks they're her best. Most models make less money in Europe than they do in New York. But not Donyale, who despite her \$60 per hour and up) has hardly been out of a pose since she arrived in Europe. "Being what I am, I can get what I ask," she says.

"Back in Detroit I wasn't considered beautiful or anything, but here I'm different," she adds. "And a year ago we were looking for a new kind of model, a girl who is beautiful like you've never seen before." That is her secret, the reason why she may last longer than most in the fashion world. For she is not really beautiful; but like her mother, the moon, she is different in every phase, yet always recognizably the same and herself.

THE CITY

San Francisco Still Says No

Seven years ago, many a San Franciscan watched with mounting wrath a new, three-lane elevated highway bulldozed across Market Street, visually cutting in half the cherished, campanile-topped Ferry Building. Overnight, protest groups sprang up to stage the historic "freeway revolt" of 1959. The Embarcadero Freeway was stopped in mid-air, just as it was about to march across the great Marina waterfront and cut off the bay holders' view of the bay. At the same time, San Franciscans voted to stop seven superhighways at the city limits.

Ever since, the city fathers have debated what to do as the auto-congested city turned into what federal authorities describe as "the No. 1 highway bottleneck in the U.S." Last week the city supervisors faced a crucial turning point. Up for approval were two freeway projects, one would tunnel under Golden Gate Park to link up the city with the Golden Gate Bridge (and destroy the world's most beautiful park, according to opponents); the other would extend the Embarcadero Freeway to the waterfront. Acceptance of the critics claimed, would destroy \$100 million in existing property. Rejection would mean loss of an offered federal road-building subsidy of \$250 million.

In what turned out to be the most freeway hearing in memory at City Hall, 41 civic protest groups showed up and jeered as the council debated to a close 6-to-5 vote, decided to keep the view and let the traffic pile up.

California Governor Pat Brown immediately dispatched officials to Washington to keep the money within the state. As for San Francisco's need for an intercity freeway system, Mayor Shelley all but despaired. Said he: "There will be a freeway to the moon before we get one in San Francisco."

TIME APRIL 1

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MEDICINE

GYNECOLOGY

Pills to Keep Women Young

All over the U.S., women in their 40s and 50s are going to doctors and demanding "the pills that will keep me from growing old." Women in their 60s and over are asking for "pills to make me young again." In each case, what they are really asking for are doses of hormones to slow down or reduce the ravages of age.

Such hormone therapy is not new (TIME, Oct. 16, 1964); the current excitement has been stimulated by recent magazine articles and especially by a

FROM "THERE ARE LADIES PRESENT" E. P. DUTTON & CO. INC.



HELEN HOKINSON'S WOMEN

A way to beat the change of life?

book, *Feminine Forever*, by Brooklyn Gynecologist Robert A. Wilson (M. Evans & Co., Inc., \$5.95). According to the ads, *Feminine Forever* is the answer to the Hokinson woman's prayers—it tells "how to avoid menopause completely in your life, and stay a romantic, desirable, vibrant woman as long as you live. It shows how women who already have gone through the anguish of menopause can grow visibly younger day by day." The author himself does not go quite that far, although he says his work is "one of the greatest biological revolutions in the history of civilization."

Tart Suggestion. Revolution or not, the hormone replacement program that Dr. Wilson advocates is designed to deal with a process of nature. A woman's output of sex hormones, which come mainly from her ovaries, decreases with the menopause and nears zero as she nears 80. This would cause little distress if the only function of the hormones was to preserve her monthly cycle of ovulation and menstruation—it would simply mark the end of her fertility period. But some of the hormones, especially the estrogens, fill many other biological needs. They help to keep the

breasts firm and the skin supple and relatively wrinkle-free; they help keep down the level of fats in the blood and thus reduce the risk of heart attacks, and they help to keep the bones strong and hard. They have other metabolic effects as well, and some subtle influences on the emotions.

Centuries ago, the effects of hormone decline were less conspicuous because so few women lived beyond the menopause. Now modern medicine has added 30 or more years to the female life span. And still, Dr. Wilson complains, physicians generally dismiss post-menopausal changes as part of the "natural" aging



BROOKLYN'S DR. WILSON

process. Their attitude, he suggests tartly, stems from the fact that "most doctors, being male, are themselves immune to the disease." As he sees it, the menopause is "castration," and he asks whether his colleagues would tolerate so casually a similar fate in themselves.

Dr. Wilson compares the menopause to diabetes, arguing that both are deficiency diseases. His own efforts to correct woman's menopausal deficiency began in the 1920s. At first he had only crude hormone extracts, which had to be injected. Now there is a plethora of estrogens and of the other sex hormones, progestins and androgens. Most of them are at least partly synthetic, and they can be taken easily by mouth. A couple of years ago, a patient who had kept on taking the birth-control pill Enovid after her menopause gave Dr. Wilson a new insight: the pill—which contains both a progestin and an estrogen—seemed adequate and acceptable for alleviating the "change of life."

The Fortunate Ones. To be sure, some women suffer only minor discomfort during and after menopause; they undergo changes slowly. Dr. Wilson believes that these fortunate ones are only 15% of the total, whereas other doctors

put the number as high as 40% to 50%. For the rest, whatever the percentage, Dr. Wilson is an all-out advocate of hormone replacement therapy, preferably beginning as early as age 30. With proper professional caution, he maintains that a woman should take hormones only under a doctor's care, and should have a Papanicolaou smear test every year. The test serves a dual purpose: besides being a precautionary check for early cancer, the smear is read to determine what percentage of the woman's vaginal cells are healthy, prime-of-life type, compared with the cells of old age. Dr. Wilson calls this "the femininity index" and says it should be 85%.

For a woman just beginning to notice the hot flushes and sweats that are warning signs of oncoming menopause, Dr. Wilson prescribes estrogen tablets daily for seven to 21 days a month, adjusting the dosage until her femininity index is restored to 80% or better. For a woman with more severe symptoms, he prescribes estrogens plus a testicular course of a synthetic progesterone substitute. A woman who is clearly past menopause gets estrogen daily for four weeks plus a progestin tablet on each of the last ten days. The effect of this treatment is to restore a pseudomenstrual cycle of about seven weeks, with bleeding in the last week. In no case do the hormones restore fertility.

How Safe Are They? Many doctors who approve of most of Wilson's hormone therapy see no reason for a woman to have bleeding episodes, and they feel there may be good reasons why she should not. There are others who express either skepticism or opposition to virtually any hormone replacement. The authoritative and conservative *Medical Letter* grudgingly concedes that for women suffering the distress and immediate discomforts of the menopause, estrogens are "relatively harmless" if given for only a few months or a year or two at most, and may be helpful for emotional distress. But *Letter* editors are still not sure if estrogens help to preserve a healthy complexion or guard against heart attacks, dowager's hump or broken hips.

Since increasing numbers of middle-aged women are taking estrogens, and other doctors have taken to prescribing estrogens, even though they may not accept Dr. Wilson's more extravagant claims, two questions are constantly reiterated: How safe are the hormones? Could they eventually cause cancer? The answer takes only a few minutes to clear. If a woman takes only the prescribed dose—but no more—estrogens seem to be perfectly safe for only patients for whom they are actually prescribed. They should not be given to those who have already had cancer of the breast or uterus, liver disease, and (just possibly) growth of the lining of the uterus.

Medical Letter agrees there is evidence that the hormones can

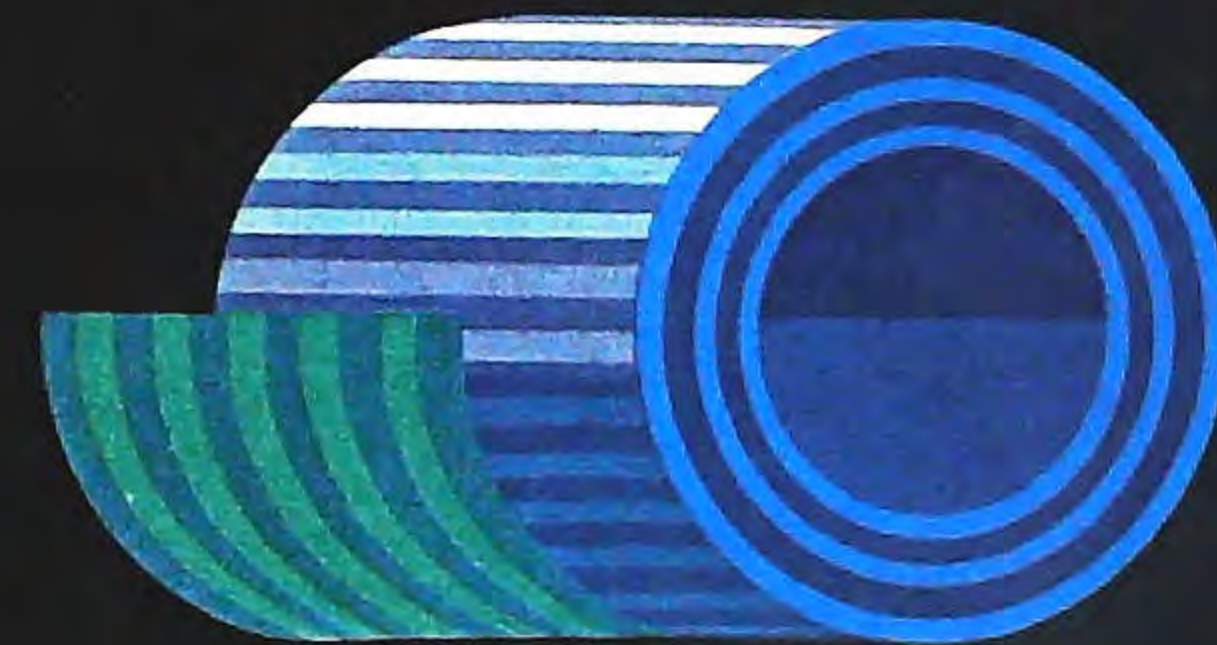
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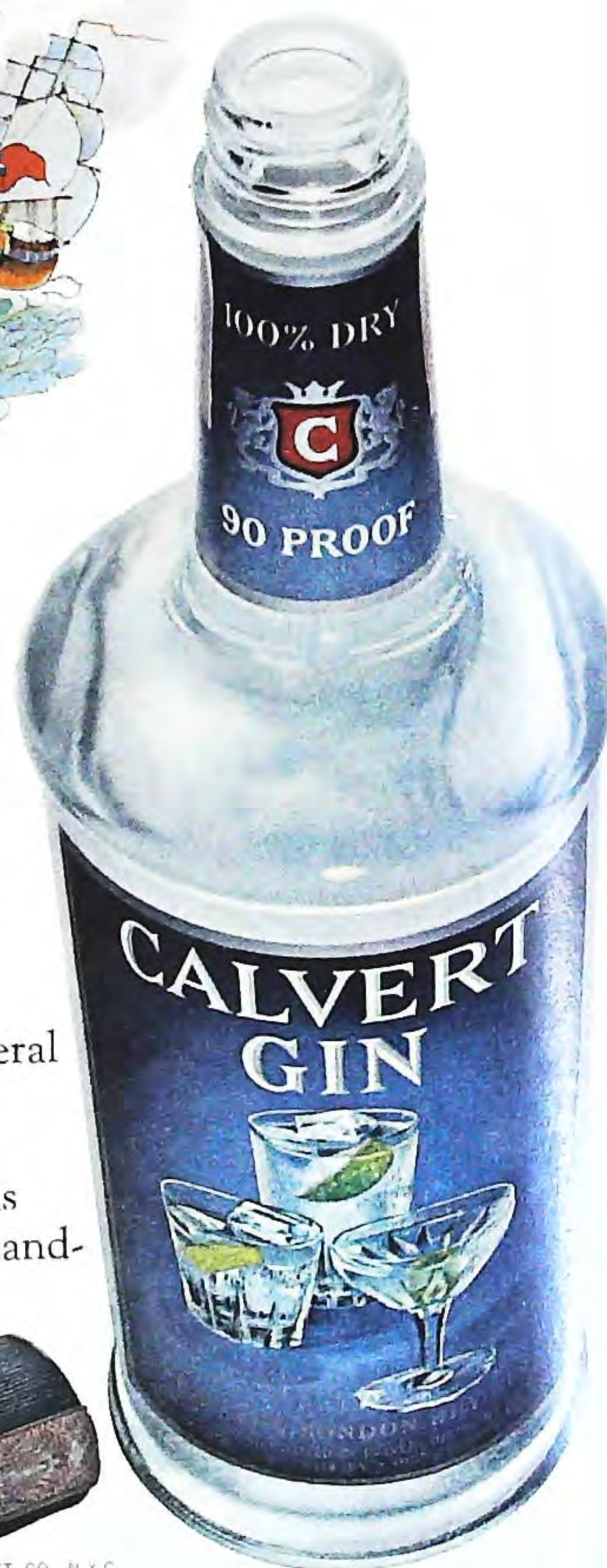
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cancer. In fact, there seems to be evidence that they guard against it. Harvard's Dr. Robert Kistner believes that the progestins may be useful in treating endometrial cancer. The University of Chicago's Dr. M. Edward Davis has been giving estrogens for 25 years to women who have suffered an "instant menopause" from hysterectomy, and has had not one case of genital cancer among these patients.

Though Dr. Wilson has been the most articulate, he has not been the only investigator of hormone replacement. Dr. William H. Masters, St. Louis' scholar of sexual responses (TIME, Jan. 7), has tried estrogens, progestins, and testosterone (the principal male sex hormone) in various combinations. He believes that hormone prescriptions should be tailored to the individual patient, and though his own methods differ from Wilson's, Dr. Masters welcomes *Feminine Forever* because he believes it will focus attention on a problem that the medical profession has too generally ignored.

GOVERNMENT

Support for a Shake-Up

Behind his back they call him "Go-Go" Goddard, and the nickname becomes more appropriate every day. Since Dr. James Lee Goddard, 42, took over as Commissioner of the U.S. Food and Drug Administration early in January, both the agency and the pharmaceutical industry have been rocked by swift and decisive actions designed to give the public greater protection against possibly dangerous drugs. Last week Dr. Goddard was not only on the go with a top-level personnel shake-up but also won a forthright declaration of the President's support.

Underlying the drastic change at FDA was an argument over policy. For two years, the agency's top medical man was the head of the Bureau of Medicine, Dr. Joseph F. Sadusk Jr., 56, a seasoned physician with a knack for getting along with other physicians. But Goddard himself is a physician, and last week he declared: "Dr. Sadusk and I are at opposite poles in philosophy. He feels that the practicing physician is best equipped to make decisions regarding the use of a drug. I feel that the judgment can be better made by a small group of specialists."

Herculean Check. Acting on the advice of such specialists and on his own preferences, Goddard brusquely reversed Sadusk in a drumfire series of decisions which drastically restricted the use of long-acting sulfa drugs, attacked the inflated advertising for Peritrate (a painkiller for angina pectoris), and flatly forbade the further manufacture of over-the-counter throat lozenges containing antibiotics. He also promised a congressional committee that FDA would promptly tackle the herculean task of checking the efficacy of 3,000 drugs marketed between 1938 and 1962.

To get the manpower for this job, Dr. Goddard borrowed 50 to 75 physicians and an equal number of pharmacologists from the U.S. Public Health Service, a sister agency with which the FDA has hitherto maintained a sterile sibling rivalry. The new FDA head also decided to break down the Sadusk system of having one team of FDA experts, headed by Dr. Frances O. Kelsey, keep track of new drugs under investigation, and a separate team decide when these drugs should be approved for general prescription use. All this was too much for Dr. Sadusk. Last week he precipitately quit, as did his No. 2, Dr. Joseph Pisani. To replace Sadusk temporarily, Dr. Goddard named Dr. Robert Robin-



DRS. ROBINSON & GODDARD
New leadership and new direction.

son, 46, a Negro who had been two rungs down the bureaucratic ladder.

Kiddies' Aspirin. Critics who thought that Goddard was going too far too fast, and was likely to have higher authority slam on the brakes, were disabused of that notion by President Johnson's message to Congress on consumer interests. The President said he had appointed Goddard to give the agency "new leadership and new direction [and] a new structure fitted to the demands of the times."

Obviously reflecting Goddard's thinking, the President asked Congress to:

- ▶ Limit the number of children's candy-flavored aspirin in a single package, in the hope that even if a youngster gobbled a whole bottleful the effects would not be fatal.
- ▶ Require certain patent drugs "attractive to children" to have safety-closure caps.
- ▶ Call for certification, after FDA testing, of every batch of drugs whose potency and purity "can mean life or death to a patient."
- ▶ Control the distribution of unsolicited drug samples, some of which are sold by unscrupulous physicians or sal-

vaged from trash baskets in medical buildings and sold to grey-market jobbers for repackaging.

Drug safety, said the President, has the highest priority. And he added an ominous warning: "Further action may be necessary to protect the consumer against harmful cosmetics and against medical devices that are neither safe nor effective." Even Go-Go Goddard could hardly have asked for stronger backing.

RESEARCH

Points for the Virus Theory

Medical investigators have good reason for suspecting that viruses may cause many common and baffling disorders of the human nervous system, to say nothing of some forms of cancer. But indicting the culprits has proved to be incredibly difficult. Most of the diseases—such as multiple sclerosis, the amyotrophic lateral sclerosis that killed Lou Gehrig, parkinsonism, and perhaps myasthenia gravis—do not normally attack animals, so it is next to impossible to study them in the laboratory.

Now, with patience and prodigious efforts extending halfway around the world, researchers at the National Institute of Neurological Diseases and Blindness have managed to inject lab animals with *kuru*, or "laughing death," an especially mystifying disease of the nervous system that has decimated Fore tribesmen in eastern New Guinea (TIME, Nov. 11, 1957). Eiro, a 13-year-old Fore boy, died of *kuru* in his New Guinea highland village in September, 1962. A visiting doctor did an autopsy; he took tissue from Eiro's brain, froze it, put it in liquid nitrogen at -70°C , and shipped it to Bethesda, Md.

There, Dr. D. Carleton Gajdusek and his colleagues made an extract of the brain material and injected it into the brains of monkeys and a two-year-old chimpanzee named Georgette. Nothing happened to the monkeys, and for 20 months Georgette kept on growing like a normal chimp. Then, last May, Georgette became apathetic and lethargic. Her lower lip drooped, and she shivered at the slightest chill. Soon, she was staggering and stumbling as she walked; if she reached for a banana, she missed it. When she could hardly move her limbs and screamed at the gentlest touch, the researchers resorted to mercy killing. A chimpanzee injected with material from another Fore victim's brain developed the same symptoms. Now there have been two more.

The disease in chimpanzees, Dr. Gajdusek reports in *Nature*, seems essentially the same as *kuru* in man, except that the animals could not suffer impairment of speech or bouts of maniacal laughter. This evidence, plus data from a similar disease of sheep, called scrapie, strongly suggests that the virus theory is correct. In any case, the ability to reproduce such a disease in animals should aid neurological research.

THE LAW

THE SUPREME COURT

Bad News for Smut Peddlers

The Supreme Court seems to be catching up with the moral election returns. In three major decisions last week, it joined the growing body of Americans revolted by the growing body of U.S. pornography—the books, films, plays and magazines hawked on countless street corners with lurid sales pitches promising all manner of sex, all imaginable deviations, combinations and permutations. Ruling on three cases involving no fewer than 144 publications, the court handed down some bad news for U.S. smut peddlers.

Startling even Justice Department lawyers, the court voted 5 to 4 to uphold Publisher Ralph Ginzburg's \$28,-



GINZBURG'S PRODUCT
Sensual leer.

000 fine and five-year federal sentence for selling the now defunct magazine *Eros* and two other obscene publications through the mails. By a vote of 6 to 3, the court upheld Edward Mishkin's three-year New York sentence for planning and peddling 140 weird little "bondage" books (*Screaming Flesh*, *House of Torture*, etc.) devoted to sadism and masochism and typically spiced with scenes of naked girls whipping each other. By another 6-to-3 vote, the court struck down Massachusetts' ban on *Fanny Hill*—yet it clearly left that enduring (1749), erotic bestseller open to possible further prosecution.

Stiff Rule. The big news was the new obscenity standard laid down in the Ginzburg decision—which was based not so much on the content of his publications as on the way he peddled them. Speaking for the court in all three cases, Justice William J. Brennan said that Ginzburg's "titillating" advertising was so permeated with "the leer of the sensualist" that he was guilty of "the sordid business of pandering." Brennan took dead aim at "those who would make a

business of pandering to the widespread weakness for titillation by pornography." The result: a stiff new rule for obscenity cases that may make a peddler's conduct more important than his product. "Where the purveyor's sole emphasis is on the sexually provocative aspects of his publications, that fact may be decisive in the determination of obscenity."

The three cases produced 14 opinions—a sure sign of how intensely the Justices had wrestled with their constitutional duty to guard freedom of speech and press even as they sought a way to suppress the smut before them. In hot dissent, Justices Hugo Black and William O. Douglas urged the court for the umpteenth time to quit all censorship on the ground that the First Amendment protects all expression, including obscenity, that does not actually incite antisocial conduct. "Sex is a fact of life," declared the 80-year-old Black. "I find it difficult to see how talk about sex can be placed under the kind of censorship the court here approves without subjecting our society to more dangers than we can anticipate at the moment." The new pandering rule, added Douglas, makes unconstitutional "an advertising technique as old as history." However "florid" a book's cover, he argued, "the contents remain the same."

Even more scathing were the usually restrained Justices John M. Harlan and Potter Stewart. Harlan called the new pandering rule "an astonishing piece of judicial improvisation" that may inspire new censorship attacks on long permissible classics. If an ad is now adjudged obscene, he suggested, the result could ban Joyce's *Ulysses*, which was cleared for U.S. sale 33 years ago. "Censorship reflects a society's lack of confidence in itself," said Stewart. "The Constitution protects coarse expression as well as refined, and vulgarity no less than elegance. A book worthless to me may convey something of value to my neighbor. In the free society to which our Constitution has committed us, it is for each to choose for himself."

Stewart was especially incensed by what he viewed as the court's decision to jail Ginzburg (who is also the publisher of a magazine called *Fact*) for reasons other than the charges against him. "Ginzburg was not charged with 'commercial exploitation,'" he said. "He was not charged with 'pandering'; he was not charged with 'titillation.'" Not only did the court thus "deny him due process of law," Stewart continued, but Ginzburg was going to prison for crimes that no federal statute condemns.

Harried Justices. What the Justices were really bothered by was the court's difficult decision in *Roth v. U.S.* (1957), which held for the first time that obscenity is not protected by First Amendment guarantees of free speech. In *Roth*, which upheld a federal anti-

obscenity statute, the court classified obscenity as a kind of "non-speech"—no longer protected by the family test that bars only those words that carry a "clear and present danger" of inciting anti-social conduct. *Roth* also carefully declared: "Sex and obscenity are not synonymous." And in later cases, the court refused to censor sexual expression unless 1) "the material is utterly without redeeming social importance," 2) "the dominant theme of the material taken as a whole appeals to prurient interest" in the "average adult," and 3) "the material is patently offensive because it affronts contemporary community standards," meaning national standards defined by the Supreme Court.

Applying those painfully honed tests soon forced the nine harried Justices (average age: 64) to read shelves of



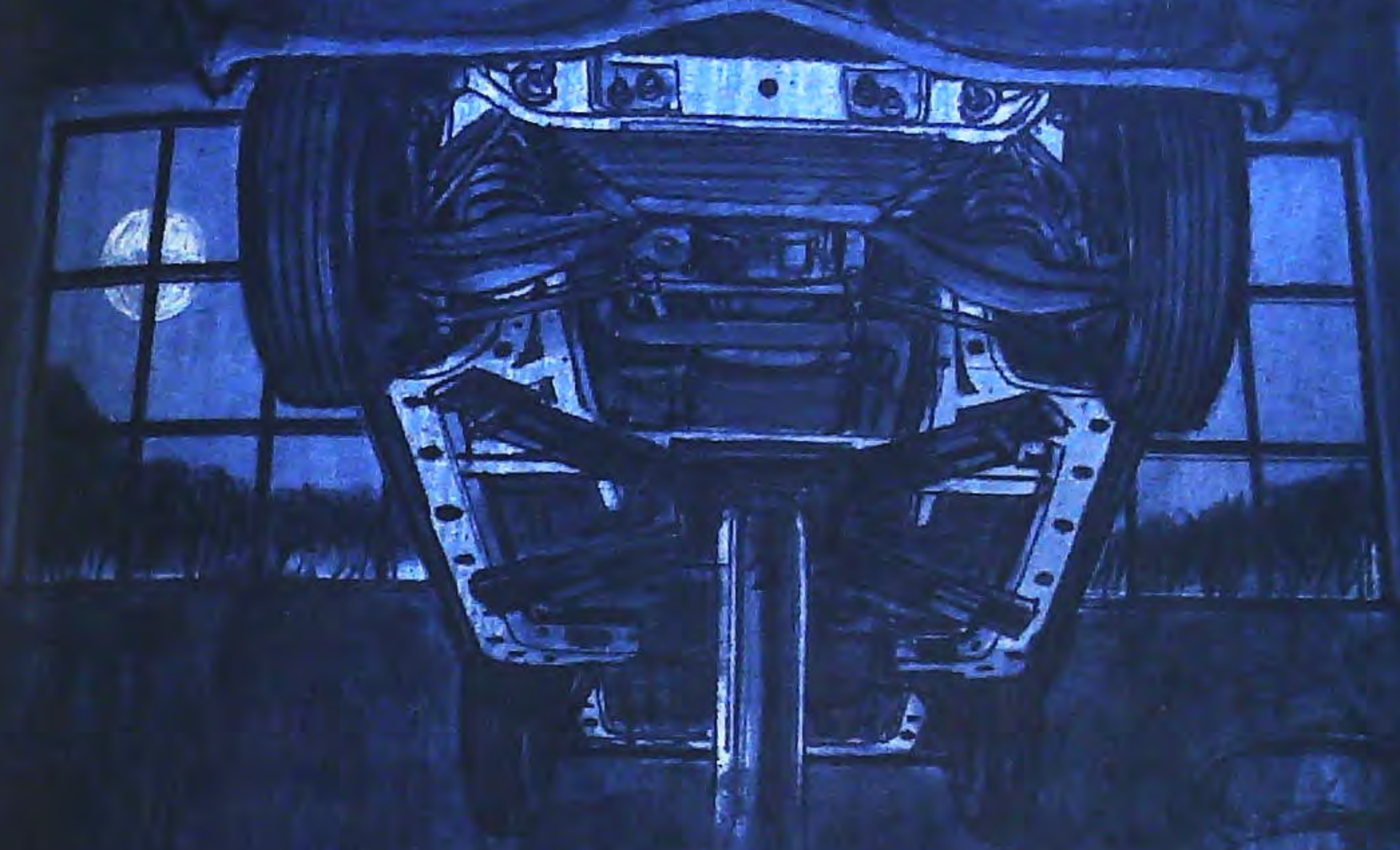
JUSTICE BRENNAN
Intense wrestling.

allegedly dirty books. But though the court has accepted at least half a dozen obscenity cases since the *Roth* decision, it was unable to find a single instance of writing obscene. Meanwhile, the nation's smut peddlers flourish. What *Roth* overlooked was the fact that "obscenity" may depend less on the material than on how the seller uses it.

Conduct v. Thought. Having reached exactly that conclusion, Justice Brennan last week tried to push the decision, which he also wrote, far beyond to a manageable test of conduct rather than thought. At issue in the Ginzburg case were *Eros*, whose shelves displayed the disputed edition of a color photo of a white woman and Negro man, both naked, in multiple embraces. *Son*, a sex-front "new-letter" magazine, a compendium of sex jokes, and *Housewife's Handbook* on Sex. *Promiscuity*, a Tucson woman's account of her increased pleasure in unconventional sex techniques.

Justice Brennan refused to let the trial judge's ringing condemnation

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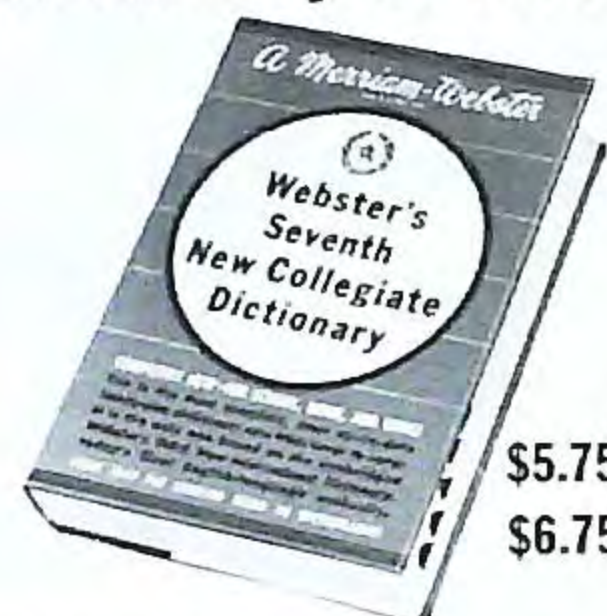
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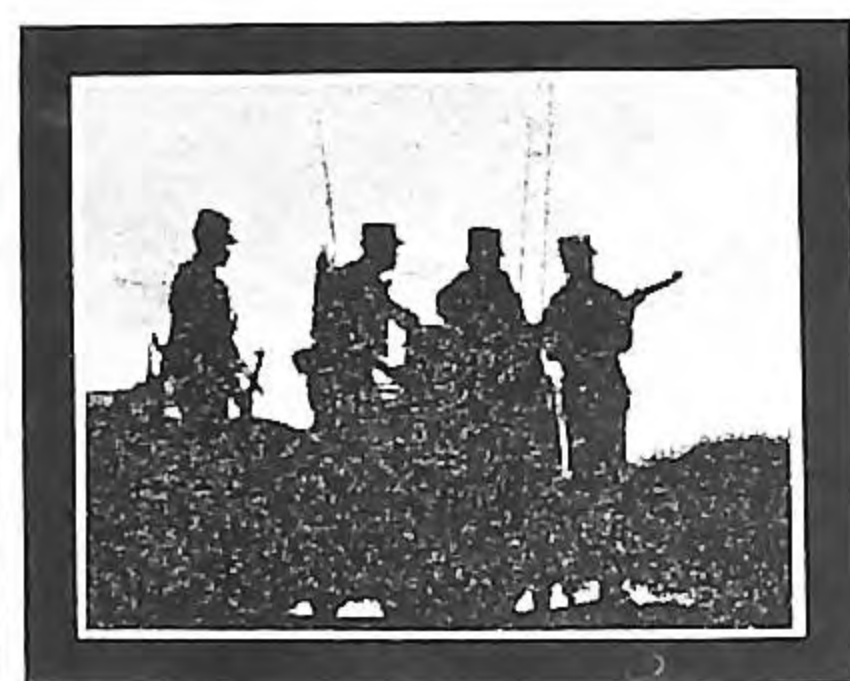
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of all three Ginzburg products as themselves obscene and "a gross shock to the mind." Instead, Brennan nailed Ginzburg for salacious sales pitches. In an *Eros* brochure, he blatantly promoted articles on "Incest in the American Midwest," "Was Shakespeare a Homosexual?" and "Sex in the Supermarket."

Before Ginzburg acquired *Howl*, its author, "Roy Anthony," promoted it privately, sold 12,000 copies to assorted therapists, several of whom testified at the trial that it proved useful in professional practice. Ginzburg's companies, said Brennan, went beyond this "neutral environment" and "deliberately emphasized the sexually provocative aspects of the work in order to catch the salaciously disposed." As for *Eros*, Brennan implied that merely reading the magazine would not have led him to regard it as obscene. Instead, he noted that Ginzburg revealed his "obvious" motives by mailing it to Middlesex, N.J.—having failed to gain postal privileges at Intercourse and Blue Ball, Pa.

New Rules. In the second case New York Pornographer Edward Malin argued that his books were not legally obscene because they excited only men rather than normal people. Brennan agreed—and duly "adjusted" Roth's prurient-appeal standard from the "average adult" to the average members of any "probable recipient group" including sadists and masochists.

In the third case, which cleared *Fanny Hill*, Brennan noted expert testimony in the Massachusetts trial that *Fanny* "belongs to the history of English literature rather than the history of smut." All the same, added Brennan, in an apparent invitation to further litigation, "evidence that the book was commercially exploited for the sake of prurient appeal, to the exclusion of all other values, might justify the conclusion that the book was utterly without redeeming social value."

All this toughened Roth by adding three new rules:

- ▶ "In close cases, evidence of prurient appeal may be probative with respect to the nature of the material."
- ▶ "A book or film need not have a prurient appeal" to the public at large to be declared obscene. It can be so judged even if it panders merely to a "clearly defined deviant sexual group," such as homosexuals or masochists.
- ▶ "An otherwise offensive book is not obscene if it has 'a modicum of literary or scientific value.' But this modicum may be vitiated by evidence of a publisher's pandering."

Summing up for the dissenters, Justice Harlan still insisted that "no approach to the obscenity problem has yet been devised by this court." For majority, however, Ginzburg, Malin, and *Fanny* had developed a new combination of rules that seemed to be a workable, constitutional way to deal with serious literature uncensored but not the pornographic racketeers.

TIME, APRIL 11



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Built by our subsidiary, Philco, which also makes automatic washers, radios, color TV sets (and a thousand other products).

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THE THEATER

Maternal Tug o' War

The Caucasian Chalk Circle, by Bertolt Brecht, is a kind of pinko version of *The Perils of Pauline*. Grusha (Elizabeth Huddle) is a good soul, a simple kitchen maid who snatches up an infant princeling when the child is abandoned by the evil wife of the governor during a revolution in a legendary kingdom around A.D. 1200. With the baby strapped to her back, Grusha embarks on a series of adventures that include crossing a rotting bridge over a 2,000-ft. gorge with soldiery in hot pursuit, a marriage of inconvenience with a draft dodger, and a confrontation several years later with the real mother, who now wants her child back.

An amoral scamp of a judge (Robert Symonds), a sort of pie-eyed Falstaff

PETER DANESS



HUDDLE (RIGHT) & CHALK CIRCLE
Maids, mutes and morals.

in a sloppy judicial gown, prescribes the test of the chalk circle to determine the true mother. The little boy stands in the center of the circle, and each woman holds one of his arms and is told to tug him out. Grusha lets go so as not to hurt the boy, and is adjudged the true mother for acting motherly. The moral: "What there is shall go to those who are good for it." This could prove that millionaires are best qualified to have money, but Brecht uses it to justify a decision by Soviet collective farmers some years back that old grazing land should go to fruit growers.

Yet the play is not tediously didactic. It is a little bit as if Brecht had purified the character of Mother Courage, made her an ardent, spunky, dutiful young girl, and graced her with luck as well as pluck. *The Caucasian Chalk Circle's* essential mood is playful and bucolic. But anything bucolic in this repertory production at New York's Lincoln Center is lost in the grinding whirr of revolving stages and the clanking rise and fall of scenery. The music, crucial to any decent Brecht production, seems to have been composed by a tone-deaf

mute. Watching the cast's birdlike masks and flaming Oriental finery is far better than watching their acting, for the troupe is about as playful as a gang of work elephants piling teak.

The Funniest Lies

Mark Twain Tonight! Hal Holbrook spends 3½ hours putting on his Mark Twain makeup, but he has spent 13 years getting into Mark Twain's psyche. What began as an extraordinary physical likeness has become a communion of spirit, a marriage of two minds, a shared inner mirth at man's foibles that approaches philosophy.

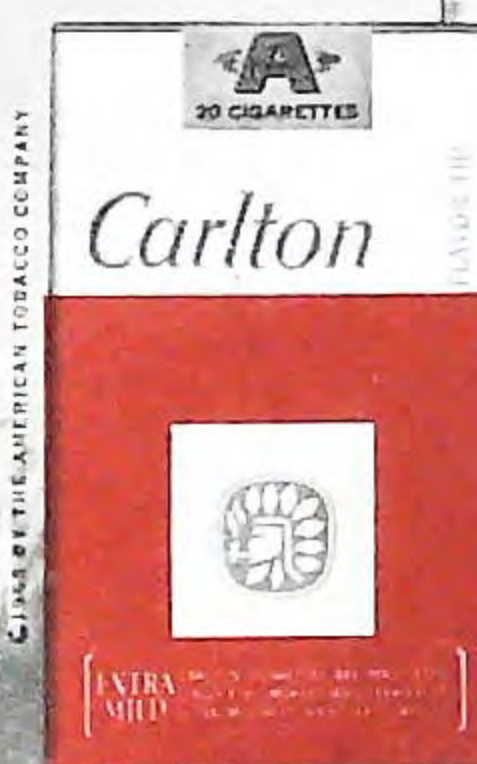
Holbrook, who has crisscrossed the U.S. and Europe in this one-man show, brings it to Broadway with much fresh material culled from Twain's writings. The casual format is that of one of Twain's turn-of-the-century lectures when he was 70. The props are simple: a lectern, a Victorian chair, a pitcher of water, an omnipresent cigar from which Holbrook fires volleys of smoke like a snow-thatched Jove who has laid aside his thunderbolts for cheroots.

The real thunderbolts are the words, the wit, and the ever-skeptical cast of mind. Twain knew that the lies people tell themselves are much funnier than the lies they tell others. He had a bird dog's nose for humbug, and he found it everywhere—in religion, patriotism, politics, ethnic pride and national vanity. With baffled awe and unquenchable laughter, he looked upon man as the most arrogant of the apes and found him passing strange: "Man is the only animal who's got the true religion—several of 'em." Twain wonders aloud if mankind would not have been better off if Noah had missed the Ark: "To place man properly at the present time, he stands somewhere between the angels and the French."

Twain could be cruelly funny; in one tale a man, caught in a textile machine, gets woven into 39 yards of carpeting. Together with wry homilies ("Temperate temperance is best") Holbrook includes a ghost story, a fragment from *Huckleberry Finn*, and passages of the purest poetry, such as a description of dawn rising on the Mississippi, a fond remembrance of Twain's youth as a riverboat pilot. It is not youth but age that is the touchstone of Holbrook's marvelously timed acting command of the role. He knows that an old man does not collect his thoughts but wool-gathers them, that an old man's legs do not walk but must be lifted, that an old man's hands twitch vagrantly like an infant's in sleep, that an old man's eyes sometimes glow like blown embers and sometimes fade out as swiftly and secretly as dusk. Yet within this fraying husk of age, the man from Hannibal stands vibrantly whole, incorrigibly acute, a genius of uncommon sense.

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SPORT

TENNIS

Missile v. Computer

Indoor tennis has been played on a lot of surfaces. First there was wood, which picked up glare like ballroom parquet, bounced the ball sickeningly fast and with a deadly skid. Then there was canvas, which killed the reflections—but that was about all. Last week, when the \$25,000 New York pro tournament opened in Madison Square Garden, a vast improvement was on hand to finally make volleying under the bright lights at least two-thirds as nice as the grass game at Forest Hills. It is a thin green rubber surface, made by U.S. Rubber, that can be rolled up, stored on cylinders, laid down in 30 minutes flat. In time, it may even become available for just about everybody's backyard Quonset court.

Romping around on this modern surface at the Garden was an equally advanced set of tennis players. There was California's rangy Pancho Gonzales, trying for a comeback at the ripe age of 37, and the current *Wunderkind* of the pro circuit, Australia's Rod ("Rocket") Laver, 27, biggest money winner (\$65,495) in 1965. Finally, there was slight (5 ft. 7 in.), polite Ken Rosewall, also an Australian and evidently a has-been at 31, since Laver had pushed him off the top of the heap last year. In the quarter-finals, Gonzales gave

Rosewall something to think about by trouncing his onetime Davis Cup twin, Lew Hoad, 31, by a decisive 6-1, 6-1.

Rosewall, however, does most of his thinking on the tennis court, where he has been called "an automaton guided by an electric brain." For 77 punishing minutes, before a near-record turnout of 13,541, he resisted a Gonzales onslaught marked by a dazzling echo of the towering serve of yesteryear and a Gonzales rush to the net in an effort to seize the lead. The crowd roared for their longtime favorite Gonzales. Slowly, methodically, Rosewall worked his opponent back to the base lines, until Gonzales yielded 7-5, 7-5, with a disgusted "Oh, no" as his last easy return hit the net.

That made the finals a case of the missile v. the computer, the Rocket's violent volleys against the subtle shot-making of Rosewall. Pinking the sideline markers with precision, forcing Laver to weave back and forth across the green like a wayward Agena, Rosewall pulled off an upset, winding up with a straight set victory of 6-3, 6-3. "Just a shot here and there," he said in gentlemanly fashion. "Besides, Laver missed more than he usually does."

PRO BASKETBALL

Making the Giant Jolly

As the most commanding figure in all of pro sport, Wilton Norman Chamberlain, 29, just naturally has been discussed by physiologists, analyzed by psychologists, investigated by the Internal Revenue Service, and interviewed by newsmen, by his count, "more than 5,000" times. The body of literature devoted to his life and exploits runs to perhaps 2,000,000 words of prose and 200 of poetry, chock-full of such fascinating revelations as that he sleeps naked, trims his beard with fingernail scissors, has an IQ of 127 and hates the nickname "Wilt the Stilt." No one has seemed able to agree on two fairly important and somewhat related points about Wilt Chamberlain: 1) how tall he is, and 2) how good he is.

The first, alas, remains up in the air. Wilt himself claims to be exactly 7 ft. 1/16 in. tall—but he throws out the figure defiantly, like a size 18 woman who insists on trying on a size ten dress. Back in 1955, when he was a freshman at the University of Kansas, he was reported to be 7 ft. 2 in. The National Basketball Association's 1966 record book gives him an inch less than that. All of this amuses rival players, whose estimates of Chamberlain's true altitude range all the way up to 7 ft. 6 in.

Never Stop There. Chamberlain is as defiant about his playing abilities as about his size. "I am," he maintains, "the greatest basketball player in the world." Everyone might have agreed with him long ago if only he had



CHAMBERLAIN AT HOME
His height is up in the air

stopped right there. Who else, after all, has ever scored 100 points in a single night or averaged 39.5 points per game throughout a seven-year pro career? Wilt never stops there. "I am also the greatest boxer and the greatest runner and the greatest weight lifter and the greatest shotputter and the greatest bowler and the greatest cook and the greatest lover," he says. It took his fellow pros a while to realize that he could vote for one item on Wilt's list without buying all of them. Last year they elected him the N.B.A.'s most valuable player.

They really did not have much choice. Critics used to accuse Chamberlain of being strictly a goon and a "gunner," a glory hound who was more interested in pouring in points and setting records than in winning games. This season Chamberlain surprised them. Usually, he led the league in scoring (about 33.5 points, an average of 33.5 a game) and in rebounds (11.9 a game) and in the league in assists (providing the league in assists). Ranking seventh in the league in assists was a guard. "Everybody knows I was a guard," Wilt explained in Baltimore last week. "But the purpose of the game is to score 100 points a game if you can. Not set records." So, having heeded out onto the court, picked off 24 rebounds, scored 24 points and assisted three other Philadelphia basketball players, as the 76ers beat the Baltimore Bullets 108-104 in their last game of the season. The victory was Philadelphia's eleventh straight, and it gave the 76ers the N.B.A.'s Eastern Division championship—by the slim margin of one game over the perennial champion Boston Celtics (nine straight years) Boston Celtics.

Chamberlain the new-found

player is really no different from Chamberlain the critics' old target. He still drives a \$24,000 Bentley. He is still a loner, distant with teammates, suspicious of strangers. "I have a split personality," he says. "I carefully separate my public life from my private life. The only connection between the two is business: the money from the one permits the seclusion of the other." Wilt turns down several \$500 to \$1,000 speaking engagements each week because, explains a friend, "his private time is much more valuable to him than money."

Not that Chamberlain particularly needs money. His basketball salary is more than \$100,000 a year. He gets pin money from endorsements, and he owns a swinging Harlem nightclub named Big Wilt's Small's Paradise, a 27-unit apartment building in Manhattan, a 42-unit affair in Los Angeles, a bulging portfolio of mutual funds, and shares in eight trotting horses—all of which nets him an additional \$275,000 or so. He pays for practically everything in cash from a fat roll of high-denomination bills that he carries in his right trouser pocket. "Somebody's going to hit you over the head and rob you," a friend once warned Wilt. Replied Chamberlain: "If anybody is going to hit me over the head, he'll have to get a ladder first. So when I see somebody coming after me with a ladder, I'll know what's on his mind."

Trick or Treat. An insomniac, Chamberlain often sits up until 4 a.m., telephoning friends or watching television in the 4½-room, \$240-a-month Manhattan apartment that he shares with Thor and Odin, his pet Great Danes, and Crystal, his live-in Swedish maid. A hypochondriac, he complains frequently of stomach cramps, drinks huge quantities of milk to settle his stomach. His sense of humor tends toward the malevolent. A typical Chamberlain trick is to flip an average eater for the price of a meal, he eats so much at a sitting that his odds at coming out ahead are 3 to 1. His favorite amusement is walking the two Great Danes through Central Park about 3 a.m. Just recalling the terrified expressions on the faces of the people who have encountered this pre-dawn vision makes Wilt Chamberlain a very jolly giant.

AUTO RACING

Marred Victory

To hear all the competitors talk, there was practically no way that any of them could possibly win the biggest U.S. sports car race last week's annual twelve-hour endurance test at Sebring, Fla. The Ford forces worried about the Sebring course itself. Though Ford's new, 475-h.p. Mark II prototypes looked like world beaters when they finished one-two-three in February's Daytona Continental, Sebring demands more than mere speed; it is a claw-shaped, 5.2-mile maze of airport run-

ways and interchanges that has 13 corners (including seven 90° turns, a hairpin and a double S) and 25 gear changes per lap. "Our cars are too heavy for this track," complained Ford's No. 1 driver, Ken Miles. "The Chaparrals have the advantage over us—they're lighter, and they should go the distance with less strain."

Downshift Slip. Naturally, everyone else worried about the Fords—and why not? There were 13 of them in the race. "They have us in their hip pocket," said Texas Oilman Hap Sharp, complaining that his two Chevrolet-powered Chaparrals were leaking oil and handling poorly on practice runs. Italy's Enzo Ferrari, whose high-whining, finely tuned cars had dominated Sebring for a decade, winning seven times in all,



McLEAN'S FORD BURNING
The convolutions bred catastrophe.

was so pessimistic about his chances of stopping Ford's "steamroller" this year that he bothered to enter only one prototype in the race. Of course, the new Ferrari 330 P3 was quite a car, developed specifically to compete with Ford, it harbors beneath its streamlined, electric-red shell a massive 12-cylinder fuel-injection engine that generated 420 h.p., powered the 3-ft.-high machine to a record average of 106.1 m.p.h. in a casual qualifying lap.

Despite its convolutions, or rather because of them (they prohibit extreme speeds), Sebring has never been considered a particularly dangerous course. Nobody had been killed there in seven years—until last week. On the fourth lap, Robert McLean, a Ford dealer from Vancouver, B.C., was gearing down for the hairpin when his Canadian-owned Ford GT 40 careened into a phone pole and burst into flames. McLean died in the fire, but worse was to come. On the 200th lap, Pennsylvania's Mario Andretti tried to downshift his non-factory Ferrari from fourth to third, slammed the lever into first instead. The Ferrari spun, slewed into a speeding Porsche, and drove it off the track into a group of spectators—killing four of them.

Miles & Minutes. The tragedies took the bloom off what otherwise would have been a glorious victory for Ford. One by one, the miles and minutes took their toll of Ford's main competitors: the two Chaparrals were both out of the race by the second hour and the Ferrari 330 P3 retired to the pits on the 172nd lap with a frozen gearbox. Andretti's accident took care of the rest; he was running third behind two Fords at the time of the crash, and the Porsche was in fourth place. The finish was a parade—Ford, Ford, Ford, Ford. The only really disappointed man on the team was Driver Dan Gurney, who set the pace until the 228th lap, then blew his engine, pushed his car across the finish line and was disqualified from second place. The winners: Ken Miles

SCOREBOARD

Who Won

► Oxford: a 3½-length victory over Cambridge in the 112th Annual Dark Blue-Light Blue crew race, on London's windswept Thames River. Forced to find a substitute boat after their No. 1 shell collided with a buoy and sank during practice, the Cambridge rowers battled the favored Dark Blues bow-to-bow for 3 mi. of the 4-mi., 374-yd. race. Then, at the last bend, Oxford Coxswain James Rogers steered straight across the Cambridge bow, forcing the Light Blues to check as Oxford pulled away.

► France: the Werner Cup, symbolic of the American International Team Ski Championship, at Sun Valley, Idaho. Led by pet, 20-year-old Marielle Goitschel, who won both the slalom and giant slalom and finished third in the women's downhill, the French ended with 206 points to Austria's 198. The U.S. team wound up fifth.



ROSEWALL SERVING
His brain is electric.

ART

PAINTING

Landscapist of Light

Op-art banners fluttered from the flagpoles in the darkness overhead, and through the doors of Manhattan's Museum of Modern Art surged the opening-night black-tie throng. To celebrate the first evening of spring, girls wore their gayest dresses—flaring Pucci pajamas, metal-petaled above-the-knee A-lines, the newest see-through evening gowns. The occasion for all this festivity? The Modern's salute to a painter who has been dead 114 years, Joseph M. W. Turner, the 19th century ro-

contemporary sensibilities with such stunning effect.

Soapsuds & Whitewash. Turner, who in his own lifetime was recognized as perhaps the greatest painter of his era, knew his full share of both wealth and derision. Born to a Covent Garden barber in 1775, he was admitted at 14 as a student in the Royal Academy. At 27, he was elected a full-fledged academician. The works that won him fame, however, were hardly revolutionary. During his earlier years, Turner churned out Old Testament fantasies, nymphs cavorting in arcadian glades, and historical scenarios of such news-

GRAVES ART GALLERY, SHEFFIELD



TURNER ON VARNISHING DAY, 1846
Daubing with bread, mixing with stale beer.

mantic saint who so believed in communion with nature that at the age of 66 he had himself lashed to the mast of a ship while crossing the English Channel so that he might the better observe the awesome spectacle of a blizzard at sea.

"It will be a stunning irony," remarked one critic, "if the most popular, consequential, stirring exhibition ever presented by the Modern Museum should turn out to be that of an old master." If Old Master Turner himself could have been present, he would probably have found it doubly ironic, and staggering as well. For up on the wall were 99 oils and watercolors that included, besides some of Turner's most famous oils, those other paintings that during his lifetime he had kept carefully hidden away in his studio along with his intimate sketchbooks and his notes on technical research. And it is Turner's lesser-known works, selected by the Tate Gallery's Keeper of British Painting Lawrence Gowing and the Modern's Monroe Wheeler, that strike

worthy topics as the battles of Waterloo and Trafalgar.

But the paintings that make Turner look as if he were born only the day before yesterday are those in which, with shimmering veils of color, he fused imagination and reality. A contemporary of Turner dubbed one such work "soapsuds and whitewash." Essayist William Hazlitt called them "pictures of nothing and very like." Yet they anticipated impressionism and even abstract expressionism.

Decayed Likeness. Turner's romanticism was directed more at his art than his private life. A reclusive bachelor till his death in 1851, he was more a stodgy old crumpet than the philanderer who, several biographers have hinted, fathered five illegitimate children. Though fame attracted him, he dodged the patrician world of fox hunts and fancy clubs, ended up living in a dilapidated London town house, cluttered with what he called his "darlings"—his paintings—or in a little Thames-side refuge where he was thought by neigh-

bors to be a certain Admiral Booby's husband of the landlady.

The Turners that pleased the public during the artist's 76 years built him a fortune of nearly \$700,000. His will left 300 oils and 19,400 sketches and watercolors to the nation, and his money to a fund for those whom he might have thought of as his likenesses: "many decayed artists living in England." Discontent but grasping relatives, however, made off with most of Turner's bequest, which has largely remained out of sight ever since.

"Tinted Steam." "Indistinctness is my forte," Turner declared while whirling his images into vortexes of color. On occasion, nature vied with his vision. When he was 59, London's Houses of Parliament were gutted by fire. Turner, who rarely used more than a pencil to sketch out-of-doors, rushed to the banks of the Thames to brush out nine watercolors of the burning buildings (see opposite). He even blotted his copybook pages against each other in his eagerness to capture that dramatic scene. In romantic's delirium, it was the apocalypse brought to reality—the flames mirrored in the water, the stars burning with feverish color.

To his contemporaries, such works were full of unrecognizable "blotchy" Constable, also experimenting in colored light, labeled Turner's work "tinted steam." It was a shrewd perception, for, in the days of the burgeoning Industrial Revolution, Turner eventually abandoned trite old themes to depict railway trains and steamships rolling almost defiantly and often indistinctly through mist and fog. When he titled his painting *Sunrise with a Boat Between Headlands*, the subject was neither topography nor the boat, which is a barely visible blob, but light refracted by mist.

Aerial Auroras. Turner scorned the highly varnished, precisely glazed look of a "finished" painting. He wanted his paintings to show virtuosic brushwork (sometimes he even daubed with bread rather than bristles). Before exhibiting, he opened at the Royal Academy, and traditionally varnished their canvases in sight of the public. Turner, instead, completed his. Spectators gawked at the academician, in his hat and frock coat, stood on a bench and fiddled at his already hung oil. With his palette box beside him, he mixed pigments whatever was handy. He would proceed to touch up details that he had left some visual reference for his baffled viewers. Once, a colorist named Constable shone one of Turner's seascapes. Turner put onto his work a splashed bright red the size of a shilling. It drew eyes away from the Constable. The next day Turner shaped it into a channel buoy.

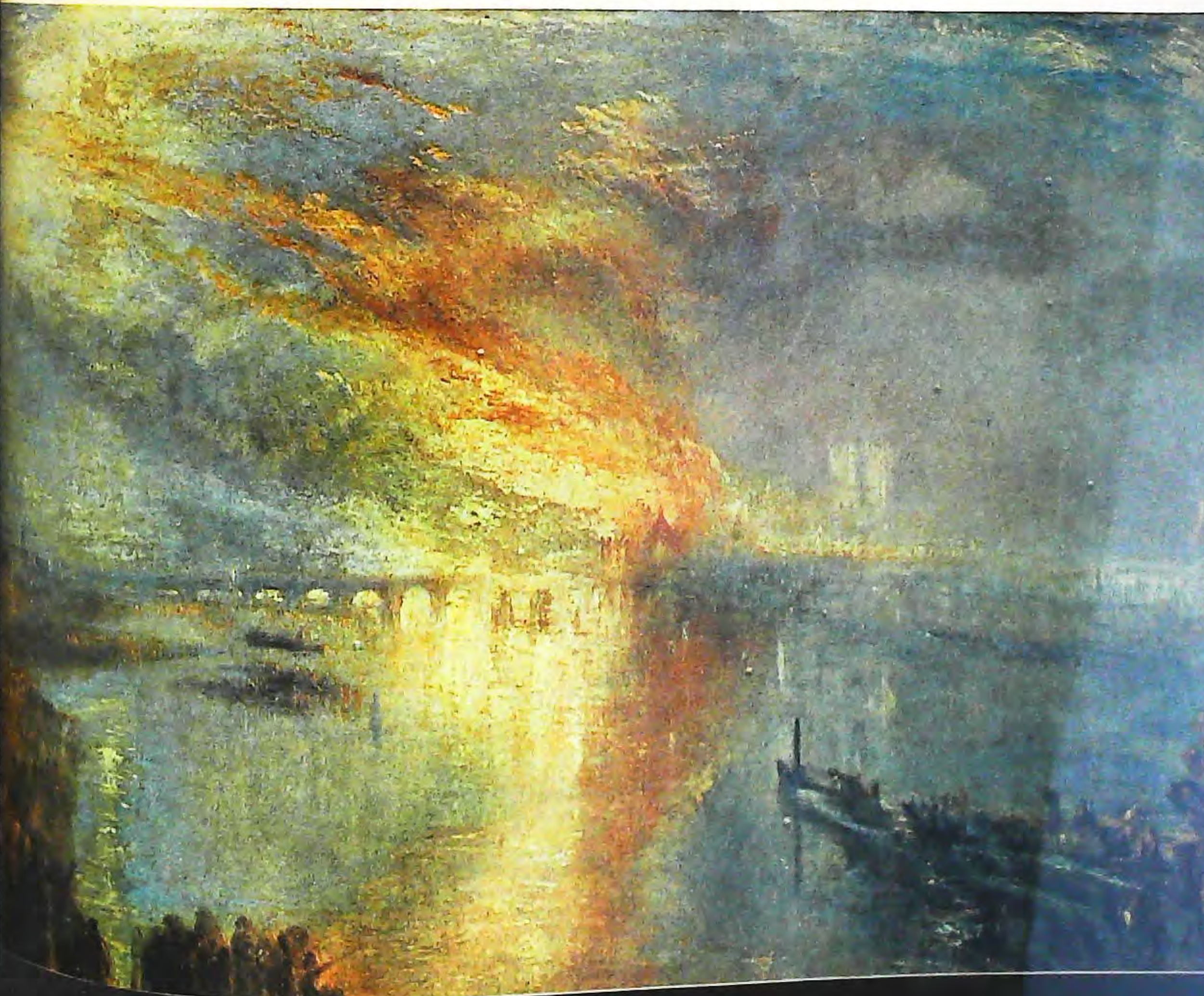
Turner called clouds "ensanguined sun." Long before the impressionists discovered that light is color and he ruled his art, experimented with refractions of light in metal balls. He studied

TURNERS AT THE MODERN MUSEUM



THE BRITISH MUSEUM

When the Houses of Parliament burned one night in 1834, Turner, then 59, feverishly made watercolor sketches of the holocaust (such as the one above), capturing the apocalypse of fire, air and water that he later refined (below) into a romantic drama in oils.



THE CLEVELAND MUSEUM OF ART



Vortex of hues dominates Biblical theme in work called *Light and Color* (Goethe's Theory)—the Morning after the Deluge.

The incandescence of light appears real subject of this vaporous 1840 oil titled *Sunrise with a Boat between Headlands*.



the German poet Goethe's book on color theory, which ascribed brooding, anxious sensations to green, blue and purple as opposed to the liveliness of yellow, red and orange.

His ideal was what he called a "pure combination of aerial colors." To realize it, he divorced local color from the separate images in his paintings, instead expanding it into vast scrims and screens that radiated like auroras in the sky. He became one of the first modern artists by bending nature to the service of art and by proving that art can refine the way man looks at nature. The bridge between was light. No wonder that Turner's purported last words were "Sun is God."

SCULPTURE

The Casting of Ethel Scull

There was never any question as to who should sculpt Mr. and Mrs. Robert Scull, Manhattan's leading pop art patrons. George Segal, of course—the man who has made his reputation by casting his models full size in plaster, then setting them in "environments" that range from a washbasin (for a nude washing her foot) to the whole front door of a brownstone. The only thing holding back Ethel Scull was her dislike of being slathered all over with wet plaster.

"Come on, be a sport. Nothing will happen to you," Segal promised. So Ethel reluctantly agreed, began making preparations by buying a cheap \$4 house dress. But friends, including *Vogue* Editorial Director Alexander Liberman, objected. Said he: "Ethel, this is for posterity. As a fashionable woman, how can you wear anything but Courrèges?" In the end, she settled for a \$45 copy of a Courrèges dress that she already owned, but her white Courrèges boots were for real. Then,

with her hair done by Kenneth, she showed up with her husband at Segal's studio for the pour.

Vivaldi & Cold Compress. Normally, Segal casts his models in sections, but for Ethel he wanted to try just two casts, the first from the neck down. "Take a natural position," Segal urged. Ethel plunked herself down on a secondhand green velvet Victorian couch, one leg tucked under the other. Segal proceeded to swab down her arms, dress, legs and boots with petroleum jelly. Then, carefully dipping squares of cheesecloth in plaster, he began molding them to her body.

"I felt nothing till he got to my bare legs," recalls Ethel. "It was deliciously cool. Then it began to get warm. In five minutes, it was hot." Inside the 4-inch of plaster, her body heat was building up at the same time the plaster itself was heating in the process of drying. "You're doing very well," said her husband reassuringly. "I'm burning up!" cried Ethel, as the plaster dried. To cool her, Husband Scull put a cold compress on her forehead.

To soothe her, Segal played Vivaldi on the phonograph. "It was awful," she recalls. "After I got encased and began to harden, I couldn't feel my foot. It was numb. Then I couldn't move my hand. I began to itch. I knew this was an important piece, but all along I kept thinking, 'To hell with posterity! Let me out!'"

Slip & Saran Wrap. In 45 minutes, Ethel was hard. "When they tried to get me out of the cast, I wasn't coming out too well," she recalls. "They tipped me over." Her buttons were imbedded in the plaster, so Segal had to snip her out in her slip. As for the boots, they were hopelessly stuck and remained behind.

"I didn't want to finish," she admits, "but then I didn't want to be a bad sport." So she let Segal smear her face and place Saran Wrap over her Kenneth coiffure, which preserved for history its general silhouette, if not the actual hair.

"Well," said Ethel, "the exact same thing happened. The plaster hardened. I couldn't swallow. I couldn't talk. I kept moaning, hnnnnnn, hnnnnnn, hnnnnnn! They knew I was suffering, but they made believe they couldn't hear me."

Sunglasses & Sneakers. When her face cast was cut off, she headed for the showers without a word. But today she feels differently: "I survived something I didn't think I was capable of, and I know it was worth it." Now the two figures—Robert Scull was cast in his sneakers without incident—are permanently placed in their Fifth Avenue apartment. Ethel wears her signature sunglasses; Robert stands proudly behind the Victorian couch. The Courrèges boots? Says Ethel gaily, "Oh, somebody will find them inside in some other century. I forgive everyone, even though I did have welts for a week."



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NEWSPAPERS

New York's New Mix

Belatedly catching up with the news, New York newspaper publishers officially announced last week what had been common knowledge for months: there will be a three-way newspaper merger. The details varied scarcely a bit from the long-familiar rumors.

A new afternoon paper, the World Journal, will replace Hearst's Journal-American and Scripps-Howard's World-Telegram & Sun. Editorial boss will be Frank Conniff, 52, Hearst's national editor, columnist and one-third of the "task force" that has won a Pulitzer Prize for its interviews with world leaders. According to present plans, the World Journal will concentrate on its home town and carry more local news than either of the papers it replaces. It is inheriting far more columnists than it can handle, but after trimming the list it will encourage guest columns from public figures. The editorial policy, says a top executive, will be a "blend of Hearst and Howard," and no one expects the mixture to reflect much internal conflict.

No Lack of Skepticism. A new Sunday paper, the World Journal and Tribune, will be a combination of the Sunday edition of the Herald Tribune and the Sunday Journal. Its editor will be Herbert Kamm, 48, now managing editor of the Telegram and a member of its staff since 1943. While the Hearst-Howard weekday mix strikes most observers as workable enough, there is no lack of skepticism about the Sunday lash-up. Jock Whitney and Bill Hearst may not fit comfortably into the same paper. All the publishers will admit is that they plan to keep the Trib's popular Sunday supplements: Book Week and the New York Magazine. The daily Trib will continue to be edited by Jim Bellows, 43, who quit as managing editor of the

Miami News in 1961, joined the Trib and became editor in 1963.

When the new papers appear around April 11, the number of New York dailies will have been reduced to five from a onetime high of 25. Despite the steady attrition, New Yorkers will probably prefer one improved paper to two mediocre ones. But for all their secretive, slow-maturing plans, the new papers must get some unpleasant unfinished business out of the way before they can begin to publish. They are almost certain of U.S. Justice Department approval of their merger, but coming to terms with the unions is another matter. The papers are talking about dropping at least one-third of their 5,700 employees, and the unions will not hear of it.

Jobs in Scant Supply. Tom Murphy's New York Newspaper Guildsmen, who stand to lose the most jobs, will have the hardest time finding new work because editorial jobs are in scant supply around New York. But firings are imminent once a solution is found to knotty problems of jurisdiction and seniority. In anticipation of the merger, Murphy held up negotiations for new contracts, even though the old ones ran out last spring. The craft unions, all of which have contracts with the merging papers, claim that they are under no obligation to the new ones.

"There is a long, hard way to go," says Printers Boss Bert Powers, who can be counted on not to make things any easier. Understandably anxious for support, the new papers have applied for membership in the New York Publishers Association, from which the Trib resigned last fall. But the association is not likely to be in any rush to let them in—the last thing the other New York papers want is to be dragged into another strike. And at week's end strike talk was in the air, and strike votes were being taken.



SUNDAY'S KAMM IN WORLD-TELEGRAM CITY ROOM

Still some unpleasant unfinished business.



DAILY'S CONNIF IN HEARST BUILDING

TIME APRIL

The Value of Privacy

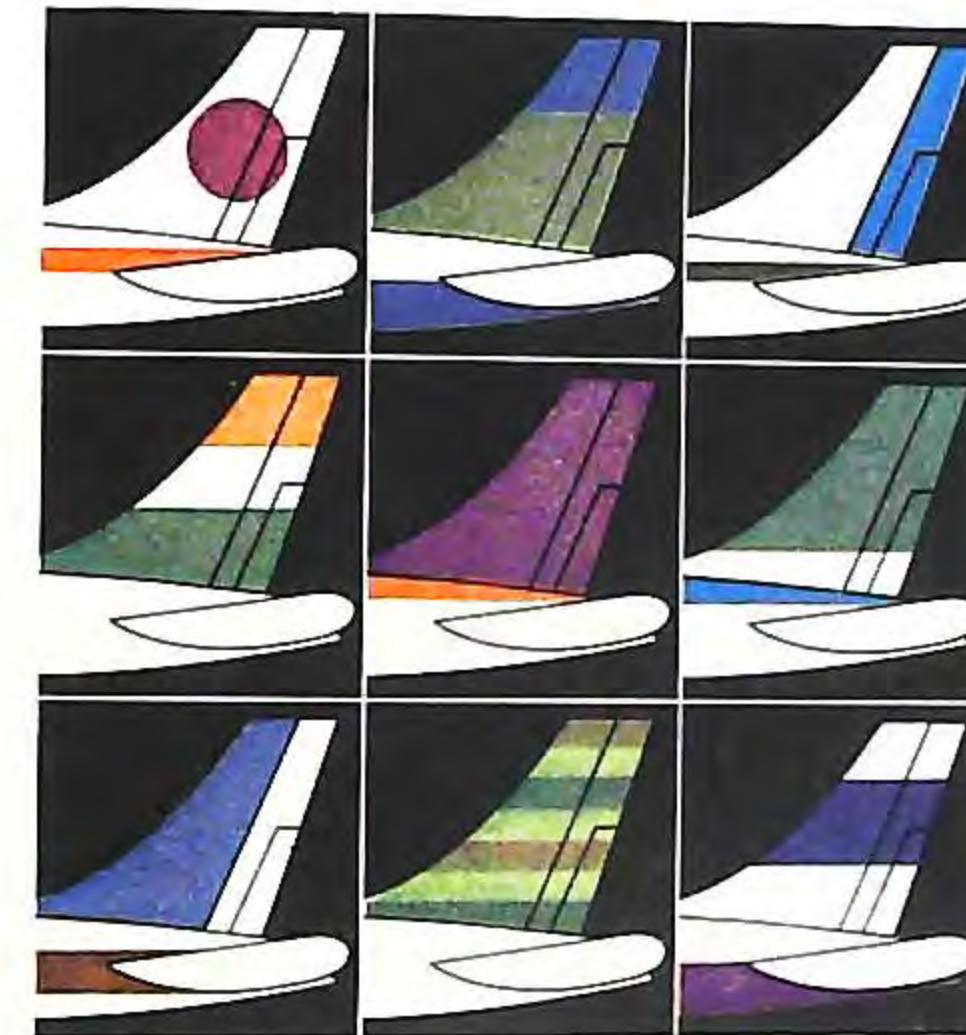
French photographers may be quite as notorious as Italy's *paparazzi*, but they are no less unscrupulous about invading people's privacy. When they are not wading out into the Mediterranean to sneak pictures of Brigitte Bardot semi-nude on her beach, they are risking their necks climbing down the ski slopes of the Alps to get the track of the Aga Khan. In a typical operation they took a picture of a Parisian professor chatting with one of his students in a Left Bank cafe, then used it to illustrate an article attacking "old pigs" who debauch young girls.

The raft of scandal sheets that publish their photos have been hit by numerous lawsuits but seldom have them—awards often amount to no more than a symbolic one franc. Now, however, one newspaper has been ordered to pay \$8,000 in damages to the family of the late actor Gerard Philipe—the largest sum yet awarded for a photographic invasion of privacy by a newspaper.

Last spring, Gerard Philipe's 12-year-old son Olivier was dangerously ill in a Paris hospital when a photographer suddenly broke into his room, started snapping photos while the terrified child hid his head under the sheet.

A few days later a big Paris newspaper, *France Dimanche* (circ. 1,300,000), voted its entire front page to pictures of Olivier and hinted that the boy was dying of leukemia. He was not. His father obtained a court order closing the entire press run of the *France Dimanche* issue; the court tongue-lashed the photographer for his "ventilation" and the newspaper for its "intolerable invasion of the privacy of the Philipe family." Though the \$8,000 in damages will probably make an appreciable dent in *France Dimanche's* pocketbook, it certainly serves notice on the French press of the value of privacy.

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CONTINENTAL The Proud Bird with the Golden Tail



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Jimmy Durante is National Chairman of the 1966 Easter Seal Fund Appeal.

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SHOW BUSINESS

TELEVISION

The Unloved Ones

However else it is in the rest of the entertainment business, in television the show must go off. The average life expectancy of a TV series is less than two seasons, and this month 38 shows, a full 40% of the prime-time programs, will be sent packing.

Senior on the superannuated list is *Ozzie and Harriet*, which has persisted for 13 years. *Perry Mason* will sign off after nine years, *Donna Reed* after eight, and *Hazel* and *The Flintstones* after six. The top-rated *Dick Van Dyke Show* is the only one retiring—after five years—of its own volition. Explains Van Dyke: "We wanted to quit while we were still proud of the show."

Other casualties include the last of the doctors, *Kildare* and *Casey*; both *The Addams Family* and its imitator, *The Munsters*; and three combat comedies, *Mr. Roberts*, *McHale's Navy* and *The Wackiest Ship in the Army*. Four westerns are going thataway: *Branded*, *Shenandoah*, *The Legend of Jesse James* and *The Loner*. *Peyton Place* will run two installments a week instead of three, and its Southern version, *Long Hot Summer*, will be cut off altogether.

Hullabaloo and *Jimmy Dean* will be canceled as well. So will *Sammy Davis*, which recovered from its calamitous early weeks in every respect but ratings (it stood 96th of 104 at last calculation). Similarly, most of ABC's heavily billed "second season" has had it: *Blue Light*, *The Baron*, *Henry Phylfe*. Some of the situation comedies, such as *Gilligan's Island* and *Gomer Pyle*, are apparently too bad to die, but a few of the most mindless, among them *Mona McCluskey* and *The Smothers Brothers*, ran out of gags—just as *My Mother the Car* has mercifully run out of gas.

All this house cleaning should not delude viewers with the notion that better shows are necessarily in store for next season. "The trend and the entire mass appetite," explains CBS Program Chief Mike Dann, "is toward larger-than-life drama. Anything true, about real people and real problems, is out." Thus, the 1966-67 batch of shows will include more situation comedies, more science-fiction shows, more spy and spy-spoof serials—all, in short, about untrue, unreal people.

POP SINGERS

The Biggest Cat

He came on like the aurora borealis. Red, white and blue spotlights played across the stage. The 18-piece orchestra, strung out like a chorus line in electric-purple tuxedos, swayed and preched bloody murder. Girls in pink hotards gyrated madly on a pyramid of fluorescent yellow platforms. The famous Flames danced and cried, "Hup,

hup"; the Fabulous Jewels chanted, "He's so groovy, he's so groovy." And there, right in the middle of it all, was "Mr. Dynamite" himself, James Brown.

"Do you love me, baaby?" he wailed, and from the 15,000 faithful in Manhattan's Madison Square Garden last week came the soulful chorus, "Yeah, baby, yeah." For one frenetic hour, Brown commanded the stage like a one-man riot. Stocky as a fireplug, hair teased into a luxuriant pompadour, he danced, preached, mugged, strutted and sang with a mounting intensity carefully calculated to inflame. Finishing one song, he turned his back and then suddenly spun around, grasped the microphone by the neck and fell to the floor moaning, "Please, please, please!"



BROWN WAILING IN MANHATTAN. Carefully calculated to inflame.

On cue, girl stooges in the first rows led an assault on the stage that was followed by hundreds of screaming fans. Brown flung off his coat, magnanimously tossed his cuff links to the crowd, and was led off draped in a purple cape—only to rush back for another number.

Gutsy Wail. Brown reasons that "to get people to listen to you, you first have to get their attention." He should know. Like other rhythm-and-blues singers, he has been largely unknown in the U.S. outside the Negro community. In Britain, however, Brown and other blues merchants such as Joe Turner, Muddy Waters and John Lee Hooker are the idols after which the big-beat groups from the Beatles on down have fashioned their music. That the U.S. pop-music market so readily adopted the synthetic British translation of a purely American idiom made Brown see red. To promulgate "the real thing," he organized the James Brown Show, a barnstorming caravan of 40 singers, dancers and musi-

cians. The message got through. On the road 340 days last year, he grossed more than \$1,000,000, played to audiences of 11,000 in Los Angeles, 15,000 in Annapolis, Md., 27,000 in Atlanta.

For all his outrageous ways onstage, Brown is a singer in the best blues tradition. Vented in pulsating rhythms, his raspy voice is fired with gospel fervor and a gutsy, lowdown wail. It is "soul music," sung in a Deep South argot and tinged with a melancholy that no white singer can imitate.

Daily Coiffure. Raised in Augusta, Ga., Brown trained to be a boxer before he went on the road to sing gospel-derived songs. Now 34, he has assumed all the trappings of his self-proclaimed role as "the biggest Negro cat in show business right now." He is attended by two hairdressers who give him a daily coiffure, sleeps in a round bed, owns a

DEN MARTIN

fire-engine-red Sting Ray and a brace of Cadillacs. For his show, he writes his own songs, does all the arranging, choreography and costume designing (including his own wardrobe of 150 suits and 80 pairs of shoes).

Freed from the frenzied setting of his stage shows, Brown is heard to best advantage on records. His last two releases sold over 1,000,000 copies each, and on *Billboard's* campus popularity poll he ranks just behind Bob Dylan. His rise in the mass market gives a sign that "race music" is perhaps at last becoming interracial.

ACTORS

The D.O.V.E. from U.N.C.L.E.

As if it wasn't bad enough to have actors running for office, Lyndon Johnson has now discovered that they want to run the war in Viet Nam as well.

"The Hollywood community is very much against it," announced U.N.C.L.E. Star Robert Vaughn on an unsecret

Dow Jones

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U.S. BUSINESS

INVESTIGATIONS

The Spies Who Were Caught Cold

The president of the world's most profitable corporation last week sat as an embarrassed witness before a Senate subcommittee. General Motors President James M. Roche, 59, candidly admitted that his company—without his knowledge—had hired a private eye to peer into the personal life of a young man who had written a book about automotive safety particularly criticizing a G.M. product. Said Roche: "I am not here to excuse, condone or justify in any way. To the extent that General

wrote, "is to check Nader's life and current activities, to determine what makes him tick, such as his real interest in safety, his supporters if any, his politics, his marital status, his friends, his women, boys, etc., drinking, dope, jobs, in fact all facets of his life."

Under the pretense of making a routine "pre-employment investigation" of Nader, Gillen and agents made contact with almost 60 of his friends and relatives, dug persistently into his personal affairs. Nader's parents were Lebanese immigrants; the detectives looked for signs of anti-Semitism. They questioned why a 32-year-old man with adequate

hoping to turn up information about some sort of connection with Nader. All of this understandably led Abe Ribicoff to make the understatement that, "there's too much snooping going on." To Nader the Senator observed, "You can feel pretty proud. They have put you through the mill and they haven't found a damn thing wrong with you."

General Motors President Roche himself ended the six-hour hearings. After consulting with Theodore C. Sorensen, President Kennedy's onetime aide and Roche's blue-ribbon special counsel for the hearing, he returned



NADER



ROCHE & SORENSON

After bungling gumshoes, a lofty apology.



RIBICOFF

Motors bears responsibility, I want to apologize here and now."

The target of G.M.'s sleuthing was Ralph Nader, 32, a Harvard Law School graduate who last year authored a book called *Unsafe at Any Speed*, which devoted a chapter to telling about the dangers of driving a 1960-63 model of Chevrolet's Corvair. Nader charged Corvair with sloppy—and therefore presumably unsafe—engineering in its rear suspension system.

His Life. As of the time that Nader wrote his book, more than 100 lawsuits had been filed against Chevrolet for Corvair's alleged deficiencies (to date, G.M. has won two such suits, lost one, and settled one out of court). Angered by Nader's charges, some General Motors executives decided to counterattack. The corporation retained a Washington law firm, which in turn paid out \$6,700 to hire Vincent Gillen, a onetime FBI agent turned private detective with headquarters in Manhattan. Gillen sent his agents a frank letter about what they were supposed to try to accomplish. "Our job," he

means should still be unmarried. Nader charged, and Gillen denied, that two attempts had been made to put him into compromising positions with lissome girls. Nader said that one girl approached him in a drugstore, invited him for no apparent reason to come to her apartment to talk about foreign relations; a second girl asked him to help move some of her furniture. Nader said that he declined both invitations, but added, "Normally I would have obliged."

And the Senator Too. Gillen's investigation hit a high point last month after Nader agreed to testify before a Senate subcommittee headed by Connecticut Democrat Abraham Ribicoff, which is investigating traffic safety. For a week before the hearings, G.M.'s gumshoes followed Nader all around Washington, trailed him into the Senate Office Building—from which they were evicted by guards who suspected them of being exactly what they were.

As it turned out, complained Ribicoff, they also started looking into the Senator's own private life, presumably

to the witness chair to make a second apology. Said he, in a statement aimed as much at his own underlings as at the Senators or the public: "It will not be our policy in the future to undertake investigation of those who speak or write critically of our products."

That was not enough to satisfy the Senators. The G.M. case, along with other recent instances of industrial espionage, has already upset them to the point where, starting next month, they plan a full-scale investigation into the whole problem.

UTILITIES

Decision on the Snake

In the struggles for power-dam sites along the nation's rivers, publicly owned utilities have long enjoyed substantial advantages over private companies. Exempt from local taxation, able to finance their ventures with low-cost, tax-free bonds, they can offer consumers cheap power—at the general expense of taxpayers everywhere. And the Federal Power Act gives them pre-

erence over private claims to the same water resources.

Last week, in a precedent-setting decision, the U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia struck a major blow in behalf of private power companies. The three-judge court upheld a 1964 Federal Power Commission decision licensing Pacific Northwest Power Co., a consortium of four private power firms, to build a \$257 million, 670-ft-high dam and a generating plant at Mountain Sheep, in the middle reaches of the Snake River astride the Oregon-Idaho border. The court unanimously rejected the challenge of the Washington Public Power Supply System, a group of 16 public utilities, which wanted to erect a comparable dam at Mountain Sheep.

Prior Rights. The victory for private power stemmed from the court's finding that the private combine had first claim to harness that sector of the turbulent Snake by virtue of its 1955 FPC permit to investigate the possibilities of two smaller dams near by. Held the court: it "would be manifestly unfair" to a private company that "has expended large sums over a long period, if a state or municipality could step in and reap the fruit of its labors by obtaining a license merely because of the [Power Act] preference."

The judges simultaneously turned down an Interior Department plea that the site be reserved for federal development and rebuked Secretary Stewart L. Udall for "his long delay" in entering the case. Said the court: "The Secretary of the Interior was more than once specifically invited to participate in the proceedings, but for about two years he did nothing." The court swept aside Udall's contention that the FPC had no right to allow private dams on the Snake because they would affect water flow and power output at nine downstream plants in which the Government has invested \$1.67 billion. That,



NEW HAMPSHIRE LOTTERY BUYERS
Eyed by the envious.

ruled the court, "would mean that the existence of one federal dam in a waterway would require that any future dams therein be federally constructed. There is no such requirement."

Long Struggle. Though the struggle over High Mountain Sheep Dam has already stretched over eleven years, the fight is not over. Washington Public Power announced that it will appeal the ruling. Whoever builds it, High Mountain Sheep Dam will ultimately provide at least 2,000,000 kw. for a six-state region whose power needs are growing at the rate of 15% a year.

TAXES

Winning Ticket

Two things set New Hampshire apart from other states in the way it raises revenue. It is the only state in the U.S. that neither has nor is contemplating a general sales or income tax. It is the only state that does have a legal lottery.

The New Hampshire sweepstakes this month is two years old. In that time, the state has grossed \$10.5 million from the sweeps at \$3 a ticket. After paying off winners (highest individual payment so far: \$100,000) and covering operating expenses, it has distributed \$5,255,000 among local school districts. The lottery has enabled New Hampshire to increase state aid to public education by more than 50%.

Close to 90% of the tickets have been bought by out-of-staters, most of them from neighboring New England states, New York and New Jersey. Seeking to expand that market, the sweepstakes commission has sent an investigator to Europe to explore the possibility of selling tickets there. Meanwhile, other state legislatures are showing interest in having lotteries of their own. New York's legislature has approved one; voters will pass on it in the fall. New Jersey, where Governor Richard Hughes was unable to get an income tax through, is now considering a lottery bill. Vermont,

Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Kentucky, Florida and California have all received either dispatched groups to New Hampshire to study the operation or sent letters of inquiry.

TRANSPORTATION

The Great Boxcar Shortage

The Interstate Commerce Commission, ordinarily a pretty lethargic outfit, loudly cried crisis a couple of weeks ago. There was such a severe shortage of plain railroad boxcars that the I.C.C. felt it necessary to issue emergency orders in an attempt to get products and materials moving again.

In the Midwest, mountains of goods lay aging in elevators for lack of boxcars to move the stuff to market. In the Far West, the area hit by the boxcar shortage, at least lumber mills have had to shut down temporarily because their products were far outdistancing their ability to transport. Similarly, because private plants cannot ship, the price of hard-grade plywood has jumped by more than one-third (from \$62 per sq. ft. to \$86) in two months.

Peculiar Arrangement. U.S. railroads presently own nearly 600,000 boxcars and are retiring 30,000 cars each year. Under the new rules, all lines must lend their boxcars to other companies if the demand is so great that it requires more than the association rules. If the borrowing company wants to keep a boxcar for more than a month, it need only pay a nominal "rental" fee of something less than 10¢.

The Western railroads get the heaviest flow of bulk-product traffic of this arrangement. In the U.S., the heaviest flow of bulk-product traffic

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The view inside Manager Jean Pierre Piquet's sumptuous hotel is just as splendid. There is always a fascinating assortment of celebrities roaming through his marble salons.

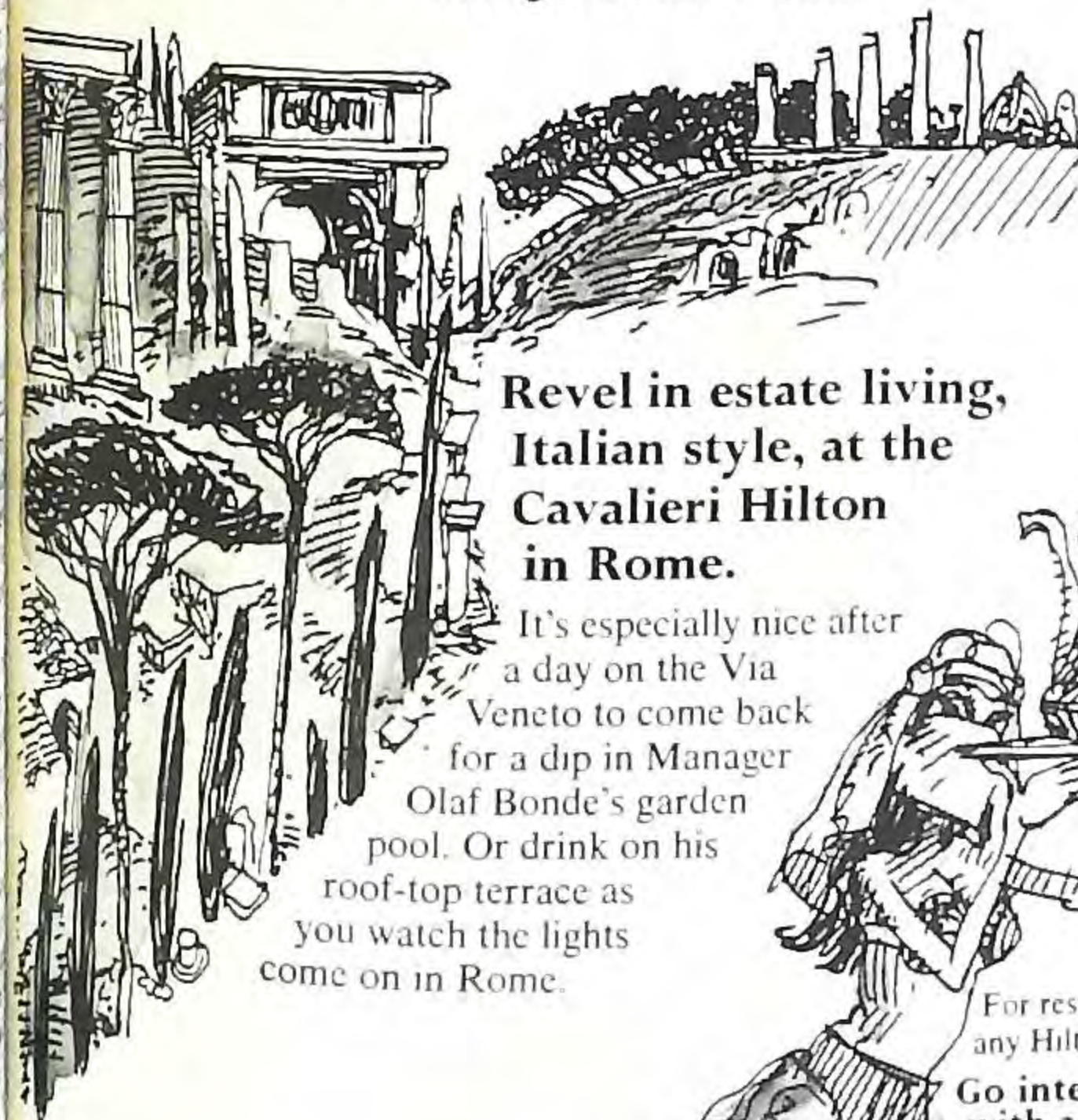


Dance the hora on the shores of the Mediterranean at the Tel Aviv Hilton.

Better yet, let somebody else do it. You just relax and enjoy the view of the sea from your private balcony at Manager Bob Grant's new hotel. (You won't find anything like this on the Jersey shore.)

Revel in estate living, Italian style, at the Cavalieri Hilton in Rome.

It's especially nice after a day on the Via Veneto to come back for a dip in Manager Olaf Bonde's garden pool. Or drink on his roof-top terrace as you watch the lights come on in Rome.



Enjoy coffee as you never did before at the Istanbul Hilton.

You'll have to admit Manager George Desbaillets' waitresses are pretty spectacular. But no more so than the view of the Bosphorus you'll have from the magnificent new roof-top Rotisserie restaurant.



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fic moves from West to East, as Western states ship their grains and other raw materials eastward for finishing. Once a Western-owned boxcar has arrived in, say, New York, an Eastern operator simply takes it over and keeps it—paying that nominal rental fee dictated by the Association of American Railroads. The two lines currently hardest hit by this system are the Great Northern, which owns 22,800 boxcars but now has only about 48% of that number on its own tracks, and the Northern Pacific, which owns 20,000 with 40% out of hand.

Low-Rent Imprimitur. The Interstate Commerce Commission, well aware of the perennial boxcar shortages, has long fought the low-rental rules laid down by the Association of American Railroads' imprimitur. Indeed, a bill giving the ICC greater rate-setting leeway last year passed the Senate, now is stalled in the House. Still undaunted, the ICC ordered that all railroads receiving boxcars from the Great Northern or the Northern Pacific promptly unload them and return them to their corporate owners within 24 hours. If the receiving rail lines ignore this order, the ICC will probably have to go into the courts.

WALL STREET

Learn to Listen

At Bache & Co. Inc., which stands second in size (\$90 million gross) to Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith (\$227 million) among U.S.'s brokerage firms, desks are decorated with a motto of the house: "Learn to listen." The man that Bache's 5,000 employees are expected to listen to most intently is Chairman Harold L. Bache, 71, whose granduncle founded the firm 87 years ago. Last week, after Bache President Adrian C. ("Ace") Israel, 50, suddenly resigned because of "a basic disagreement over corporate policy," Wall Streeters were saying that the real reason was that Israel had found himself forced to listen without ever being able to get a word in edgeways.

Good Job. Along with heading up a family-owned commodities brokerage trading in cocoa, coffee and rubber, Israel joined Bache in 1945. Last year when Bache, following the example of

138 other New York Stock Exchange members, switched from a partnership to a corporation, Israel was picked by Harold Bache to become president. Bache himself became chief executive, but Wall Street predicted that Israel would eventually move into that job.

The job is a good one to hold; Bache's growth rate is even faster than Merrill Lynch's, and the company recently distinguished itself by raising \$270 million to underwrite the Manhattan Fund started by China-born Financier Gerald Tsai Jr. Bache gained new strength by becoming a corporation; most of its 70 partners immediately became vice presidents with correspondingly high salaries plus better tax breaks and such employee benefits as pensions. The corporation no longer has to worry about a principal problem of partnership: substantial sums of money being pulled out suddenly after a partner's death. Bache had to weather such a crisis in 1944, when Jules S. Bache, Harold's uncle and at that time managing partner, died. Bache partners coughed up nearly \$4,500,000 as heirs were paid off. The firm nearly went broke.

The Successor. Unlike partnerships, incorporated firms can also build up reserves of capital that are taxed at a lower rate and can be used to train new employees and set up the complicated electronics system—in Bache's case, to 76 U.S. and 13 overseas cities—that brokerage houses need to flash quotations and service customers. Incorporation also makes it possible to bring along younger executives without tedious diplomatic negotiations among aging partners.

At Bache & Co., however, the new blood will have to sit back and listen. Hardly had Israel's resignation been announced than his successor stepped up. Harold Bache, who has been in the firm for 52 years and maintains that he is "having too much fun to retire," announced that he would henceforth act as president as well as chairman and chief executive.

MANAGEMENT

Mutual Antipathy

While the names of Maxey Jarman and Walter Hoving are hardly household words in the U.S., both men can lay claim to being top merchandisers. And they are now putting on a show making obvious the fact that they have just about as thorough a dislike for each other as exists anywhere in American business.

Jarman, 61, a Baptist deacon and collector of nonobjective painting, built his father's Nashville, Tenn., shoemaking firm into a \$760 million-a-year shoe-and-clothing combine called Genesco Inc. As chairman, he controls some 1,500 retail outlets grouped under 50 firms, including I. Miller, Bonwit Teller, Roger Kent, Henri Bendel. Hoving, 68, stands 6 ft. 2 in. tall and looks every inch what he is: the supremely suave



JARMAN

Ancient enemies, fresh acrimony.

chairman of the grand Fifth Avenue jewelers, Tiffany & Co.

"Pretty Sleepy." It used to be Hoving worked under Jarman for Genesco, and headed both Bonwit Teller and the then Genesco-owned Tiffany. The two men developed a strong antipathy, and in 1958 Jarman reportedly noted that Hoving was four years short of Genesco's mandatory retirement age, suggested that he start thinking about grooming a successor. Hoving sat tight until 1960, when Jarman finally kicked him out of Genesco. The following year, Hoving got control of Tiffany as head of a syndicate that bought the jewelers from Jarman.

The latest outburst of the Jarman-Hoving feud came last week, and concerned control of Julius Garfinckel & Co., which runs not only the Department of Columbia's highest quality fashion store, but also, as a subsidiary, Manhattan's famed Brooks Brothers. For at least six years, Hoving has tried to take over Garfinckel & Co. Jarman recently made a tender offer of \$43.50 per share for 575,000 of Garfinckel's 1,075,000 outstanding shares. At a press conference, Jarman said Garfinckel's was a "pretty sleepy" company, which had neglected its opportunities. "We hope to add some life," he said. He admitted that Brooks Brothers was doing all right but could use some expansion.

"Dubious Claims." Garfinckel's management filed an antitrust suit in Federal Court in Washington, charging that a Genesco takeover would suppress retail shops in New York, Washington and other cities. Garfinckel's asked for treble damages for the \$500,000 claimed it had already lost in business and property value because of Jarman's takeover efforts.

Hoving eagerly jumped to battle his old foe. At his own expense, he wrote to fellow Garfinckel stockholders, saying that he did not think Jarman's business methods were commendable and urging everyone to refute Jarman's "dubious claims." Garfinckel's Speaking for Jarman, Hoving was on vacation in Nassau, Bahamas. President Ben H. Willingham reported that Hoving was conducting a "personal vendetta" against Jarman.

TIME, APRIL 1



HOVING

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ISRAEL



BACHE

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TRADE

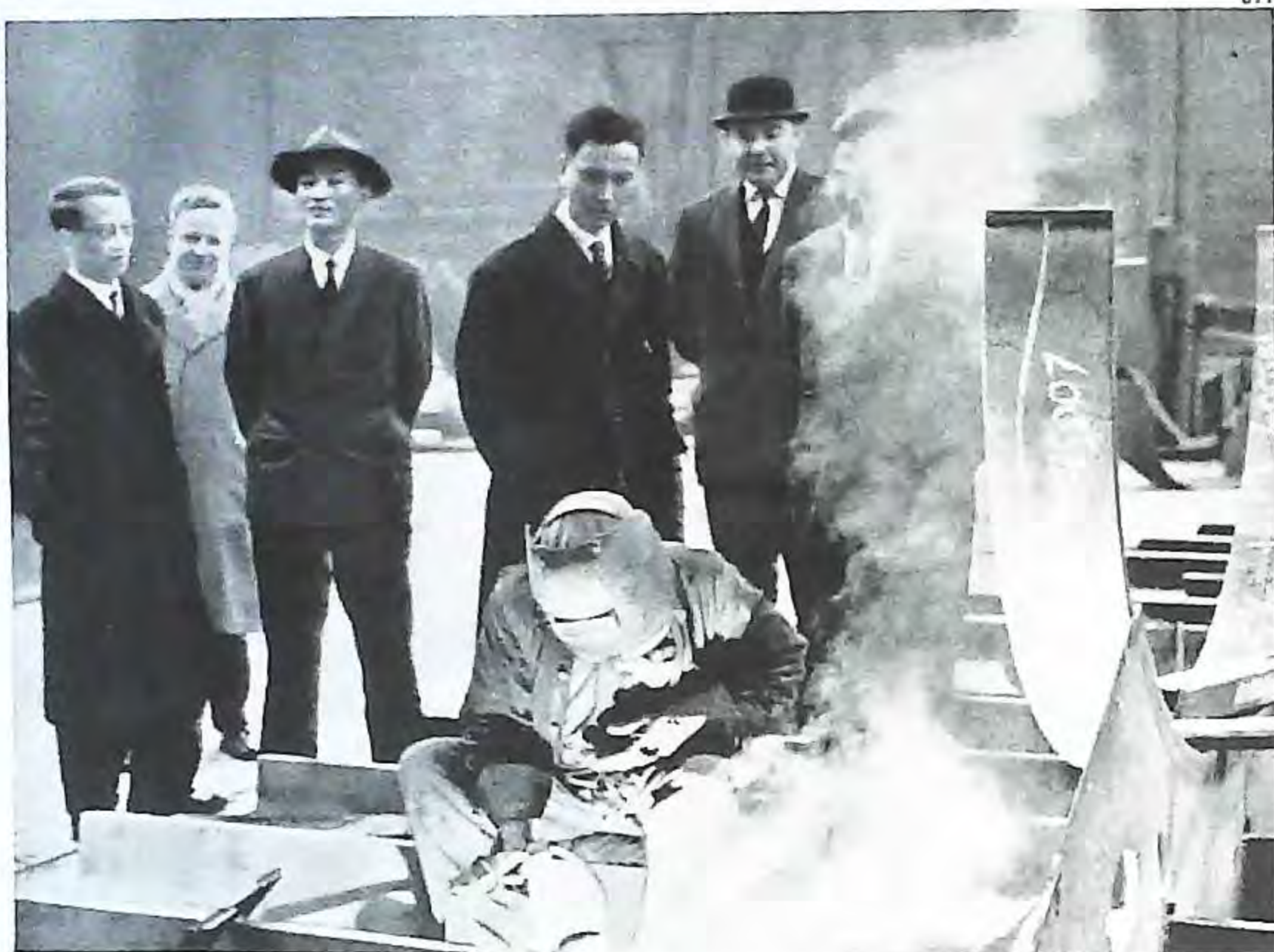
Busy Boats to China

One day last November, nine men wearing identical wide-brim hats and ankle-length overcoats, and carrying identical canvas bags, stepped off a plane in Düsseldorf and settled into a hotel in Duisburg in the industrial Ruhr. They were members of a Chinese Communist delegation come to negotiate the purchase of a steel plant from Demag, A.G., West Germany's biggest producer of steelmaking equipment. The Chinese worked with impressive togetherness. When, in the midst of negotiating sessions, one indicated that he had to go to the bathroom, all nine

\$622.8 million in 1965. Britain is building or has contracted to build four major plants in China to produce fertilizers, plastics and synthetic fibers. Two 15,000-ton cargo liners are being built for the Chinese in a Scottish shipyard. The French are building a chemical plant in China, have launched two freighters to be delivered to the Chinese, may also build a passenger ship and a truck-assembly plant. The Italians are selling steel and machinery, fertilizer components and marine engines to the Chinese, while Sweden has found a new market for its mining and food-processing equipment.

China is recovering from the mess left by the Great Leap Forward and

UPI



RED CHINESE WATCHING HULL WELDING IN SCOTLAND
Heads spun, and credit swelled.

went. Turning down social invitations from their German hosts, the Chinese returned to their hotel each evening, gathered in a single room, and turned the radio up full-volume, presumably to frustrate eavesdroppers, as they discussed their day's work.

Ships & Factories. "We talked and talked for seven weeks, and toward the end our heads were spinning," says one of the German negotiators, "but it was worth it." With the West German government guaranteeing credits of \$87.5 million, Demag is now the major partner in a consortium, also involving French and Belgian firms, that is confident it will wrap up a \$150 million contract to build a steel-rolling mill for Red China. It will be the biggest deal yet in the rush among America's allies to open up the Chinese market.

Western Europe has increased its trade with Red China from a total of \$321.6 million in 1962 to an estimated

the natural disasters of 1959-61 and is clearing up the debts remaining from its break-up with Russia. China has increased its trade with the West 44% in three years and earns \$400 million annually as a basic supplier for Hong Kong. The Chinese pay for their imports, usually in hard cash, by selling what grows naturally: human hair for wigs, camel's hair for coats, pig bristles, soybeans and other vegetables, as well as pig iron and metal ores.

The Sponge. The rush to do business with China dismays Washington, which has maintained a total embargo on Peking trade since the Korean War—and has tried with diminishing success to persuade its allies to do the same. The nations of Western Europe have agreed not to sell the Chinese any "strategic" goods, but opinions vary considerably about just what trade there should be. It would appear obvious that steel is highly strategic. The Ger-

mans argue that they are not merely providing the Chinese with steel, but that China would produce anyway. Congressional reaction to the man steel deal was irate. "It's outrageous," said Virginia Democratic Senator Harry F. Byrd Jr. "Why can't the State Department raise its voice to reflect American disapproval of a deal that can endanger American jobs? Last week the State Department indeed raised its voice. Secretary of State Dean Rusk publicly criticized the pending agreement, and U.S. diplomats in many were instructed to make their U.S. feelings. But it was unlikely any of this would stop Western Europeans, who see China as a potential market despite the evidence of its ability to pay is limited. 'This country,' says Demag Export Manager Alfred Schulz, 'is like a dry sponge for all kinds of merchandise.'

ASIA

The Fallout

Whatever their leaders may say, the political vein about the U.S. in Viet Nam, the non-Communist countries of Asia are catching a heavy economic fallout from American involvement in the fighting there. The need for bases, manpower and money is affecting economies all around the rim of the battle area. South Korea expects trade with Viet Nam to drop from \$16 million last year to \$5 million this year. Taiwan's dealings with Viet Nam, which totaled \$40 million last year and represented 9% of its exports, may reach \$55 million this year. Hong Kong has doubled its U.S. business from \$1,650,000 to \$3,300,000 in a year. And most of the trade is underwritten by the U.S.

Sandbags & Gravel. The U.S. Defense Department, which uses gravel as its major offshore supply, has troops in Viet Nam has an inventory there of \$250 million in military ware, but nevertheless it must spend another \$15 million this year for supplies that will be too long to come all the way from Stateside. Factories in Japan are producing hundreds of thousands of combat boots with thick rubber soles and steel toe caps to protect soldiers from both booby traps and the Viet Nam's 750,000 uniforms. The Japanese are also producing nylon sandbags, which are used in fabricated buildings. Taiwan is negotiating with the U.S. to supply shells and machine gun bullets. The Philippines are making a big sale of the U.S. Army's M-16 rifle to avoid panic when they encounter

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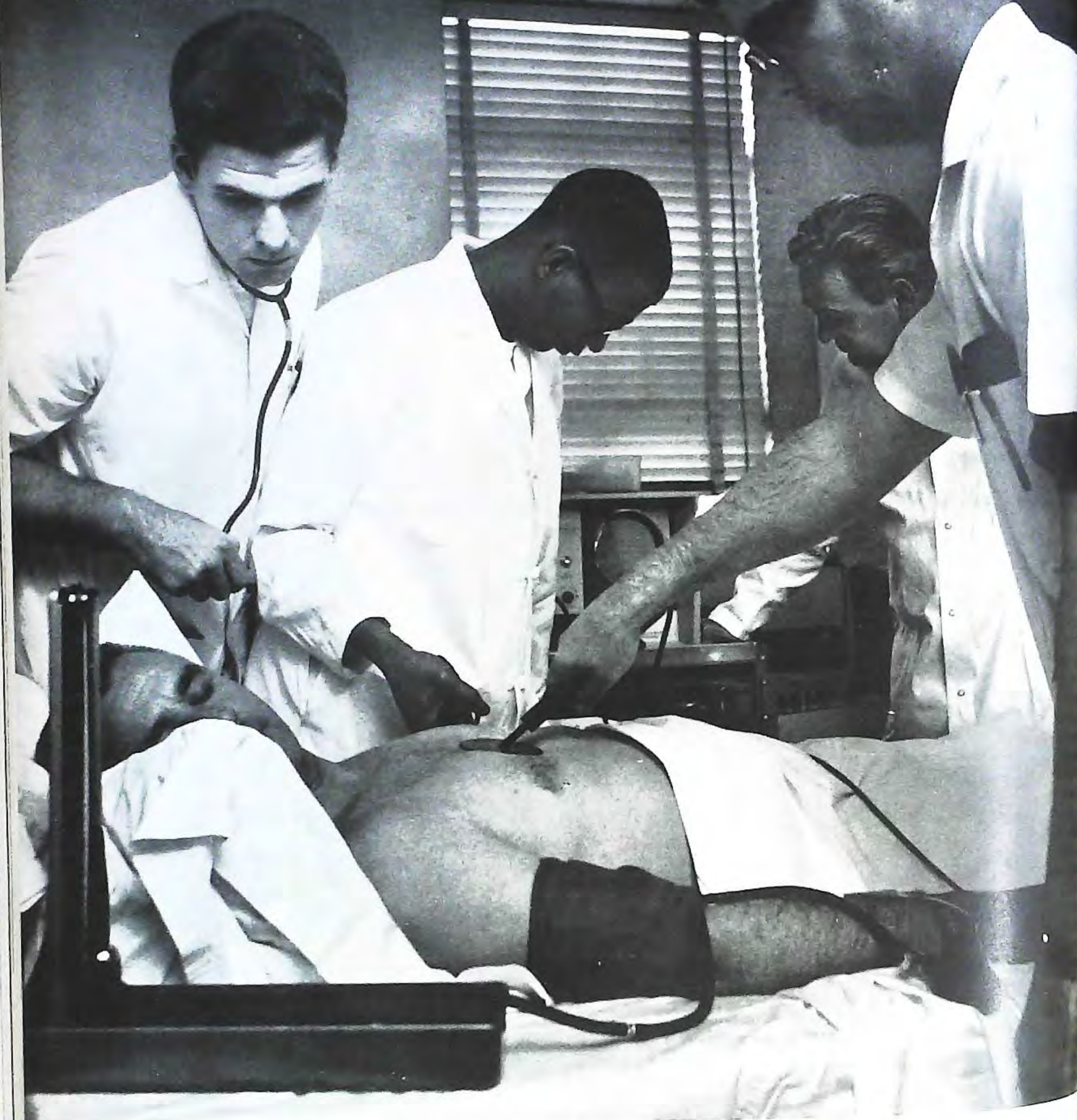
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COMBAT-BOOT MAKING IN SEOUL

And a brisk business in venomless snakes.

really poisonous serpents in Viet Nam.

The havoc of bombs and battle in Viet Nam has also made a market for other supplies. South Viet Nam, in spite of the war, still exports rice to both India and Japan. In return, India has sold irrigation pumps and sugar-mill machinery, while in other Asian countries factories are busy sewing pajamas for Vietnamese war refugees. A Korean construction firm recently won a \$5,000,000 contract to dredge five Vietnamese harbors. Taiwan is contracting to ship \$2,000,000 worth of two different kinds of gravel, one to be used in building runways and the other a special variety that is used in water-filtration plants. Carrying the goods has meant cargoes for small ships that ply the area, since most large freighters arriving in the far Pacific are already jammed with matériel for Viet Nam.

Cameras & Chickens. The war's effect on employment has been significant. South Korea, along with 45,000 fighting men, is dispatching to Viet Nam 3,000 civilian plumbers, carpenters, welders and crane operators who will work for U.S. companies and earn ten times what they would have at home. As a result, 12,000 applicants turned up when the jobs were advertised. In Japan, the Yokosuka naval shipyard is jammed with U.S. Navy repair orders, and work is being let out to civilian yards. Both Taiwanese and Japanese plants are repairing U.S. and Vietnamese planes. On Okinawa, because of the supply depot, 1,000 civilian jobs have opened up, and there is a sudden demand for domestic servants for U.S. families.

Much of the fallout is totally unparlike Japanese firms since last fall have supplied 50,000 cameras as well as tape recorders and transistor radios

to U.S. post exchanges in Viet Nam; Japanese entrepreneurs are gathering in money by renting out civilian clothes at \$2.50 a day to U.S. servicemen on furlough in Japan. Other U.S. military personnel on leave last year spent \$14 million in Hong Kong. Philippine farmers have a new income from providing vegetables, meat, chickens and eggs to U.S. military hospitals there, where U.S. wounded are treated. Southeast Asians are also looking at new possibilities in the U.S. itself. Because American textile companies are busy with military orders, Hong Kong textile makers last year increased their sales to the U.S. by 44%. And Japanese machine tool-makers, who at this time last year were selling \$200,000 worth of lathes, borers, grinders and millers a month in the U.S., are currently selling five times that much because U.S. competitors are backlogged with orders.

FRANCE

Hello, Dollar!

Considering Charles de Gaulle's loudly clarified contempt for most things American, the French are becoming increasingly considerate of at least one U.S. product: the Yankee dollar.

As recently as 1962, 140 U.S. corporations made their first capital investments in France. Then De Gaulle's government, describing the American companies as "monsters" trying to turn France into an economic slaveling, put on restrictions deliberately aimed at discouraging U.S. investment in France. Last year only 30 U.S. firms cared to penetrate De Gaulle's wall. Because of French obstacles, General Motors put a new, 5,000-job auto-assembly plant in Antwerp instead of Alsace. Phillips Petroleum shifted a proposed polyethylene factory from Bordeaux to Belgium. Ford is about to build a new production complex a few miles across the French border in West Germany; from there it can sell into France almost as well as if it were inside the country, thanks to the Common Market's dissolving tariff barriers.

Renewed Welcome. For all his chauvinism, De Gaulle could hardly watch calmly while all those Yankee dollars went to other countries. Last January, when former Premier Michel Debré took over the Economics Ministry, the word was passed that France once again would welcome American investment. Thus Chicago-based Motorola has just won official permission to build a multi-million-dollar plant at Toulouse to make transistors, diodes and integrated circuits. International Telephone & Telegraph Corp. recently received approval for a semiconductor factory at Colmar, and the French subsidiary of Caterpillar got authority in mid-March to double the size of its Grenoble tractor factory. Though the French still consider some industries off limits for foreign capital—among them, defense, steel, chemicals and some types of electronics—the Min-

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Chimbote, Peru



**Chimbote, Peru
two years after
the Peace Corps**

The Peace Corps doesn't work miracles. Don't expect any. The work is hard, the hours long—but the progress is slow. Two years later not much has changed in Chimbote—on the outside.

Inside, a lot has changed.

A child learned the alphabet and pretty soon will know how to use it.

A soccer team was organized to ease some of the monotony, the soul crushing monotony of poverty. And they're winning.

A health clinic was started. Maybe it won't solve all the medical problems of Chimbote, but at least it's a start.

These aren't miracles—only a start. And for the Peace Corps Volunteers that follow, the job of easing this community into the twentieth century might be a little easier. These are things the picture can't show. If you think you can take on a job where progress is never too obvious, put yourself in the picture.

Write: The Peace Corps, Washington, D.C. 20525.



istry of Economics and Finance so far this year has not turned away a single U.S. firm that is seeking to invest or expand in France.

U.S. companies, of course, are learning how to flavor their deals more to the French taste. Motorola, for instance, will build in a depressed area where the government has a hard time persuading its own industry to go. Of the plant's 500 workers, 20% will do technological research, in which France lags. Half their output is to be exported.

Reverse Chauvinism. On the other side of the coin, no special restrictions stand in the way of direct French invest-

ment in U.S. firms, which now are close to \$200 million, plus at least a billion worth of stock-and-bond offerings. State-controlled Compagnie pétrolière des Pétroles, the ninth largest company in the world, has just bought one-third of Leonard Refineries, a Michigan-based independent oil company with 800 retail outlets and 1,000 miles of pipeline, as an entering wedge into the rich U.S. market. Petroles is the game with some reverse chauvinism based on its European brand name. Total: its Delaware subsidiary, which bought into Leonard, is called Total American.

MILESTONES

Born. To Pierre Salinger, 40, President Kennedy's press secretary and later five-month interim U.S. Senator from California, now a \$70,000-a-year vice president of Continental Airlines; and Nicole Salinger, 27, his French-born third wife, a journalist who won him in a campaign interview: their first child, a son (he has three children by his first wife); in Los Angeles.

Married. G. McMurtrie Godley, 48, U.S. Ambassador to the Congo, a longtime (25-year) career diplomat who served in the Congo for more than three years through the country's bloody birth pangs; and Mrs. Elizabeth McCray Johnson, 34, his private secretary; both for the second time; in Leopoldville.

Died. John Harlin, 31, a onetime dress designer for Dior and Balmain and an Air Force polar survival expert who became a noted Alpinist and the first American to conquer two of the most dreaded Alps, the Matterhorn and the Eiger, via their treacherous north faces, opened a school in Switzerland specializing in *direttissima*, an innovation that ignores the traditional zigging and zagging around danger spots for a damn-the-obstacles, straight-up climb to the top; as a result of a 3,000-ft. fall during the first *direttissima* attempt on the Eiger, successfully completed by the rest of the team three days after he became the mountain's 29th victim; in Kleine Scheidegg, Switzerland.

Died. Virginia Hill, 49, redheaded, free-spending playmate of the underworld, who first gained notoriety in 1947 when Boy Friend Bugsy Siegel, Murder Inc.'s West Coast representative, was executed, gangland-style, in her Beverly Hills living room, and who later acted out a cameo role before the late Senator Estes Kefauver's Senate crime committee, playing dumb about the business dealings of her many racketeer friends but boggling Senators with her full-grown curves and succinct explanation of just why men would lavish money on a hospitable girl from Bessemer, Ala.; apparently by her own

hand (barbiturates), near Salt Lake City, Utah, where she fled with her instructor husband, Hans Haegele, in 1951 to escape tax evasion charges.

Died. Mary L. McCarran, 59, daughter of the late U.S. Senator Patrick McCarran, who spent 32 years as a nun, driven to despair as her politically influential father constantly meddled in her cloistered life—winning her a Ph.D. and helping her stretch her Ph.D. vows by sending his limousine around to pick her up at the U.S. Capitol—until his death in 1954; after which she left the order to care for her mother and ailing sister, later came a successful stockbroker, a book author and a college humanities teacher; of cancer, in Bethesda, Md.

Died. Pierre J. Huss, 63, long-time Hearst byliner who catalogued the Reich from Hitler's early rise to the final justice of Nuremberg, at first reporting, one month after the fall of Poland and seven months before the blitzkrieg through Belgium and the Netherlands, that Germany had to wage a war of offense; he was scooping fellow newsmen on the Eva Braun suicide pact and became one of the best spotters of Communist subterfuge during a 20-year stint at the U.N.

Died. J. Anthony Smythe, 80, a life bachelor who was a father in three decades of radio listeners and three decades of radio listeners on the radio, patriarch of the *One Family*, over which he presided for 30 years (until the program went off the air in 1959) with a mellifluous voice and an air of kindly concern about trials of his growing family, a responsive chord with millions of who faced the Depression, the Kinsey Report, even the Kinsey Report's pattern of hearing Father Barbour's paternalistic sights; of a heart attack; in Los Angeles.

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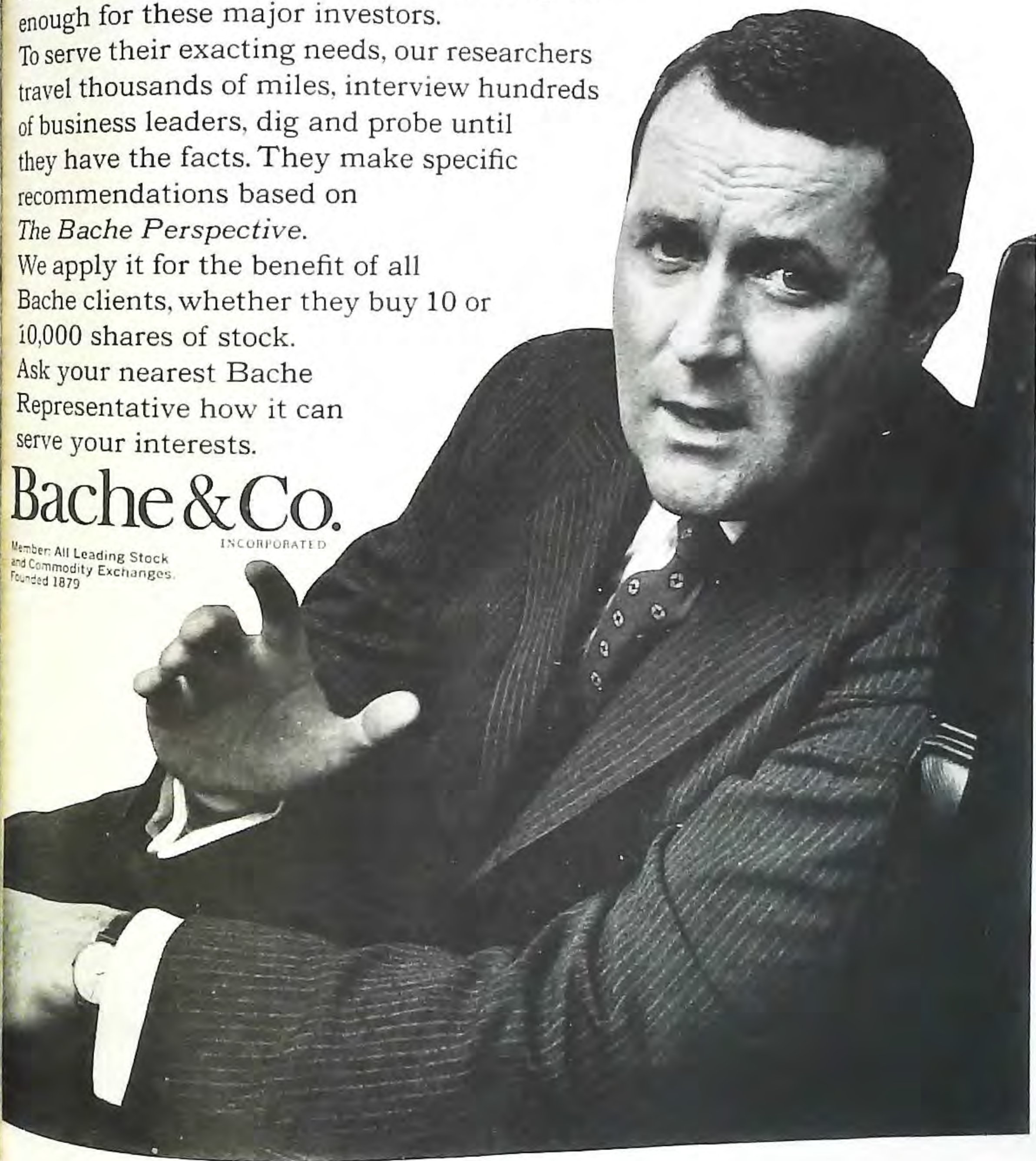
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SPACE

The Lessons of Gemini 8

The plight of Gemini 8 seemed desperate enough while it tumbled out of control on its high orbit. Last week, when the perils of that wild ride were reviewed at a Houston press conference, Astronauts Neil Armstrong and David Scott seemed to have come even closer to disaster. Their firsthand account, and further interpretation of telemetered data, supplied frightening new details about Gemini's troubles; to make the danger even more dramatic, there were the remarkable color snapshots and motion pictures brought back to earth by the astronauts.

Shot by a camera through the spacecraft's window, the movie films first



ASTRONAUT ALAN SHEPARD (LEFT) DEBRIEFING ARMSTRONG
A dizzying and unexpected vision.

showed the Agena target vehicle sailing serenely through space (see opposite page) as the Gemini maneuvered carefully around it in a masterly exhibition of spacecraft control. Pictures of the docking process (see succeeding pages) reflected Gemini's cautious approach and clearly showed the green lights on the Agena's instrument panel signaling that all was well. Despite their silence, the pictures seemed to give the sound of a solid, satisfactory thump as the two vehicles mated firmly in space.

Then came the first dizzying and unexpected vision of the earth below, seeming to spin, and the sudden, explosive separation of the two spaceships. Finally, as the freed Gemini began to roll faster and faster, the camera recorded the alternating brightness of reflected sunlight and the darkness of outer space sweeping in accelerating flashes across the craft's nose until the film ran out.

A Futile Attempt. The vivid pictures were more than a record of near disaster; they were a testament to the skill and resourcefulness of the astronauts and the value of NASA's intense train-

ing program, which taught them not only to master the complexities of a properly operating Gemini spacecraft, but to expect—and to cope with—the unexpected.

When the Gemini capsule is operating properly, its attitude in orbit can be changed by firing strategically placed thrusters that can roll the vehicle, yaw its nose to one side or the other, or pitch it up or down. Once thrusters have been fired to change the orientation of the craft, however, other thrusters—pushing in the opposite direction—must be fired to stop the motion at the desired point. In the absence of an atmosphere to slow it down by friction, the spacecraft would continue any attitude-changing maneuver indefinitely unless reverse thrust were available to stop it.

It was while Gemini 8 was docked with the Agena that the joined vehicles suddenly began to tumble as if some attitude-control thrusters had gone amuck. Since the Gemini's thrusters were turned off and the Agena's could be seen firing, Armstrong assumed that it was the Agena controls that were at fault. After cutting off the Agena thrusters, he struggled for 10 minutes to bring the joined ships under control. Then he undocked, still unaware that the real trouble was a short circuit in Gemini's electronic control system that had caused its No. 8 thruster to begin firing intermittently. The Agena's thrusters—stronger than Gemini's—had been firing automatically in a futile attempt to stabilize the two orbiting spacecraft.

Once cut loose from the Agena's stabilizing thrusters, the Gemini immediately increased its roll rate under the continuing push of No. 8, which now had even more effect because it was no longer turning the combined mass of the two ships, only the Gemini itself.

Re-Entry Endangered. As the roll rate increased to a terrifying one revolution per second, Armstrong realized that Gemini was at fault; he quickly threw circuit breakers that cut off the flow of fuel and oxidizer to all of the attitude thrusters, including No. 8. The roll—with no friction or counterfiring thruster to stop it—continued undiminished. It was at this point that Armstrong resorted to the independent re-entry rocket system to bring Gemini back under control. Once the vital re-entry control fuel had been tapped, however, Gemini's ability to make a successful re-entry was endangered and it was necessary to return to earth as quickly as possible.

Had Gemini been within range of a tracking station when trouble began, ground controllers could have imme-

diately diagnosed the problem and told Armstrong how to solve it. But the spaceship was in a dead zone between stations, and in all its maze of instruments, none was designed to register when thrusters were firing. Though a short circuit might have required termination of the mission anyway, on-board instrumentation would have enabled Armstrong to bring Gemini under control much more quickly.

Coriolis & Nystagmus. As it was according to NASA's Dr. Charles B. Coriolis and Scott began to experience two conditions brought on by their rapid rotation: 1) the Coriolis effect, a complete loss of orientation caused by the effects of rotation on the inner ear, and 2) nystagmus, an involuntary rhythmic motion of the eyes. Had either or both those effects come severe enough, the two astronauts would have been unable to see or operate their controls. They might have perished.

The malfunction might have been even more serious had it occurred while Scott was taking his scheduled walk in space. Some experts believe that had he side the spacecraft Scott would have quickly spotted the firing thruster and warned Armstrong in time for him to shut off its propellant. Others are convinced that the rolling Gemini would have whirled Scott around in space at the end of his 75-ft. tether, eventually slamming him against the spacecraft, probably causing fatal injuries.

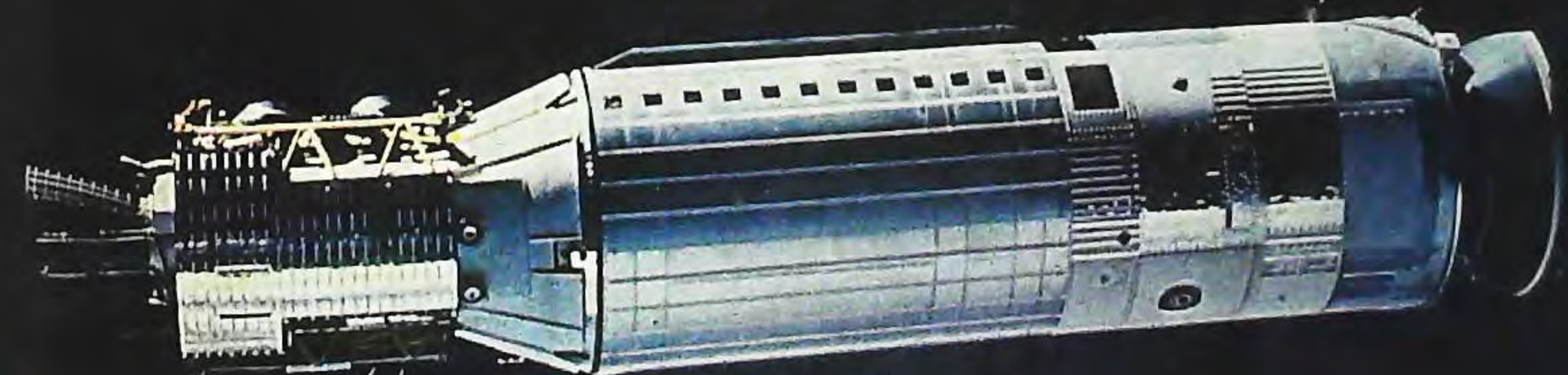
Shaken by the near tragedy, NASA determined to put its lessons to good use on the remaining four Gemini flights. NASA officials last week continued to sift telemetry data to pinpoint the cause of Gemini 8's short circuit. They indicated they will probably include new attitude thruster instrumentation on future flights. And as if to demonstrate confidence that the U.S. space program will continue on schedule, they named Space Veterans Virgil G. Grissom and Edward White and Rookie Charles F. Chaffee as crew members on the three-man U.S. space mission to earth-orbiting flight late this year—the Apollo moonship.

ASTRONOMY

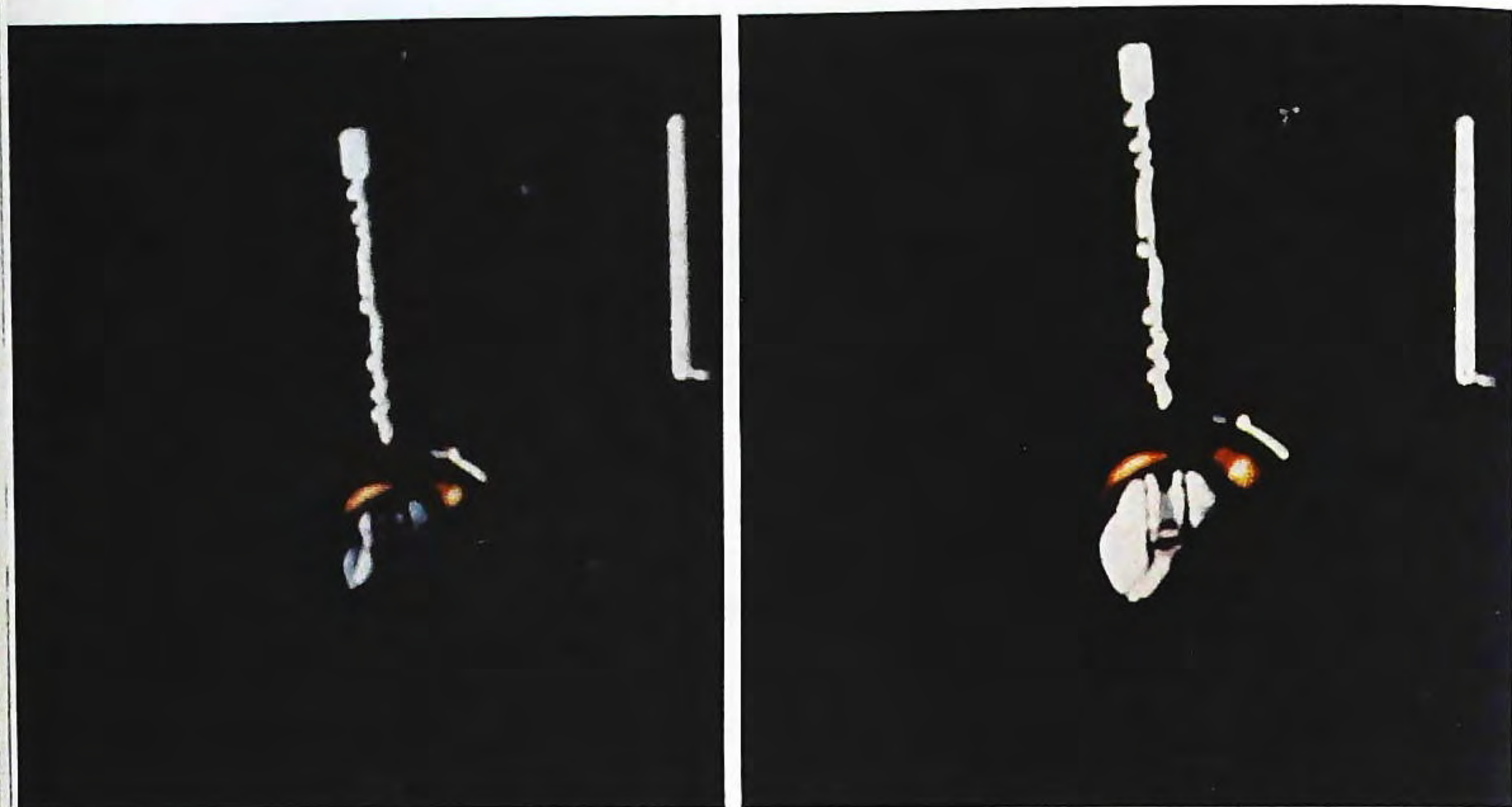
Are Quasars the Products Of Peculiar Galaxies?

By now, much of the scientific community accepts the theory that the most distant objects ever observed (TIME cover, 11). But challenges remain. For example, Halton Arp of the University of California at Los Angeles and his colleagues, Wilson and Palomar observatory, believe that quasars are ejected from odd-looking galaxies, by cosmological standards. Arp worked out his model

GEMINI 8'S TROUBLED TRIUMPH



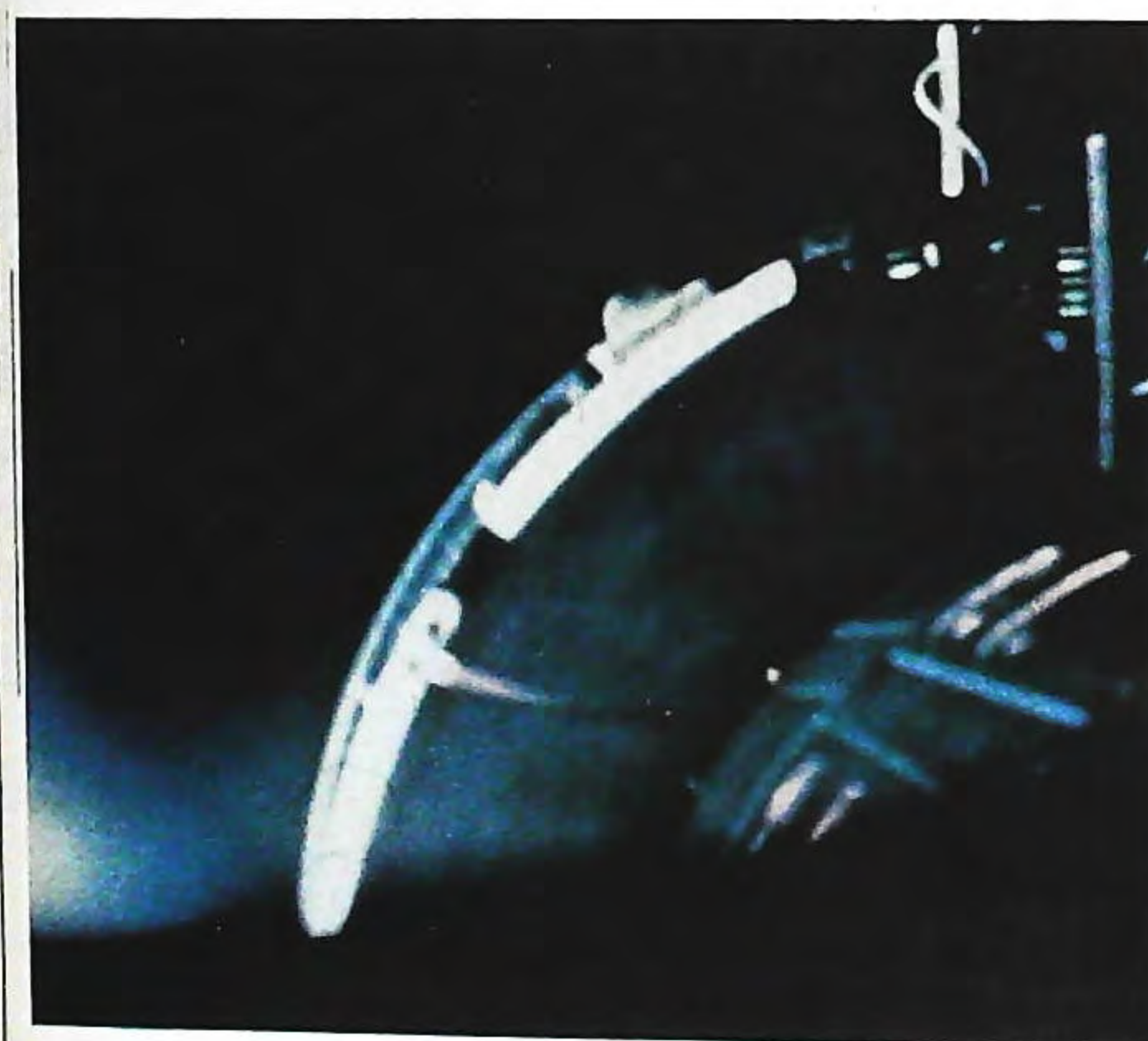
Sun-bathed Agena spacecraft floats above the earth as Gemini 8 maneuvers before docking. Target antenna shines on its 8-ft. staff above the docking cone at right.



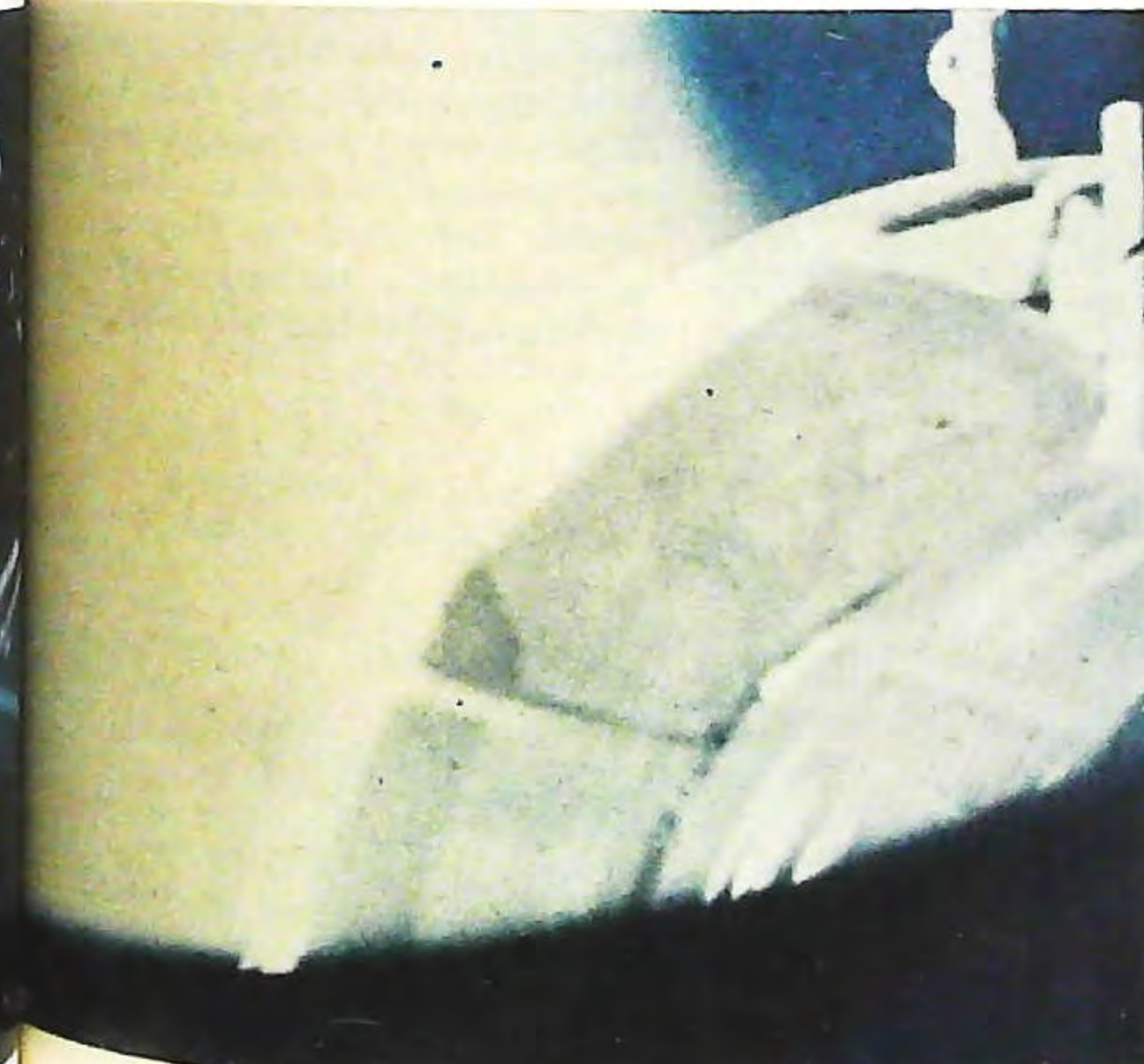
In darkness, Gemini's spotlight illuminates its own aiming spot (right) and Agena's target antenna. Closing in, Gemini's nose blots out more and more of the interior of Agena's docking ring.



until only the antenna and Agena's panel of green docking-readiness lights are visible. As link-up is accomplished, Gemini spotlight is turned off, leaving only green panel lights glowing.



Locked together, the red-lined nose of Gemini and the larger nose of Agena begin to tumble because of malfunction of Gemini attitude control system. They dip toward the sunlit earth, keep turning until astronauts



realizing gravity of situation, activate controls that separate the two vehicles. At moment of separation (right), Gemini's roll rate increases rapidly as the spacecraft move away from each other.



An 18-frame strip of movie film, in the middle, gives an astronaut's eye view of one complete revolution as Gemini tumbles faster and faster. From top left, Gemini's nose is seen swinging into the spotlight, becoming increasingly bright then swinging out again. This revolution took three seconds; later, spinning faster, the spacecraft will make a revolution in one second.



CHALLENGER ARP

From an atlas, coincidence in the sky.

after compiling an atlas of the "peculiar galaxies" that appear to have been distorted by cataclysmic explosions. Many of these distorted galaxies, he noted, were located at just about the midpoint of a line joining a pair of nearby radio sources. Most of these sources are radio galaxies, but eight have been identified as quasars. Furthermore, filaments of matter from several of the peculiar central galaxies appear to extend out in the direction of the radio sources.

Unknown Cause. It is more than coincidence, says Arp in an article in *Science*, that so many of the quasars and radio galaxies appear to lie so close to the peculiar galaxies in the sky. The explanation, he believes, is that they were formed from great masses of matter expelled from exploding central galaxies between 10 million and one billion years ago. If they were formed in this manner, he concludes, they must still be relatively close to their parent galaxies, which are located only 30 million to 300 million light-years from the earth. They would not have reached the cosmological distances suggested by Schmidt.

Arp acknowledges that light from the quasars shows a substantially greater red shift than light from the galaxies that he thinks gave them birth. But he is not bothered by the problem; unlike most astronomers he does not believe that the red shift is caused by the speed with which quasars are receding from the earth—a speed that would indicate they are billions of light-years away. Instead, says Arp, the red shift could be caused by an immense quasar gravitational field, by the high velocity of material falling toward the center of quasars that are suffering catastrophic collapse, or by "some as yet unknown cause."

Back to the Drawing Board. Such speculations have caused a stir among astronomers, who are impressed by Arp's statistics. But many are equally

impressed by his failure to account for the energy needed to expel quasars and radio galaxies from his collection of "peculiar galaxies." And most point out that he has offered only informed guesses, no scientific evidence that the red shift of quasar light is caused by anything other than their speed of recession. "If Arp is right," says one astronomer, "we have to abandon most of our work of the past 30 years, drop the general theory of relativity and go back to our drawing boards"—something few of Arp's colleagues are yet ready to do.

SEISMOLOGY

Instant Earthquake

Since April 1962, no less than 700 mild earthquakes have been recorded in the area around Denver. The tremors have done practically no damage, but in a part of the country that knew no quakes at all for 80 years before the current flurry, Denver's citizens were understandably concerned. What was causing the trouble? Would the quakes get worse?

Not until last November, though, did anyone offer reasonable answers. Then Consulting Geologist David Evans suggested that the quakes under the suddenly shaky Colorado terrain could be traced to a deep well at the nearby Rocky Mountain Arsenal. Military and civilian experts scoffed, but Evans backed up his theory with impressive evidence.

Probable Relation. To dispose safely of contaminated water containing the waste products of a deadly nerve gas and other products manufactured at the arsenal, the Army had sunk a 12,045-ft. shaft and pumped down the first 4,000,000 gallons of waste water in March 1962. The quakes began the next month; they have been rattling the area ever since at a rate that has varied with the amount of waste water disposed of in the well. Between April and September of 1965, for example, when the Army pumped 5,800,000 gallons per month into the earth, an average of 44 quakes per month was recorded. From October 1963 to September 1964, when no contaminated water was put down the well, the quakes fell off to only five per month. Even more convincing, the rough data that Evans had collected placed the epicenters (surface points above the earthquake centers) of all of the recorded quakes within five miles of the arsenal's deep shaft.

To Evans, at least, the answer was obvious. When water was pumped deep into the Pre-Cambrian rock around the bottom of the well, he said, it lubricated the surfaces of vertical fractures, allowing the rock faces to slide against each other, causing recurring tremors. The theory sounded good enough for Colorado Congressman Roy McVicker, who called for a full-scale scientific investigation. Beginning in December, the U.S. Geological Survey and four Colorado

colleges and universities set up seismographs on the arsenal grounds; they recorded quakes while Army technicians systematically reduced both the volume and pressure of waste water entering the well, finally shutting it off completely on Feb. 20.

The results of the study seemed to strengthen Evans' argument, though other geologists feel that the cause must be something more than mere lubrication of the fracture surfaces. Both the frequency and intensity of quakes diminished dramatically as less water was pumped down the well. Furthermore, the study established that the epicenters of the quakes were located within only a mile of the well and the quake centers themselves were at 12,000 ft.—close to the bottom of the suspect well, where an earth fault was also found. The Colorado earthquakes and the Army's disposal of waste water, said the Geological Survey, "probably are related."

Large Dreams. To establish that conclusion beyond a doubt, the Army is allocating \$150,000 for a further geological study. The Colorado School of Mines last week received a \$98,000 federal grant, and will shortly get another \$122,000 from the Colorado legislature for its own investigation of the phenomenon.

Although he acknowledges that he is "dreaming a little," Geologist Evans is already looking to a practical application of his discovery. By periodically injecting fluids deep into potentially dangerous fault zones, he suggests, scientists may well be able to trigger minor earthquakes. These mild tremors might gradually and safely ease the stresses that build up along the fault, and prevent the sudden release of accumulated energy that results in disastrous earthquakes.



GEOLOGIST EVANS

From a well, tremors in Denver.

UNIVERSITIES

Toward Urban Excellence

Too many city universities, says New York University's President James Hester, are either service schools that accept all comers or aloof and selective schools that seem to wish they were in small college towns. In his four years as head man, hard-driving Hester, 41, has moved N.Y.U. toward his own vision of "an unbeatable campus for young intellectuals who bring their hearts to the cities" and revel in urban culture.

Hester has raised admission standards, tuition and faculty pay, has lured such a cosmopolitan student body to



N.Y.U.'S HESTER

Pursuing a vision of unbeatability.

the Manhattan and Bronx campuses of the nation's largest private university that half of its 41,000 enrollment now comes from outside of the city, nearly 10,000 from outside of the state. Determined to make N.Y.U. "a resident university rather than a commuter university," Hester now has 1,600 staff members and 5,000 students living near the main campus in Greenwich Village. For additional faculty and student residences, two towering apartment buildings by Architect I. M. Pei are nearly finished (a third will be a commercial co-op). N.Y.U. is more than halfway through a \$100 million fund drive, has hired Architects Philip Johnson and Richard Foster to unify the Village campus by face lifting old buildings and designing new ones.

This week N.Y.U. passed the pivotal point in its drive toward urban-centered excellence. Hester announced that one of the school's trustees, Elmer H. Bobst, 81, has donated \$6,000,000 to complete the financing of a new \$20 million library to be built, providing city boards approve, on a plot bordering Washington Square.

N.Y.U. claims that the twelve-story library, designed by Johnson, will have more seating space than any other U.S. library—4,800 chairs, including 1,300 at group tables, 450 at individual tables, and 1,800 in one-man carrels. It will also have 2,000,000 books available in open stacks, more than any other library. The Johnson design includes a dramatic inner atrium open from floor to skylights, affording cross-court views of gridded staircases, two-story reading rooms, and what Hester terms "a library in action."

Donor Bobst, a onetime drug clerk who had only one year of college but rose to be board chairman of Warner-Lambert Pharmaceutical Co., finds the fuss over his gift "a little embarrassing." A lifetime library lover, he gave the money, he says, because of "my great faith in self-acquired education by reading." N.Y.U.'s Hester lustily applauds such faith in reading—and in the future of the urban university.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS

Potent Pictures

Cinema, that still most magic medium—portable, cheap, displayable in any place at any hour, infinitely capable of recording knowledge, vastly surpassing TV in screen size, picture quality and color—theoretically ought to be a universal teaching tool. Currently, four U.S. schools are saturating themselves in film in an attempt to make the ideal a reality.

Film has not been shunned because it is scarce. Some 250 companies have churned out 28,000 educational films—a rich, if spotty, lode of material largely unworked by U.S. teachers. The trouble with films, says Dr. Wayne Howell, director of educational development for Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, Inc., has been their "impossible logistics." Teachers have had to request films far in advance from distant distribution centers, use them upon arrival even if their class was not ready, ship them back immediately. Heavy, complex projectors have had to be hauled from storage, set up in the classrooms, operated skillfully. Films have been "an intrusion in the classroom rather than a help," says Howell.

Smash Success. To beat the logistics problem and find out just how effective film can be when teachers can integrate it naturally into their instruction, E.B.F. and Bell & Howell Co. have sent \$650,600 worth of films and new, automatic-threading sound projectors to schools in wealthy Shaker Heights, Ohio, a slum area of Washington, D.C., suburban Daly City, Calif., and rural Terrell, Texas. Researchers from Ohio State University are evaluating the three- to four-year experiment under a grant from the U.S. Office of Education. Although the researchers'

verdicts are months away, teachers and students already consider Project Discovery a smash success.

In Shaker Heights, each of Mercer School's 28 classrooms has a 16-inch projector and a screen in a room which often pulls down in front of a room's television receiver. The floor film center contains 600 catalogued movies and 1,100 films (movie film to be projected one frame at a time, like slides).

Messing with Creation. Mercer teachers are free to use the movies any way they see fit; the fifth grade's Blanche Brack says film producers have been "horrified" at the way teachers have been "messing about with creation." She prefers to show segments of many films, repeatedly, pinning the action to quiz the kids.



PROJECT DISCOVERY CLASSROOM IN CATHOLIC
Making the ideal real

what they just saw, what they saw next. She had her pupils draw their own narration to a filmstrip on "Causes of the Revolution" to read the high-school level commentary came with it. Her high-grade colleague Eleanor Cohen, normally turns off the sound tracks, delivers her own explanations, repeats film segments at the speed of the teacher's progress. She finds this liberating to the five-year program, considers "too much of a dictator."

Kindergarten Teacher Irene Johnson asks her children about spring, murmured answers about tulips, flowers, finds that the kids are vivid and exciting. She shows them a film showing a caterpillar spinning a cocoon, a splendid monarch butterfly emerging, leaves through space, a caterpillar movie, also speeded up, showing a splendid monarch butterfly emerging, leaves through space, a caterpillar movie, also speeded up, showing a splendid monarch butterfly emerging, leaves through space.

Mercer School's bright students average IQ is 118) join the fun after school to view films.

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**w
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From TIME publisher's letter: "The five W's and the H—Who, What, Where, When, Why and How—make up a time-honored formula for the contents of a good news story. In the crush of reporting the news every hour on the hour, or every day by the day, one—and perhaps the most important one—of the W's is often slighted. Each week TIME gives intense attention to that one—the Why."



own. They have also been permitted to take projectors and films home on weekends, leading entire families—neighborhoods—to turn off *Guns* and watch movies on the operation of jet aircraft, modern life of Eskimos, human anatomy, basic principles of electricity. Despite all the accent on viewing, students are not bored when they turn to books. The films arouse children's interests, say the teachers, and broaden their vocabulary. Circulation in the school's 12,000-volume library has grown steadily since Project Discovery started.

Sensory Impact. Enthusiasm is just as high at Washington's all-Negro Scott Montgomery School, where three-fourths of the students' families earn less than \$3,000 a year, and half have only one parent at home. The films, says Negro Principal Nathaniel Dixon, let the school "take these children to places where they have never been—to distant lands, to the outer limits of space, to the world beneath the sea, to farm factories." He finds that "the sensory impact of motion, sound and color stimulates slow learners. Besides, the first-graders are proud that even they can operate the projectors, and Fourth Grade Teacher Irvin Gordy says the films also eliminate discipline problems, which usually arise "because students are uninterested—and discipline is controlled, teaching and learning are easy."

Project Discovery teachers generally like the variety of films available, though they would prefer more about films, each on a narrowly specific topic and more biographical films. Teachers at Scott Montgomery would like to see more films that do not portray "middle-class suburban America," would now cost other schools about \$1 per pupil per year to duplicate the project's facilities, but this cost will decrease as demand increases. Despite the advantages, no one expects films to become more than just another of a teacher's many tools. The teacher, says E.B.F.'s Howell, "must always remain in control—and remain indispensable."

STUDENTS

How to Keep 2-S

Some 1,750,000 college men and women last week took the Selective Service System on their coveted 2-S and Director Lewis B. Hershey said it sound easy. If a standard college qualification test offered by Selective Service in June, undergraduates 100. If they shun the tests, the top half of the sophomores in the top third of the seniors must secure all of the full-time senior class.



How to keep a forest from becoming a neon jungle

America's wild and beautiful lands are going fast. Each newly born baby has one-quarter acre less of such land to enjoy than the baby born a moment before.

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can be done, and you can help do it—even though you are not a conservation specialist.

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CINEMA

A Case for Treatment

Morgan! This wildly offbeat black comedy from Britain, adapted by Scenarist David Mercer from his own BBC television play, tells how an unmanageable, eccentric young painter is destroyed by his love for his mother, Karl Marx, King Kong, and a sleek London socialite named Leonie. Leonie is Morgan's wife, but she has just divorced him. His idea of wooing her back is to put a skeleton in her bed or to wire her boudoir with shattering hi-fi sound effects, hoping that her lover and husband-to-be may die of fright. He steals Leonie's car, nearly blows her mother to smithereens, finally has the poor girl kidnaped. After doing penance in jail, he turns up again at her dressy wedding reception in a monkey suit of real fur, beating his chest and uttering wild animal cries. Then—

Well, at moments, *Morgan!* goes so far apace that a viewer may wince a little, but Director Karel Reisz (Saturday

DAVID GAHR



REDGRAVE & WARNER IN "MORGAN!"
A marriage to achieve insecurity.

Night and Sunday Morning) quells resistance by assigning the mad-capital antics to two gifted young British actors, David Warner (London's hottest new Hamlet) and Vanessa Redgrave (daughter of Sir Michael). Playing their first important film roles, both manage to make a pair of tricky characters seem hilarious and poignant.

Warner, as Morgan, catches every kink and twitch of a natural misfit who can only sense progress when he is swimming against the stream. In his world of fantasy, he is brutal, primitive. To the world at large, he looks rather more like an adolescent giraffe perpetually swallowing the lump in his throat. The real world gains on him when, armed with several lethal weapons, he confronts his rival, "a greasy art dealer," and hoarsely croaks. "She married me to achieve insecurity—you can't take that away from her!" The point is almost proved by Vanessa's tantalizing ambivalence as Leonie, a tawny young Mod who half wants a life of

Establishment order but hates to give up the explosive surprises provided by Morgan. "You'll have to fight him," she giddily tells her fiancé, "and the winner will drag me off and have me."

Director Reisz sustains the free-flowing tone with cinematic stunt work. He freezes the action, speeds it up, reveals the texture of Morgan's fancies by inserting film clips of Tarzan and of the original King Kong roaring approval at Fay Wray. The film's funniest scenes, though, are the earthy encounters between Morgan and his dear Ma (Irene Handl), a dotty old Red square who refuses to destalinize and can't imagine what her late husband would have thought, seeing their son a class traitor among all those Mayfair types. "He wanted to shoot the royal family," she fusses, "and put everyone who had been to public school in a chain gang. He was an idealist, your Dad was." Most of the sane characters in *Morgan!* are a little daft as well, the better to plug the movie's thesis that mental health nowadays may be a mixed blessing.

Old Wave Manhunt

Harper. As a gum-chewing gumshoe named Harper, Paul Newman stirs awake, forces open his burnt-out baby-blue eyes, and begins to assess the odds against his peace of mind. His Los Angeles office is a rat's nest where the private eye sometimes holes up to sleep. The TV sits humming dumbly through a test pattern that testifies to a restless night. From a wastebasket Harper retrieves some sodden coffee grounds in a filter, brews and glumly drinks a stale, disgusting cupful. Moments later, he roars along the freeway in a rattletrap sports car that has one door and fender bumped out and prime-coated—this man has been in a few scrapes before.

Thus, with not a word spoken, Newman's game, rank and destination are established beyond doubt. He is hell-bent for Bogart country, that raw, rich *Big Sleep* milieu; and this Warner Brothers revival of a grand old tradition gets him there in style. Based on Ross Macdonald's *The Moving Target*, and accelerated at a slick '60s pace by Director Jack Smight, *Harper* gives Newman his feistiest role since *Hud*. Newman responds sharply as a cool and clean-cut Bogeyman who never drinks hard stuff in the morning, never chases broads except for business purposes. His wife, Janet Leigh, loves him, hates his job, wants to slow him down just long enough to settle her suit for divorce.

Harper goes hunting instead, and his first stop is at an Alhambra-sized mansion ruled from a wheelchair by Lauren Bacall, the wife or widow of a kidnaped millionaire. Right at home here, lynx-eyed Lauren lets her voice burn like a laser into Scenarist William Goldman's polished-steel dialogue. "I only want to outlive him, I want to see him in his



NEWMAN & WINTERS IN "HARPER"
A cool, clean-cut Bogeyman.

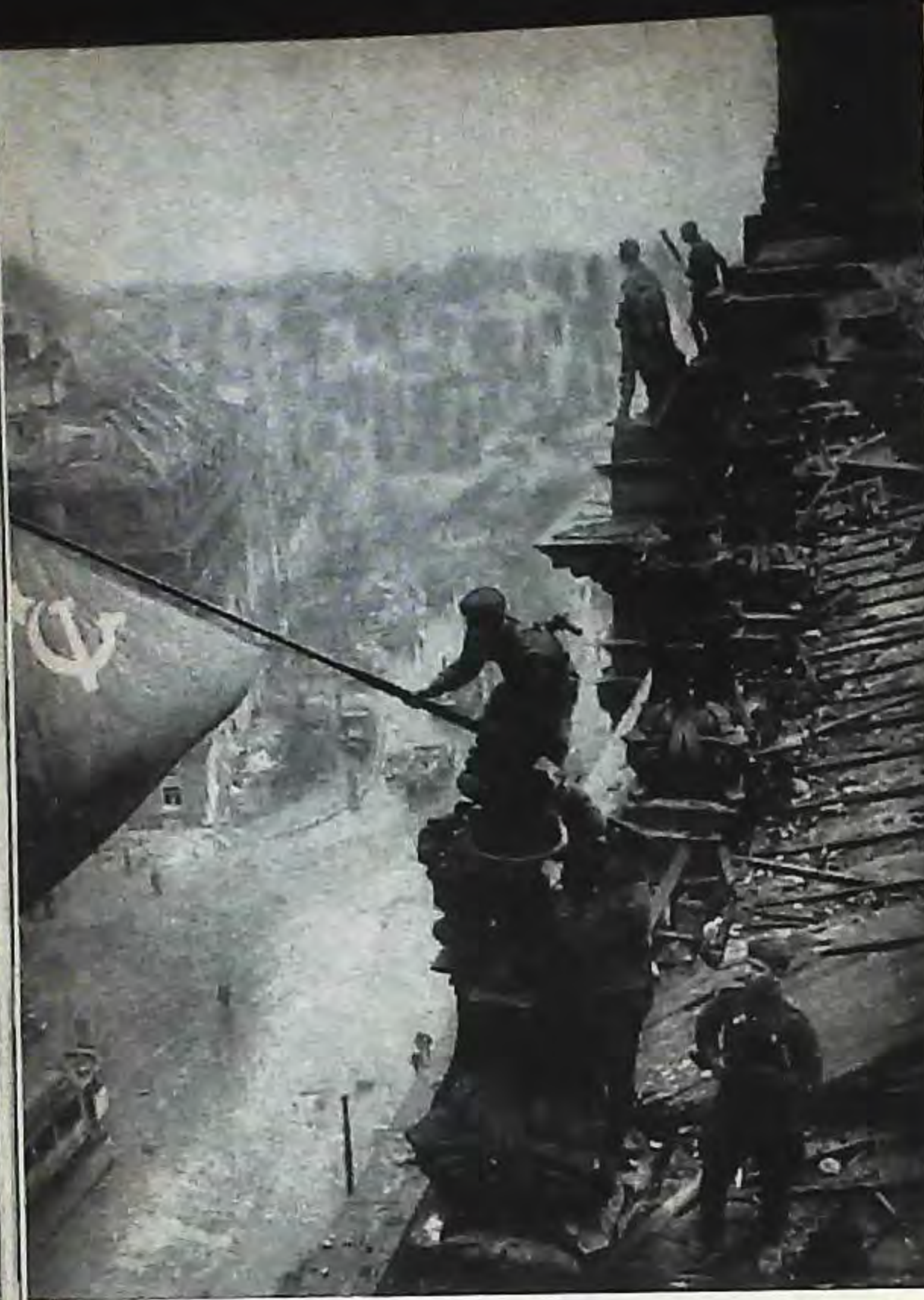
grave," she says. "People in love will say anything," answers Harper.

While solving the kidnaping, he flushes a few other rare loony birds from the scented foliage of Southern California. All are played with just the right sort of strutting assurance. Mindless beauty is embodied by Pamela Tiffin as the victim's turned-on daughter and by Robert Wagner as a glamour-boy private pilot, both up to their pearly ears in self-parody. Arthur Hill adds knowing touches as the lovesick family lawyer, who hopes to bridge the years between himself and Pamela with the help of isometric exercises. Strikingly cast are Julie Harris as a gin-mill songbird hooked on drugs, and Shelley Winters as a tubby former starlet whose sidelines include smuggling Mexican migratory workers into the U.S.

Hired killers, bagmen, juvenile cops, mysterious servants and religious nuts tumble over one another in *Harper*, and the convoluted plot demands an audience's unwavering attention. By combining flamboyant suspense with a sun-baked slice of life and lots of good mean fun, Director Smight makes every clue a pleasure to follow.

New Wave Felony

Band of Outsiders, another backward-looking venture into crime, is a prank by France's prolific Jean-Luc Godard (*Breathless*), a wayward but talented wonder who fills the gap between his more inspired movies by sketching out such trifles as *Outsiders*. Heroine Anna Karina plays a wistful student who meets two ne'er-do-wells and helps them plan the robbery of her aunt's chateau. They bungle the job, but meanwhile abandon themselves to a couple of amusing Godardian escapades—taking over a café with an impudent little dance of alienation, romping through the Louvre in about nine minutes to beat the record set by a busy American tourist. The rest is pretty random stuff, discomfiting evidence that Godard's blazing love affair with the art of film sometimes resembles nothing so much as a schoolboy's crush.



RED TROOPS PLANTING VICTORY FLAG ON REICHSTAG
A fortress only in fevered imagination.

The Final Agony

THE LAST BATTLE by Cornelius Ryan.
571 pages. Simon and Schuster. \$7.50.

Everyone who saw him still remembers how calm Soviet Marshal Georgi K. Zhukov appeared. In a hillside bunker overlooking the Küstrin bridgehead, less than 38 miles from the stricken city, he rested both elbows on the concrete ledge and took a last look into the pre-dawn darkness through his field glasses. Finally, he glanced at his watch and allowed a few more seconds to tick by before he said, "Now, comrades. Now."

Three red signal flares soared upward, bathing the Oder River in a garish crimson. Seconds later, 140 huge anti-aircraft searchlights and the lights of hundreds of tanks, trucks and other vehicles flashed on and illuminated the German lines brighter than a midday sun. Then three green flares soared into the heavens, and more than 20,000 guns of all calibers erupted with an earsplitting, earth-shaking roar. The German countryside beyond the Küstrin bridgehead seemed to explode. Entire villages disintegrated. Earth, concrete, steel, bits of trees spewed into the air. The concussion from the thundering guns was so tremendous that troops and equipment alike shook uncontrollably. A hot wind suddenly sprang up and howled through the forests, bending saplings and whipping dust and debris into the air.

This mighty bombardment, never before equaled on the eastern front, began at precisely 4 a.m., Monday, April 16, 1945. History records it as the beginning

BOOKS



AUTHOR CORNELIUS RYAN

of the battle for Berlin, the final assault against the capital of Hitler's Reich. As this thoroughly researched and often exciting book makes clear, Berlin was a fortress only in Hitler's fevered imagination. Incredibly, there was no plan to

protect Berlin against attack, no defenses worth mentioning, and very few troops.

Run on Poison. Berlin had become virtually a city without men. Out of a civilian population of about 2,700,000—less than two-thirds of what it had been when the war began—roughly 2,000,000 were women. Small wonder that the fear of sexual attack raced through the city like a plague. Nazi propaganda had long painted Soviet troops as slant-eyed Mongols who butchered women and children on sight, raped nuns and burned clergymen to death with flamethrowers. As a result, doctors were besieged by patients seeking information about the quickest way to commit suicide, and poison was in great demand.

After the first Soviet troops fought their way into the city, however, the terrified populace began to relax somewhat. The soldiers sometimes seized watches and jewelry, and they dealt ruthlessly with any kind of resistance, but in general they ignored civilians. One fighting unit, bivouacking in Schwarze Grund Park, shared food and candy with neighborhood children. Other soldiers took it as a great joke when they saw how their presence petrified some Berliners. Still, more than a little prophetic was the comment of a polite young Soviet lieutenant who told a Roman Catholic mother superior: "These are good, disciplined and decent soldiers. But I must tell you. The men who are following us, the ones coming up behind, are pigs."

And so they were, writes Ryan. The later waves of Soviet soldiers went wild.

Rape, plunder and suicide became commonplace. Soldiers entered the Dahlem, an orphanage, maternity hospital and foundling home, and repeatedly raped pregnant women and those who had recently given birth. All told, the number of rape victims in Berlin—ranging from women of 70 to little girls of ten—will never be known, although Ryan reports estimates from doctors that run from 20,000 to 100,000.

Stalin's Scheme. Before the Soviet troops entered the city, most Berliners had been sustained by the hope that the Americans and British would not allow the city to fall into Russian hands; under daily attack by U.S. and British bombers, they still spoke of the Americans and British as liberators rather than conquerors. Ryan's account of the incredible blunders and political maneuvers that destroyed the hope is one of the most engrossing portions of the book.

Whatever the catastrophic political results, Ryan argues that Eisenhower made an eminently sound military decision when he ordered back the advancing units of the U.S. Ninth Army and refused to consider Berlin a worthwhile military objective. That is an argument that is still debatable. What cannot be disputed is the Allies' great mistake in accepting Stalin's word that he also considered Berlin to have no strategic importance. Actually, Stalin always considered the city a prime prize. Through interviews with surviving Soviet military people, Ryan provides a fresh account of how Stalin called his marshals to Moscow and craftily hatched his scheme for the massive offensive to snatch Berlin before the Allies did.

Britain's Plan. Ryan also draws on long-forgotten documents to demolish the notion that Franklin Roosevelt drew up the zones of occupation for Germany. Actually, the plan was British. F.D.R. was first shown the occupation plans in 1943, when he was aboard the U.S.S. *Iowa* on his way to the Cairo and Teheran conferences. He was both irritated and troubled, says Ryan, because the British plan, called Operation Paperwork, placed the U.S. zone in the southern German provinces. "We should go as far as Berlin," Roosevelt said. "The U.S. should have Berlin. The Soviets can take the territory to the east."

Roosevelt even drew the zones favored on a *National Geographic* map, placing Berlin on the boundary line between the U.S. and Soviet zones. He held stubbornly to his position throughout the war, but his wishes were never made known or they went unheeded. At Yalta, when the Big Three formally accepted the British plan, Roosevelt was too ill and dispirited to continue the fight. No one protested that provisions had not been made for Anglo-American access to ruined Berlin. Stalin would complain, either.

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REYNOLDS PRICE
A rambling hunt for a rabid dog.

Echoing Epics

A GENEROUS MAN by Reynolds Price.
275 pages. Atheneum. \$4.95

"Milo, son?" Emma Mustian spoke from the foot of the steps for the third time that morning, still not raising her voice, trusting her natural power to wake him. But it had not and did not. It was Saturday, no school and Milo was dreaming, and because he so rarely dreamed—waking or sleeping—he clung to it now, her his dream, like money smuggled into his head, chest, hips and abandoned there, sudden and perilous."

Milo is a 15-year-old North Carolina farm boy who has only the night before experienced his first baffling encounter with sex. He is also the central figure in this stunningly perceptive, crisply humorous novel. In his first book *A Long and Happy Life*, Reynolds Price told the amusing tale of Milo's gangly pretty sister, Rosacoke, who resorted to motherhood to win her laggard suitor. This novel takes the Mustian family back a dozen years or so. It is more richly textured, more artfully woven than *A Long and Happy Life*, subtly fabricating a world of startling and compelling beauty. The book is "a Southern novel" in the sense that the *Odyssey* is "a Greek poem." Its coiled, compact style and solid substance establish Author Price, 33, as a prose poet of epicurean sensibility.

Python & Enchantress. Price's story tells of a rambling, weekend hunt for a rabid dog that has bolted into the pine-woods, for the dog's dim-witted, devoted master, Milo's brother, who has bolted too, and for an 18-ft., 280-lb. python named Death that has escaped from the county fairgrounds and is the slithering ravenous reason for their flight. Milo himself would rather pursue his affair, begun two days before, with the 16-year-old daughter of the python's proprietress, but family fealty prevails over private pleasure. With the town's aging sheriff, he rounds up a dozen rustic

CHARLES COOPER

volunteers and marches off to the chase. Along the way, he gets disastrously drunk on a double swig of corn liquor, staggers off to get sober, and winds up delightedly in bed with the impotent sheriff's mildly demented young wife. Eventually, dazedly, he makes his way to the searchers' rendezvous. There, in a disused outhouse the python plops down to crush him—and inadvertently knocks from the eaves a shoe box containing 10,000 long-abandoned dollars. The hunt completed, the python slams the door, and Milo discovers that there is more life than the gift of genital joy.

He discovers, in fact, that he is capable of giving himself. "I'm named Milo, the old Greek wrestler," he says. "He used to wrestle in the Olympic games and always won." What Mustian wins is maturity, and it is Author Price's achievement to have written not only a rollicking pastoral pastiche play but a myth that echoes epic. During his dubious hunt, Milo wrestles with most of the classic foes met by man in search of selfhood: deceiving spirits, an enchantress, narcissism, and the soul's ultimate enemy, death itself. If the treasure he discovers is not his to keep, the lesson Milo elects to learn is fine. "The worst thing of all is not paying your debts—and paying in time you got to give people what they need in time, not years too late when they're famished and fell."

Mirrors & Shields. Author Price's earthy, playful dialogue accompanied like counterpoint the searching silence in which people who scarcely know themselves are revealed in a moment's gesture. Readers may find that some of Price's people talk too much. The fault is forgivable. Through their hurt and humorous self-revelations, the author reaches backward in time and down ward into desires to disclose the shadows where truth lies camouflaged. His sense of place is unerring. It absorbs the reader into a world of tangy-sweet pine-woods checkered in sunlight.

Price, who teaches Creative Writing at Duke University, is now at work on a third novel. His aim, he says, is the making of stories that transmute the lethal disorder of experience into a formed but honest and useful public object—mirrors, microscopes, telescopes but also shields. *A Generous Man* exceeds impressively.

Leaves of Grass

SELECTED POEMS by Gunter Grass, translated by Michael Hamburger. 63 pages. Christopher Middleton. \$3.95. court, Brace & World.

Gunter Grass looks like a slightly sinister Santa Claus and comes loaded with gifts. Renowned as Germany's most powerful postwar novelist (*The Drum, Dog Years*), this husky son of Danzig grocer is also a playwright (*Wicked Cooks*), a sometime novelist (for West Berlin's Mayor

Brandt), a painter and sculptor who exhibits from Berlin to Boston. Furthermore, as these capable translations prove, Grass is not least of all a poet of aggressive imagination and an ironic torque of temperament.

The irony is Brechtian, without political reference; Grass is more concerned with moral character than social institutions. At one extreme his irony is angry, grotesque, a mingling of Bosch and bosh—as when he writes of a museum where:

*Our aborted children, pale, serious embryos
sit there in plain glass jars
and worry about their parents' future.
At another extreme his world view is cosmic, inferentially religious:
We live in the egg
We have covered the inside wall
of the shell with dirty drawings
and the Christian names of our
enemies.
We are being hatched . . .*

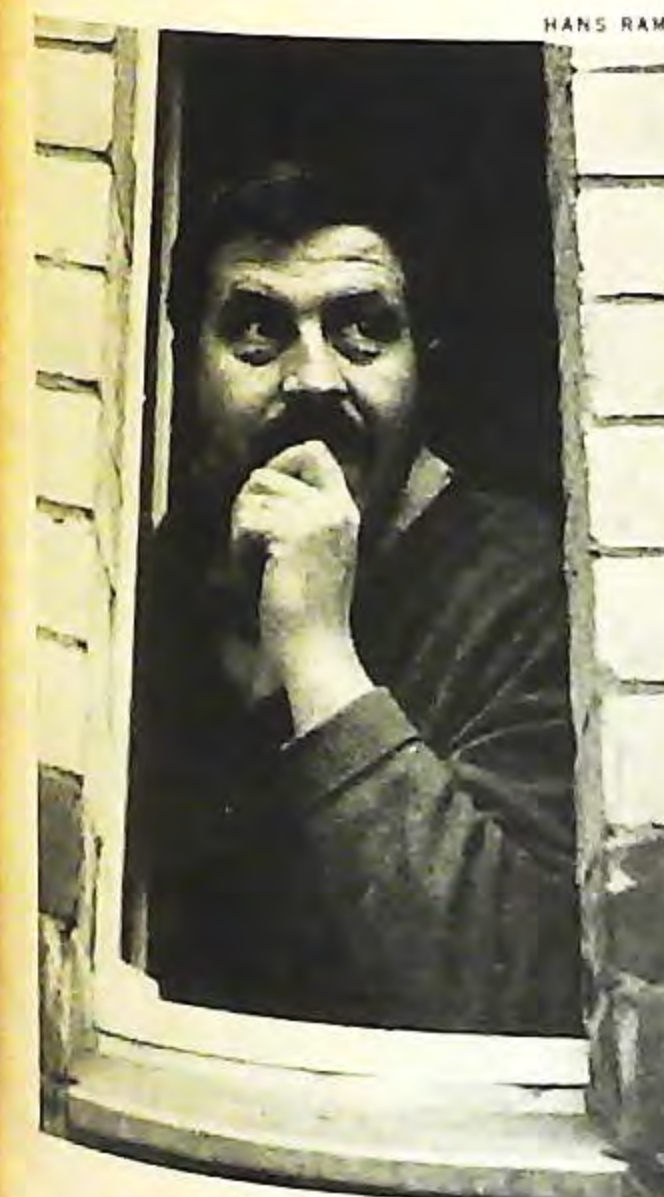
*And what if we are not being hatched?
If this shell will never break?
If our horizon is only that
of our scribbles, and always will be?*

*There remains the fear that someone
outside our shell will feel hungry
and crack us into the frying pan with
a pinch of salt.*

*What shall we do then, my brethren
inside the egg?*

In these poems, as in Grass's novels, irony comes tinged with terror, and terror reflects a tenderness for all things that live enshelled in illusion, controlled by forces they cannot control. At times he intones a still sad music of aimless modernity:

*How sad these changes are.
People unscrew the nameplates from
the doors,
take the saucepan of cabbage*



GÜNTER GRASS
A mixture of Bosch and bosh.

TIME, APRIL 1, 1966

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Now on both sides of the great ocean there are folding chairs; how sad these changes are.

Out of the Closet

THE COMPLETE PLAYS OF D. H. LAWRENCE. 558 pages. Viking. \$7.50.

D. H. Lawrence once described himself as "a kind of human bomb." The bomb exploded in all directions. Lawrence left 14 brooding, contentious novels, dozens of excited essays, scores of loose, somewhat lumpy poems, and hundreds of febrile, fretful letters. He painted, occasionally, as he wrote, in an earnest, impetuous manner. All of these *disiecta membra* have been examined with fascination and respect by a large number of critics, biographers and memoirists, but they have all but ignored the skeleton in Lawrence's literary closet: he was also a playwright.

There is in fact not just one skeleton but ten, and they are relics worth humming. As plays, they are quite unplayable. Although two of them were produced in England some years ago, their subject matter and their dramatic turgy are now badly out of style. Still, as part of a whole picture they are fascinating. They reveal Lawrence's gift for dialogue, and they show him working and reworking scenes and characters from his novels.

One play, *Touch and Go*, is an act of thought and a qualification of the novel *Women in Love*. Lawrence's denunciation of England's industrial aristocracy. Three of the plays, echoing the autobiographical novel *Sons and Lovers*, are concerned with poor middle-class of-England mining families in which domineering mothers are locked in hate relationships with brutish husbands or acquiescent sons. Two plays are mannered comedies in which Lawrence's woodenly twits denatured civilization and desexualized man. There is even a play, based on the Biblical David, which fuzzily explores Lawrence's pseudo-gious cult of the demi-divine ruler.

Essentially, the plays are like sketchbooks—useful for Lawrence in preparation for his other work. Some of them knew from the time he finished that they were no more than "writing drama." "I enjoy so much 'writing' plays," he wrote to Critic Edward. "They come so quick and easy from the pen—that you mustn't be at me if you think them a waste of time."



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